JULY
1936
A. N. C.

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
GEORGE ANTHEIL
HARRY SALPETER
SCHIMA KAUFMAN
LYON MEARSON
BEN HIBBS
SAMUEL MERWIN
ALAN DEVOE
EDMUND WARE

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KONRAD BERCOVICI
ERNEST POOLE
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RAYMOND BROWNE
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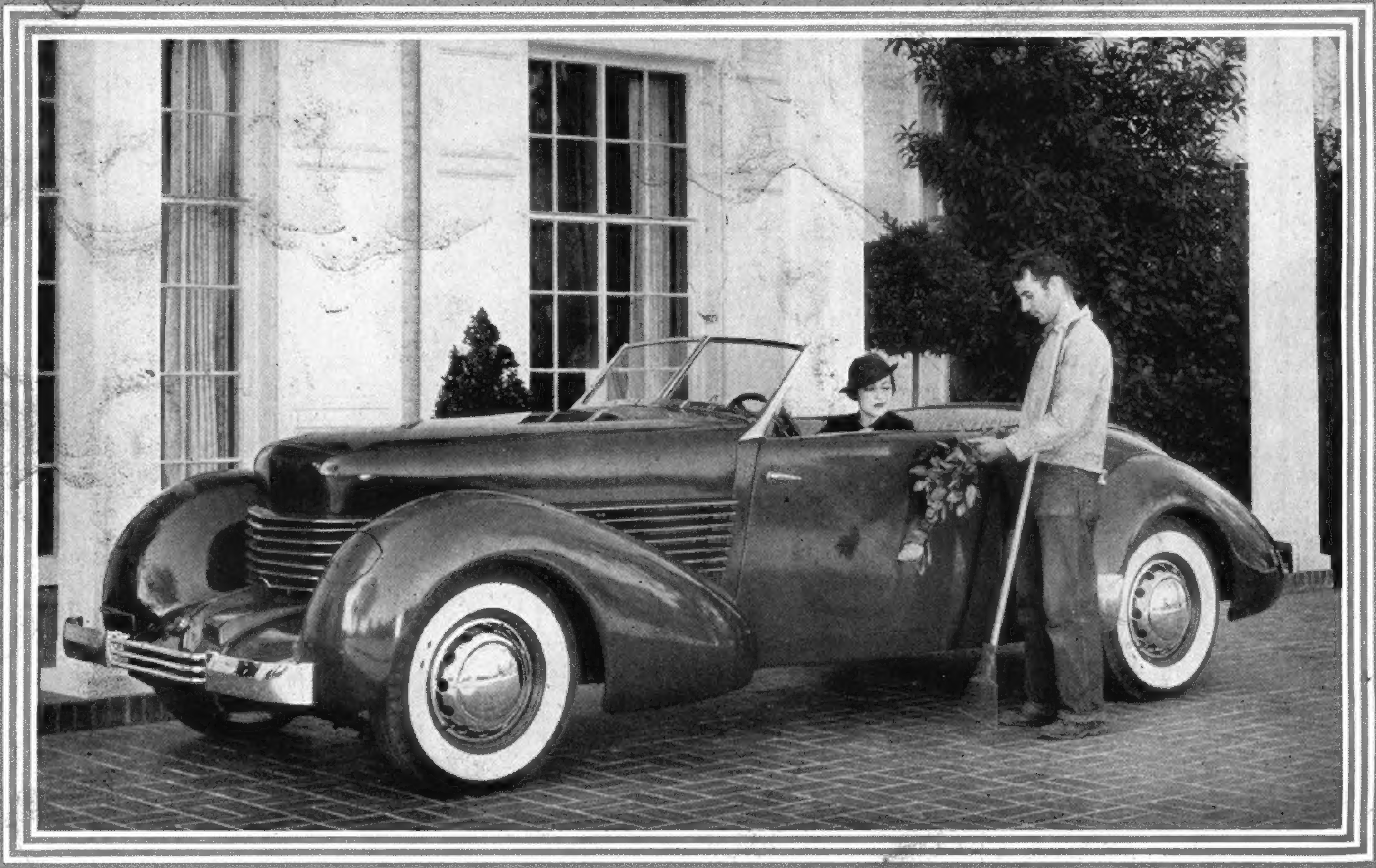

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

A Farewell to S. Choirboy

Van Wyck Potter, the louse, is a louse. We didn't think so when all the critics, professional and amateur, first began saying so. And it was with relish, rather than the reverse, that we gradually came to the realization, during the past four months, that S. Choirboy, *alias* Van Wyck Potter, was hanging up an all-time record as Esquire's most cordially hated contributor. That was all right. That was wonderful. For controversy, even lop-sided controversy, is the life-breath of periodicals. We didn't even mind when Van Wyck Potter took a few pot-shots that seemed, from where we sat, to be a trifle southeast of the belt-line. By and large, and almost without exception, those who got socked not only had a sock coming but were in a position to sock back. That's what we thought all along and everything looked rosy. We never thought, though, that we were being bitten by the hand we were feeding. But now it comes out. From the very beginning of all that mysterious flub-dub that began in January with those anonymous letters signed S. Choirboy, and all through the hocus-pocus that followed, Esquire has been played for a sucker. Van Wyck Potter, the rat, is a rat. For the foul truth outs, like murder, at last. S. Choirboy, who turned out to be Van Wyck Potter, now turns out to be *a woman!* And the magazine for men has been royally, as it were, had. We haven't blushed so deep and dark since *The Perlu* of unhappy memory. Because in this case, as with *The Perlu*, the rotten revelation was writ large on every page of manuscript, if we'd only had the wit to see it. We should have caught on, long ago, that there was a hollow note in that chest-thumping style. No man would be so elaborately vulgar about emphasizing his verbal masculinity. Just as you'll notice, if you've followed *The Sound and the Fury* for a long time, that the letters that seem least excusably profane are always those signed by women, we should have noticed that Van Wyck Potter's style was more extraneously robust than that of any other contributor. And now, at last, we think of the word that defines some of those cracks Potter was always making. They were simply catty, that's all. That business of ribbing the various male critics about their clothes, and harping so monotonously on a certain lady critic's personal appearance—that was all so transparent that we kick ourselves for not seeing through it at the time. And we should have smelled a rat when Potter kept breaking pre-arranged appointments with us in New York, and always writing a note afterward, along with "his" next script, regretting that "he" had been called out of town for just the two days that we were in New York. (It smarts to reflect that those appointments were invariably made for this or that Men's Bar!) And we should have known, from the very choice of a pseudonym, that a choirboy *would* turn out to be a soprano. Well, we're doing the only thing there is to do about it now. We're throwing "him" out of the book forthwith. By some unforeseen poetic justice Potter goes out where "he" came in (so lion-like last March), using both for entrance and for exit Mr. Hemingway's regular lead-off page at the beginning of the editorial section. What was not intended to be, but is, the last puff of Potterism is on page 29. The piece came in with the regular title *Revue of Reviews* and was set up that way in type. Then just as that form was going to press we got the goods on "him" and we changed the title to *S. Choirboy's Farewell.* There wasn't time to do anything else. Ironically enough it was the first piece that actually got around to doing what Potter was hired to do, dramatic criticism. Her end, it seems, is her beginning. The only satisfaction, and it's almost microscopic, is that at least it was a man who finally unmasked her, even though we didn't manage to do it ourselves. It was her current husband who finally tipped us off. He figured fun was fun but too much was more than enough. It seems she's the ex-wife of a well known theatrical figure, and was in a fair way to cause him serious embarrassment if not damage, and this present husband of hers was both sporting enough to call a halt and to ask us, out of deference to the ex-husband rather than to himself, to keep her identity to ourselves. Not that we would have been any too eager, anyway, to tell what dame took us for a buggyride, although we would have done so under any other circumstances. Well, it's a mess and we're noticing nether callouses, now, from the number of times we've had to pick ourselves up off the floor in the magazine's hectic two and a half years. But somehow, in spite of all the big ideas that have always seemed good to us at the time, Esq. seems to manage to go lumbering on. That should be some consolation to the management. So it's goodby, Choirboy, and bad cess to you, while we go out to get ourselves measured for a sackcloth suit. All we need now is to have that phony Frenchman, Marcel Desage the fan of the faithless, turn out to be a female and we'll split our spleen. We're suspicious now of everybody with a fancy name. "Van Wyck Potter" . . . "Van Wyck" . . . that should have tipped us off in itself . . . nobody but a woman could think up a name that pompous. As you yourself, Choirboy, were so much too fond of saying . . . nuts!

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Vol. VI, No. 1
Whole No. 32
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE

It has come to my knowledge through various sources that early issues of Esquire are now worth large, even fabulous, sums of money. Some information has been to the effect that collectors are paying as high as $300 per copy for early issues.

Being one of the first readers of your peerless men's magazine, and a reader who likes to keep good literature for a second and third perusal, I still have several ancient Esquires from the day when it sold for the paltry sum of 50c the copy.

However, though I appreciate the treasure of literary gems as much as the next guy, the good, hard, clinking treasure and coin of the realm appeals to me just a whit stronger.

So if any aesthetic minded citizen cares to part from 300 good iron men for my copy of Volume 39—Number 1 Esquire of September 1932, it shall be mailed him by return mail, registered, insured and special delivery.

Very truly yours,
Lewis L. Luster
Moundsville, W. Va.

Editor's Note: *For a nice clean copy of* Esquire *for September 1932 we will pay not a niggardly $300 but a nonchalant $3000. Meanwhile copies of the issue for Autumn 1933 are said to command $5 each, but not from us as we bought up a sufficiency when the market price of this collector's item was a measly two bucks.*

AIRING THE OLD HAIR CHEST

In reading the *Sound and Fury* in the April issue of Esquire, I stopped at the (so bold) article written by the Six Little Boys at Princeton, telling the Five Little Girls at Smith how many curls they should put in their hair and what kind of clothes to wear. It's about time some one told those boys that trying to tell a woman what to do is like making a mule work. They both do just the opposite.

I had to refer back to the *S. & F.* of the March issue to find out what the lads were raving about. As friend to friend, Mr. Editor, I ask you, do you happen to have a waste-paper basket in your office? Then why in hell don't you use that worthy receptacle for such trash. No! what do you do. You take and pollute the columns of this magazine with idle, valueless, feminine rot.

This is supposed to be a magazine for men. Written by Men and with articles that should appeal to a real he-man's fancy. If you are trying to win female support, then why not print a magazine for them or else turn this one over to them and cut out the farce "A Magazine for Men."

The five children from Smith, started their unappreciated contribution by saying "Of late there have been many articles by men in leading women's magazines, giving the ladies the inside dope on what kind of clothes they should wear."

Well, why not? Don't men control and manufacture the clothes and styles for women? Don't men pay for them, one way or another? Furthermore, what do five innocent school children know about men's wear, when at present they can't dress themselves properly. Among the male sex we have some damned good painters and decorators who can take a Robot and with a little paint and a few trinkets, win first prize at any women's style show.

I am sure that it is a man's privilege to wear what he wants and when he darned well pleases, without suggestions from anyone, especially women. Women can do the same, they can even wear that dumb whore paint on their finger nails, if they wish. So what!

The next time you get such rotten script from the female sex, trying to get their names in a man's magazine, just ignore it. They are overbearing and take up valuable space. These articles are gradually giving your magazine a most unmanly squat. Let the women read it if they want (they will regardless) because it is darned good reading material.

Very sincerely,
San Francisco, Calif. Joseph Naples

THREE TOOTS FOR THE HORNBOOK

This bloke Marcel Desage certainly brings out the best in women, doesn't he? He'd better take a hitch in his masculinity; he sounds like the type who would go through his wife's pockets. I don't know how he ever made Esquire after missing out so completely on fifty women (he must be an old cuss). He's no quitter, however, and he calls his shots. If he can't slay 'em one way he will another. Oh well, if we never have more than fifty of our attempts at camouflage exposed we shall be able eventually to purge the earth of such insecure males as Mr. Desage.

I'm no consultant on psychiatry but I don't understand why he and number ten didn't hit it off perfectly—she was the trusting one who wanted him to read all her mail. It was no doubt number three who gave him that shorn lamb feeling—forgetting her bracelet in another man's apartment. Do you suppose he never had a girl forget even a hankie? How deplorable and him such a gentleman and all; but then I suppose that's the penalty.

On the second twenty-five I'd say he didn't gain much leaway with the women and MY God if there are twenty-five more don't bother publishing them unless you want to give your magazine a more apropos name—something like "the Man's Home Companion."

Sincerely,
Seattle, Wash. Iris Daniel

MUM'S THE WORD AT MT. HOLYOKE

Not having read any more witty remarks (or is that flattery?) from the Smith girls concerning the apparel, lines and tactics of the college man, Mt. Holyoke has decided to voice its opinion—but after composing the first sentence we have decided it is more trouble than writing a thesis. (Princeton men will appreciate that. And as one thing leads to another, we're now thinking of beer suits—but we'll skip them.)

In fact we think the whole controversy is futile. Every man (and woman) to his own taste—or is one's taste only in the mouth? As long as a man uses Lifebuoy, Mum, Listerine, Mennen's, Absorbine Jr. and *above all* has been to Arthur Murrays, he'll pass. But don't get the idea we aren't particular. Personality and a sense of humor are essential.

Two from Holyoke

P.S.: We'll forward our addresses if anyone wants to exchange stories. We think it would be more interesting anyway than this clothes subject—or is it a closed subject?

P.S.Jr.: If some censorious M.H.T.'s (Mt. Holyoke Types to you) hadn't gotten hold of this letter, it would really have been worth printing. Maybe you'll give us a break anyway.

CULTIVATED TASTE

I want to thank you and Ernest Hemingway for the most interesting Moby Dick story (May issue), let's have more of them.

The sight of twenty or more whales at one time must have been a thrill and the author passes it right along to me. But, I have yet to see any two-legged three-letter guy wot eats straw hats and polishes these off with candles, bottle labels and other items which we usually associate with the diet of goats. However, the Vermouth mixture had an appeal that could not be easily passed up and it was during the second, or perhaps it was the third, that I commenced to wonder what last summer's straw hat really would taste like.

I feel marvelous this morning.

Yours truly, Wm. F. Baxter
Beach Haven Tuna Club
Beach Haven, N. J.

WARNING: DON'T MIX YOUR D's AND C's

Antheil, Antheil, What t'hell kind of a mess did you get me into? Why did you have to take up this gland business? And why, oh why did I have to take it seriously and start experimenting?

Well I might as well tell you readers all about it and maybe you'll learn something for yourselves. After reading the *Glandbook* I decided to become a "questing male." So I goes to a swanky joint where I could get a good squint at the dames as they comes in, see? And they comes marching in, passing me by, not knowing I was analyzing them and doping out what kind of glands they had. Yes, there were swell specimens of hyperthyroids, adrenals, pituitaries and every other type described in Antheil's *Glandbook*. Then comes Fritzi—a perfect thyroid (type C1) says I to myself, "pleasant, frank, intelligent, pal and comrade." Just the type I wanted to spend the evening with. So by slipping a buck to the waiter and using a little finesse I managed to get her seated at my table. Great talker, wonderful company. I takes her home and she invites me in. I come out in time to grab my breakfast from the milkman. Well, says I to myself, this guy Antheil is O. K. I sized her up right, certainly a splendid thyroid. Now I know who to call up for comradeship.

So I forgets about her for a time 'cause it isn't often I want just comradeship out of a woman. I usually go after a postpituitary (type A). This type you know doesn't give a feller much spiritual comfort, but she's got a damn sight more substantial things to offer. So I goes after what I can get plenty of. Well anyhow, 3 days later Fritzi the Thyroid phones me and wants to know why I don't come over. So my vanity being tickled I goes up to her apartment. I come out in time to meet the same milkman on his way home. Next day Fritzi rings me at the office and wants me to take her to some party or something. I accommodates her and bring her home about 2 a.m. She asks me to come in but I says I better not, too late, got to get up early, feel kind of fagged out. She sort of insists and I keep on alibiing. Then out comes the fireworks. "So you're tired of me, eh? And I suppose you got another on the string already? . . . And making me think you loved me all the time! . . . Well I'll show you, Don Juan, you can't get away with it . . ." all the symptoms of Type D, a Thymus! Can you imagine my sweet tempered, comradely Thyroid turning out to be a "variable, flighty, cruel, dangerous" Thymus? And I had been figuring all along that I could have her or ditch her any time I pleased. Since, according to Antheil, a thyroid is always "calm and serene" and just nothing more than a palsy-walsy friend.

Oh God, oh God, What am I going to do now? I can't get rid of her. She's on my neck every day. She keeps on calling at the office and raises all hell when I turn her down for a date. She threatens to write to her folks about me and I hear they're hill billys who can shoot faster than they can talk! I tried to reason with her, telling her all about Antheil, and how I was following in his footsteps taking up gland classification as a hobby, and that I was only trying out something to see if it worked, and all that, but she wouldn't listen. "So you thought I was something to experiment with, eh? Wanted to find out what kind of glands I had? Well I'll show you, you child of a dog!" Boy, oh boy, if I ever get out of this mess I'm never, never even going to glance at a woman's glands. Hands Off Glands!

Philadelphia, Pa. Philip Bagdon

NOW TWO VASSARETTES

For lo these many months we've been reading (and discussing) the Five at Smith and Six at Princeton motif, and sentiment was rife but unexpressed. So tonight the mood is almost too much to bear after reading your latest *Sound and Fury* and we two at Vassar are taking things into our hands. Not of course, hoping to equal the five at Smith or six at Princeton, since it's not nice to brag, but truly, something's haywire. The Smith beauties do not run true to form or else their repressions aren't sufficiently repressed. At any rate, we definitely don't agree with them. And we hold the opinion that the range and quality of our experience gives us a well-founded right to put our two cents worth in. So now we Tell All.

Concerning the least important item—clothes, we have little to say. We like our men in tweeds, we love original motifs in shirts, ties, and socks, not quite to the Fellows degree—but *you* know. We stick up for saddle shoes, and hats—well, they're usually left in the second joint we visit. Tails we adore (and 4 Princeton seniors claimed they infinitely preferred tails to tucks in good faith) but not blue ones. (I like crew cuts and bow ties myself and sloppy socks, but then, this must be unbiased.)

The most vital question—the men themselves—approaches and this we can see is going to be a difficult point. We like 'em—we have to, or else we'd always buy our own dinners. Also, Proms are nice. And Eskie, take it from two who know through long and colorful careers, all men have lines (or should have) and the smoother the better. After all, being brutally frank, there isn't much to the average man besides his line—good, bad, or indifferent. Except those six at Princeton—they must be the six we don't know.

So Vassar ends with a loud and heartfelt huzza for crew cuts, raspberry shirts, bow ties, lines, and mostly—men in general—irksome though they may be.

We hope you'll print this—at least we think you ought to. Vassar's a damn sight better than Smith any day, and this is getting to be a Vital Issue. We, however, desire to remain incognito, as fond parents have not as yet gotten over the Albany job. Remember?

Under the circumstances our names are for editorial ears only and we trust you to sign for us only as:

Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Blank & Blank

Continued on page 176

Little lady, may we borrow your bridal bouquet?

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Speaking of celebrities, Jack Dempsey is considering a guide to point out the famous who dine nightly at his sumptuous emporium. Now that Paul Whiteman is thin, visiting firemen often do not recognize him and are also confused by Harold Lloyd without his glasses. Dempsey has had to enlarge his bar and has acquired fifty more feet down Eighth Avenue, which allows him an exclusive lounge for ladies.

The Park Lane is so built that it has the jump on many of the Hotels for summer dining and drinking. Right off of the old Empire Room (which has been discreetly masked by something the chambermaids evidently ran up in a hurry) there is a nice spot surrounded by pines and shrubs. Pancho and his orchestra have moved over to supply the dance music for the debs.

The Ambassador, at Park and Fifty-first, meets the hot months by an air-conditioned Summer Garden, set with ferns and splashing fountains. There is an orchestra for cocktails and dancing.

The Marguery, at Park and Forty-seventh, moves its activities to the attractive terrace in the rear where Señor Marchisio still oversees some of the best food to be obtained in town. The Literary folk, however, seem to cling to the cloistered bar.

As Paris moves out on to its walks, New York pushes up to its clouds. Unfortunately the Paris tariffs are lower and you can sit forever without rank looks from the garcon. However, we try to scare up a few native francs and enjoy the open-air spots, waving gaily to the less fortunate folk, "let 'em drink water". One of the latest and snappiest of the open places is the new cafe in the sunken garden of the Rockefeller Plaza. There, with your back preferably to the Manship C. C. N. Y. runner, you can sip expensive drinks in the centre of the world where more tourists will pass you than pass the famous Paris corner.

Along the road it has been our experience that you do well to stop at the highest or lowliest tavern—the in-between joints are usually terrible. Give us an honest hot-dog diner, where workers eat, any day to the pretentious shoppe. If the name is cute the warning should be sufficient such as Dew Drop Inn, Come Inn, or Tummy Acres. If you are out near Summit, New Jersey, there is an excellent place called The Brook, run by the man who managed Zigs in Newark all these years. The modern decor in the Colonial house comes off as well as the food and drink . . . Further down the line we have always found swell entertainment and gayety in the grill of the Monmouth Hotel at Spring Lake. The lady patrons, bronzed by the sun, are worth going miles to see . . . Three miles out of Stamford, on the Long Ridge Road, there is the popular Chimney Corners which has flourished through all the years of experiment in nobleness. The food is ample and fairly well priced . . . Down at Atlantic City the Ritz Merry-go-round runs its way. We have always held a warm spot for the long terrace where you could eat Continental food and gaze at the restless sea . . . Grape-vine correspondents tell us that Sardi's in Hollywood holds its own on celebrity nights. It has no connection with the local Sardi but caters to about the same kind of clientele—stage and screen players.

WAYNE KING
And His Orchestra
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BASIL FOMEEN
and his TANGO BAND
alternate with
WAYNE KING Orchestra
DINNER-DANCING
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STARLIGHT ROOF
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31 floors above the Park, New York's coolest, most attractive roof—delightfully informal. Dinner and supper dancing nightly, with entertainment.
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DINE IN OUR UNIQUE SUMMER GARDEN UNDER THE TREES BY THE FOUNTAIN
Featuring Famous Swedish Hors d'Oeuvres (SMÖRGÅSBORD)
PRIX FIXE LUNCHEON, DINNER
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In Fact
ADVISE
Taking a Room where it is
8° COOLER
AT THE
SHERATON
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THE FAMOUS SIDEWALK CAFE
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5th AVENUE AT 8th STREET

Ritz-Carlton
ATLANTIC CITY
From $5 single, $8 double
EUROPEAN PLAN
Dancing daily • Cocktail Hour, Dinner, Supper • at the famous
MERRY-GO-ROUND

One million Fastidious People shave electrically each day—

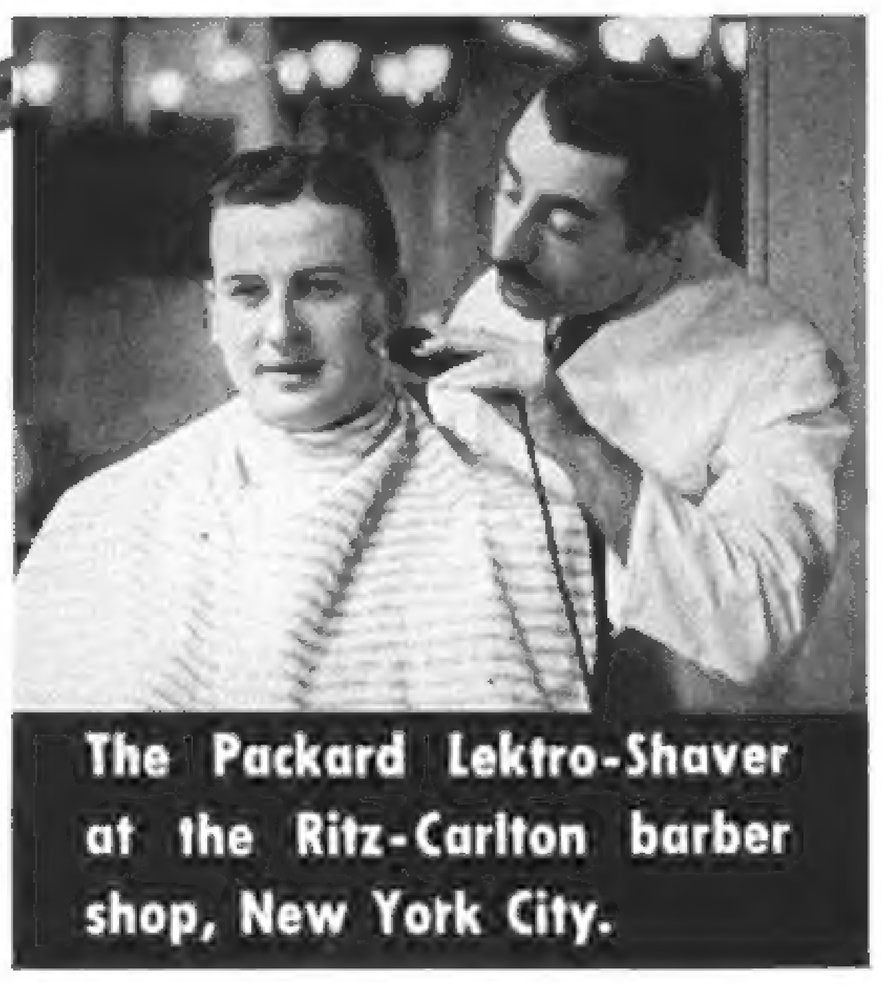
when are you going to start?

HERE'S a new lifetime shaver for the shave of a lifetime! There is no beard too tough, no skin too touchy. Packard Lektro-Shaver features EXCLUSIVELY the smooth cylindrical head which has no edges or corners to nick or irritate the skin surfaces. You use it without brush, lather, water or lotions; whiskers and hair disappear as if erased.

Even in hard-to-get-at places—ears . . . nostrils—where you wouldn't dare use an ordinary "straight" or safety razor, your Packard Lektro-Shaver whisks the hairs away. It is literally true, as the photograph below indicates, that you could shave blindfolded.

The price is $15, which certainly isn't too much to pay for a lifetime shaving instrument which soon saves its entire cost in blades alone. Operates on either AC or DC.

SO PERFECT YOU CAN SHAVE BLINDFOLDED



The Packard Lektro-Shaver at the Ritz-Carlton barber shop, New York City.

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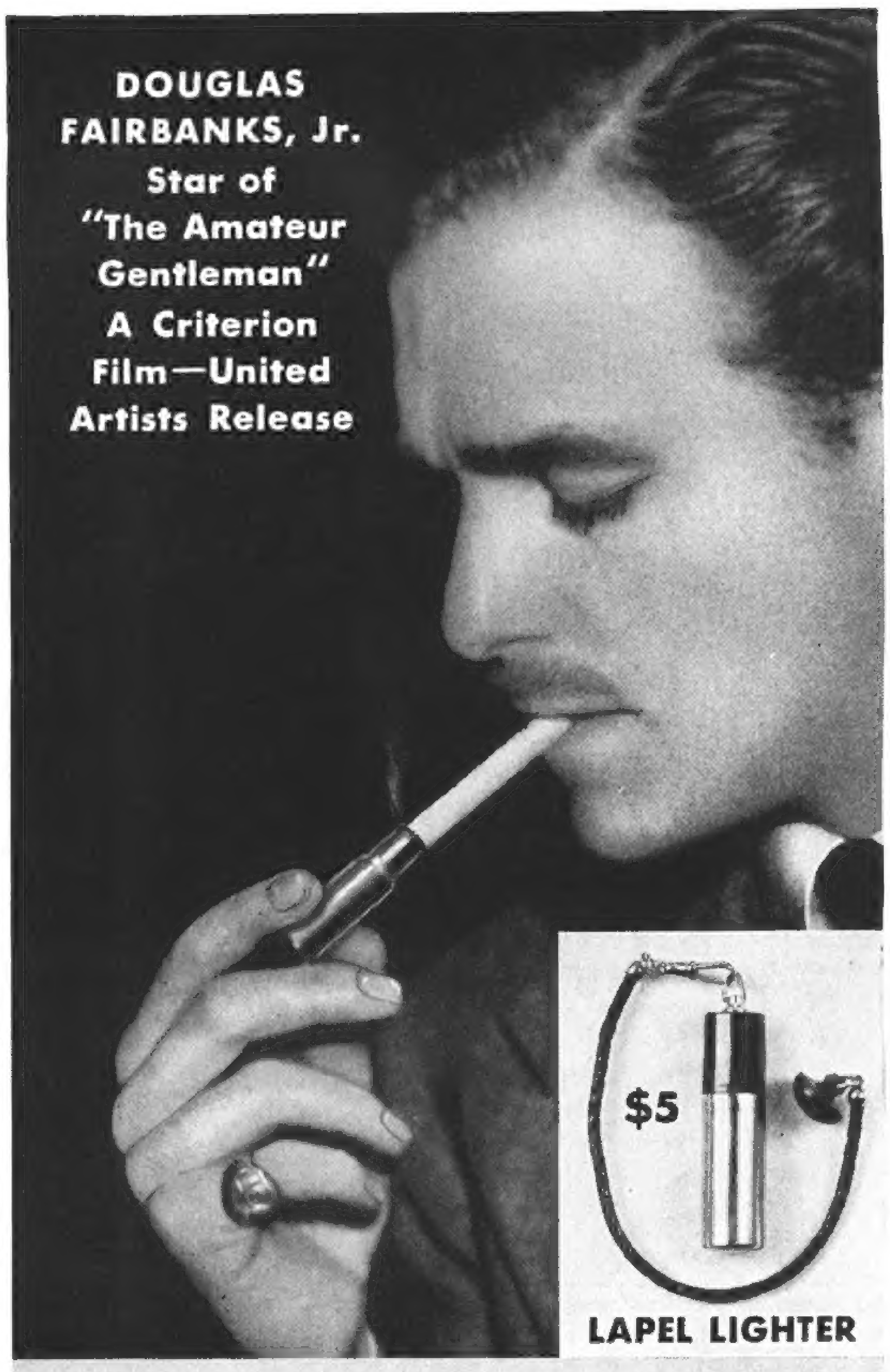

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr. Star of "The Amateur Gentleman" A Criterion Film—United Artists Release

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Ten million cigarettes are lighted each day with LEKTROLITE *FLAMELESS* LIGHTERS by Discriminating People who wish to keep Teeth and Fingers free from stain

You simply puff your cigarette against a magic screen and presto! it's lit.

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A compact, good looking, finely engineered device without wicks, flints, wheels, or gadgets. That is your Lektrolite. Great when you're golfing, motoring, fishing, or sailing, because it is absolutely windproof.

No wonder this fascinating lighter is the solid choice of the movie colony. There are models to suit every pocket and pocketbook, ranging in price from $1 to $25.

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SPRING LAKE BEACH, N.J.

Outstanding because its hospitality is Understanding
Less than 2 Hours from New York
Overlooking Its Own Private Bathing Beach
GOLF — TENNIS — RIDING — As exclusive as your own club. Famed for food and service. Ideal for children. Concert and dance music. Ship's Bell Grill.
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CUISINE FRANCAISE
Famous for "CHICKEN DIVAN" and SPECIAL SALAD
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17 EAST 45 ST. VAnderbilt 3-9011

Park Lane Gardens
Pancho's Orchestra
Cocktail and Dinner Dancing
PARK AVE. AT 48TH ST., NEW YORK

FOR COOLER GUESTS
Smart hosts have come to know the soft-blending qualities of Smirnoff Vodka..and how it adds youthful freshness to cooling summer drinks. Simplest . . and most popular to serve . . the
VODKA COLLINS
Juice of half a lemon, ½ tablespoon powdered sugar, 1 jigger Smirnoff Vodka, shake in tumbler, fill with club soda. Add ice. Decorate with mint if desired.
VODKA FIZZ
1 jigger Smirnoff Vodka, a few dashes of lemon juice, 1 teaspoon powdered sugar. Fill glass with ice and club soda. Stir. Add white of egg, if desired.
Send for recipe booklet. Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., 232 Madison Ave. N. Y. C.
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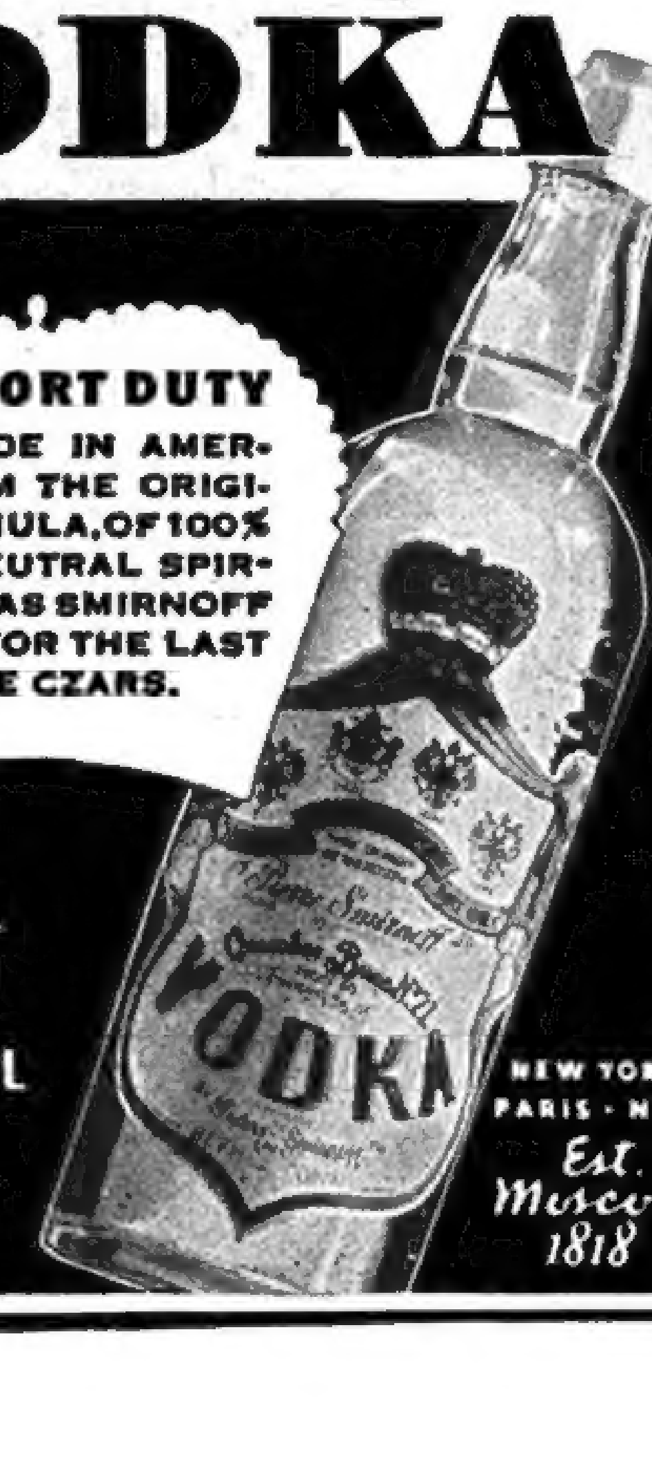

NO IMPORT DUTY NOW MADE IN AMERICA, FROM THE ORIGINAL FORMULA, OF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, JUST AS SMIRNOFF MADE IT FOR THE LAST THREE CZARS.
BLUE LABEL 100 proof
WHITE LABEL 80 proof
NEW YORK PARIS · NICE
Est. Moscow 1818

It was a seven foot General, son-in-law of a deposed dictator, who kept muttering to us "have you tried Hamburger Mary's?" As we were dining, at the time, sumptuously with eight courses and nine wines, we thought the recommendation a bit odd. But the General evidently knew his onions. We tried Hamburger Mary's, 17 West 51st Street, several times before we could find sitting room. (We rebel at waiting for a hamburger made by Mary or anyone.) Next time we went early. The dinner, at $1.25, is a good old American offering, cooked while you wait. In addition to Generals it appeals to all those home-sick souls who have been in New Yawk a short time. On leaving we heard two of the waitresses whispering our name, the greatest flattery we know of in this town. Later we realized it was not fame—just two of the seventeen cooks we had once employed in a month.

White's Clam House, 102 West 43rd Street, is not to be passed up because it is humble. It is one of the best in the Times Square district, catering to those who demand their fish fresh on days other than Friday. It is very inexpensive . . . The Fairfax Hotel, 116 East 56th Street, always enjoying a staid clientele, makes a little bow to the times. A new bar offers some after-theatre celebrities and cocktail-time notables. The kitchen is substantial, with a nice variety of American food at moderate prices . . . The Shelton Corner, with an entrance from the street, holds its quota of tired advertising men and writers. The free knick knacks are welcome . . . The Chatham Bar can give you that continental air with a sprinkling of Wall Street. Their Dry Martinis are right.

Schrafft's have bent to the prevailing winds and set up a bar at their niche at 222 West 57th Street. Owing to the nearness of Columbus Circle it has been dedicated to that great Genoese who heartily disliked water. The intent is slightly modern with a bow to the conventions that govern the staid policy of the house. It is necessary, we suppose, to slip these innovations in unobstrusively so as not utterly to shock the wearers of the Queen Mary hats. The walls are called Indian red, a cross between Pompeian and Harlem-red, and on them are chaste stylized emblems of the sea. The bar itself is rather handsome.

The local Cafe de la Paix, by the way, is blessed with a geographical advantage that is hard for others to overcome. On the corner of Sixth Avenue and Central Park South, it gets all the breezes. The St. Moritz Sky Garden, many floors up, is also ideal for outdoor eating . . . Down the block, the popular Essex House, after much deliberation, have cut through a few walls and also have a smart spot on the sidewalk. It is a hotel much alive and we like to see it moving . . . Across the street you can sit and watch the seals in the zoo while you sip your beer at New York's only poor man's terrace. The sun is the same however, that shines on the rich . . . And may we remind you that the English tea room on top of the British Empire Building is unique and worth your time if you tipple tea . . . The Astor Hotel at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street have the only roof in that sector. The usual Astor standard prevails plus a superb view of the Hudson and midtown.

Dine and Dance with the Stars!

The New
ASTOR ROOF
Rhythmic dance melodies by famous orchestras. Divine food. And a gay new setting above Times Square with all Broadway at your feet.
HOTEL ASTOR
Times Square • New York
F. A. Muschenheim, Pres. R. K. Christenberry, Gen. Mgr.

For comfortable living or pleasant wining and dining remember our first floor (lounge, dining room and bar) is AIR-COOLED.
SEVENTY PARK AVENUE *Hotel*
CORNER 38th STREET

New Drink Sensation Keeps New Yorkers From Going Home
THE BARCLAY CONTINENTAL COCKTAIL*
mixed with verve, served with a truly continental touch in the
BARCLAY BAR
Mecca For Those Who Go Places And Do Things in Mid-Town Manhattan — *Air-Cooled for Summer*
126 E. 49th STREET
*recipe on request

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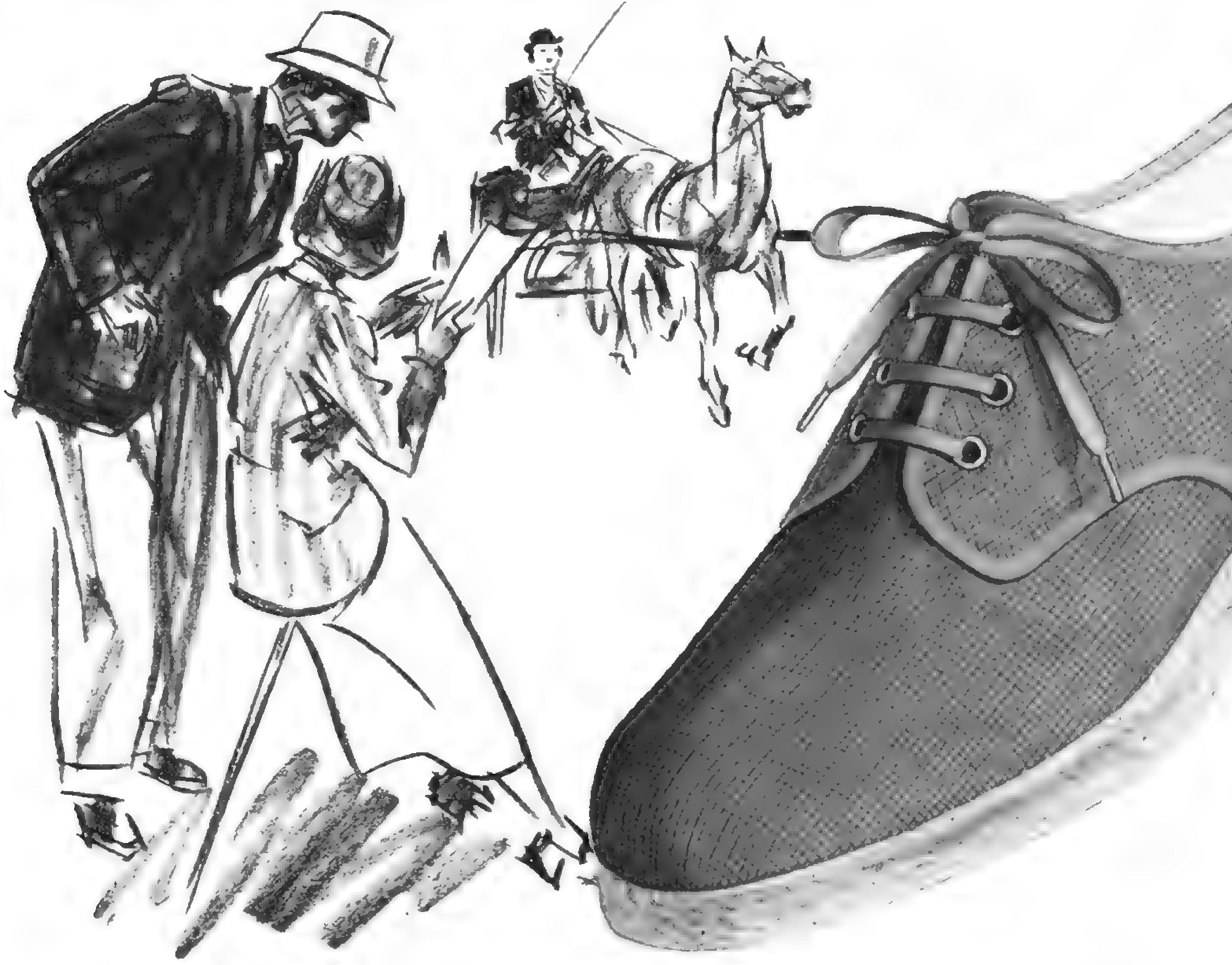
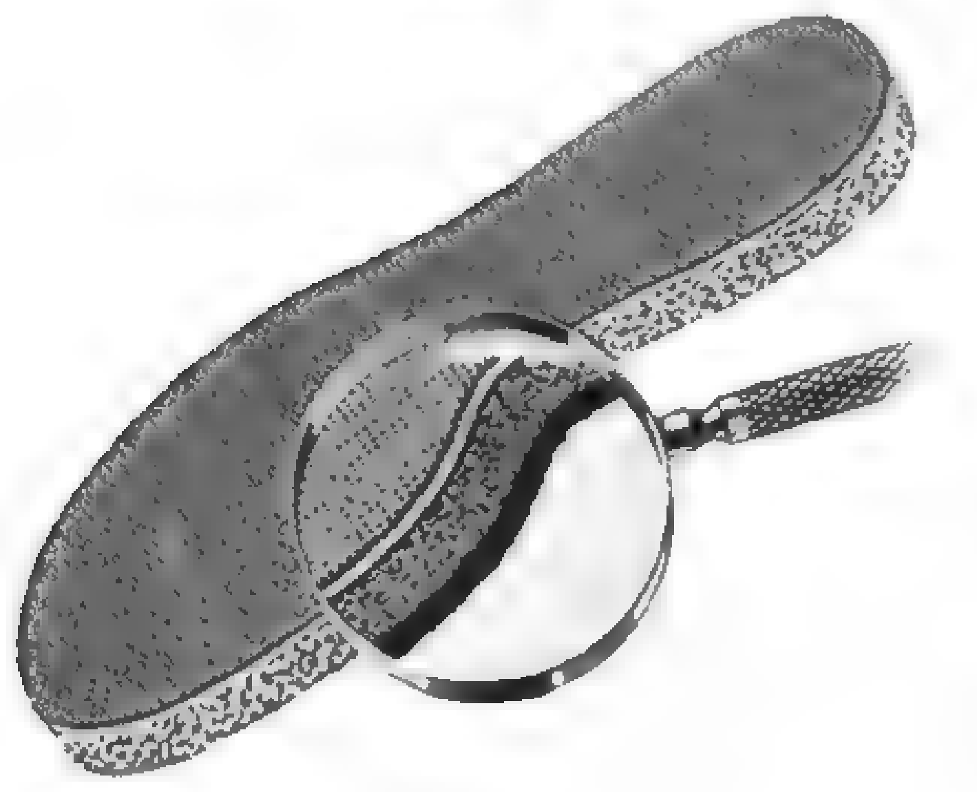
THEY'RE THE BEST
World's Largest Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

As colorful as Robin Hood's band of outlaws, as cool as Sherwood Forest—the new ***Keds Yeoman.*** *This handsome footgear is made in* ***Friar Tuck Brown*** *for stalwart fellows,* ***Will Scarlet Red*** *for bold spirits,* ***Alan-a-Dale Blue*** *for happy adventurers, and* ***Horn White*** *for ready challengers of physical skill.*



The New
KEDS YEOMAN



Cut away section shows crepe rubber sole with special thick insert of ground cork.

The giants who gathered in the merry greenwood to test their prowess with bow and broadsword found in the forest floor a natural cushion for their nimble feet. Seven and a half centuries later, men find the same kind of cushioning in the featherweight sole of the Keds Yeoman. The soft, flexible shoes worn by the men in Lincoln green have modern counterparts in the newest "U.S." canvas-topped shoes. Porous-weave duck (the strong kind used in tires) makes cool uppers; a thick layer of ground cork removes weight as it puts coolness into the thick soles.

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

United States Rubber Company

71 styles for 71 individual preferences • They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes.

UNITED STATES RUBBER PRODUCTS, INC. NEW YORK

Smart young men who have grown up in Keds are delighted with the Yeoman—a man's shoe conforming to Keds standards. Cool boot duck is used for the insole. The inbuilt toe cap and the twill lining add to the comfort.

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Red Raven Splits presents

Self-Stirring BILLY BAXTER CLUB SODA

Take a "high" glass, about 12 oz. capacity, and fill with large chunks, or cubes, of ice. The glass should be "high" . . . that's where you get the name, "high-ball."

Put an ounce of Rye or Scotch in the glass; this flavor is known as the "ball."

Now a bottle of Billy Baxter Club Soda (or ginger ale), thoroughly chilled, and remove cap; invert the bottle over the glass, permitting the first two or three ounces of Billy Baxter to rush, or dash, from the bottle into the glass, and start the process of self-stirring; now pour the balance gently into the glass.

Do not stir with a spoon . . . the spoon is the enemy of the high-ball. Billy Baxter is self-stirring. Booklet Helen D tells all.

Get Billy Baxter now and serve as directed . . . you will have high-ball-joy beyond your wildest dreams.

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ice-skating TONIGHT!

THE SUMMER TERRACE
Presents the season's
Newest novelty . . .
Fancy ICE SKATING!
One minute the floor
Is a sheet of ice,
Next minute you're
Dancing to music by
CLYDE LUCAS. And
Russell Patterson presents
His Marionette Revue.
Dinners from $1.75
Cover charge (after 10) 50¢
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34th at 8th Ave., Ralph Hitz, Pres.
2500 ROOMS FROM $3 A DAY

Abbott's AGED BITTERS
BEST for COCKTAILS
SINCE 1872

Pierre's, at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-first Street, has put on a new coat of paint and sent everything up from the Neptune Room to the sky. Here Shep Fields and his orchestra entertain, with incidental dance teams now and then . . .

The Waldorf, at Park Avenue and Forty-ninth, has the newest of the high tops in their Starlight Roof. The Waldorf, if you are interested, keeps up its kitchen and serves the best of food.

The Kungsholm, 142 East Fifty-fifth Street, has a tricky garden behind its restaurant. One special gadget for lovers is a moon that can be turned on or off with the dinner. The Pennsylvania Roof, Thirty-fourth and Seventh, reopened with Joe Reichman and his orchestra, down from Boston after a successful season at the Hotel Statler.

The St. Regis Hotel, Fifth Avenue at Fifty-fifth Street, has moved its social activities to the popular roof. If they have to abandon, until the cold weather, the sad, sad songs of Schura Teplova, we hope they don't give up the ritual of vodka drinking. You are supposed to drink that rapidly; that starts you sooner.

The Gripsholm, 324 East Fifty-seventh Street, has no place to go in the summer so it stays right there. It is cool, however, and the food still up with the best in town.

Some day we are going to make an exploration trip of Staten Island. There must be native food of some sort there. And it is a swell place to go on a hot night on the ferry. In the meantime, don't overlook the Marine Roof of the Hotel Bossert, in Brooklyn, where you can get a view unequaled in the world.

The Rainbow Room has knuckled under the threat of the revolution: for summer you can go there dressed as you please. This is really something, as it is still the show place of the universe, this side of the Eiffel Tower. The entertainment is still top-notch.

The best meal of the month was something to remember and we hope we can recall it in the days to come when the gout or the sheriff gets us. Take the Grand Central Parkway, watch for the standpipes on the right, and shortly thereafter turn off on the Lakeville Road, follow the cloverleaf turn to the right and go about a quarter of a mile, then at the police booth on the left, turn right. The Lakeville Manor Inn is a few hundred yards down the road. We give the explicit directions as the meticulous population does not permit roadside signs. There you will find Herman Becker, (chef for Henris in Lynbrook for twenty years) who has teamed up with Frank Hart, representing the good old American stock. It makes a swell combination. The Inn in appearance bears the blight of Americana, the tea shoppe, but the resemblance goes no further than the architecture. We hope you have the sense to let Herman select the meal. For example: the freshest of lobster meat as a cocktail, clear turtle soup, duck with orange, crepes suzette (the French way) coffee and brandy. With the duck was a superb Cote de Beaune, 1928, with the crepes, Champagne. Not since the days of $16 dinners at Tour D'Argent in Paris have we tasted such duck. The secret, Herman says, is in using fowl killed the same day. But don't try to laugh off the sauce. They know how to handle wine too, keeping it in an earth cellar and bringing it up cradled when ready to serve. If you go week-ends it would be well to 'phone ahead.

Between 49-50 Sts.

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THE PLAZA • ROCKEFELLER CENTER
Dine under spacious trees—beside cool fountains in Manhattan's smartest outdoor café. Cuisine Internationale. Cocktail Hour 4-7
Promenade Orchestra
Luncheon from 1.00
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DANCING ★ DINNER ★ SUPPER
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Brooklyn Heights
Reservations: MAIN 4-8100

. . . You haven't really seen New York until you visit the world's most famous theatre-restaurant!

★ See Clifford C. Fischer's lavish FOLIES DE FEMMES.

★ Enjoy excellent food . . . excellently served.

★ Dance to the rhythms of celebrated Jack Denny and Vincent Travers.

FRENCH Casino
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ON THE SIDEWALK TERRACE
AVENUE VENETIAN ROOM
#1 BAR
ONE 5TH AVE AT EIGHTH ST

MIKE FRITZEL'S
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America's Smartest Theater Restaurant
610 FAIRBANKS COURT • CHICAGO

Pilsner Urquell
Imported from Pilsen, CZECHOSLOVAKIA
The World's Most Famous Beer
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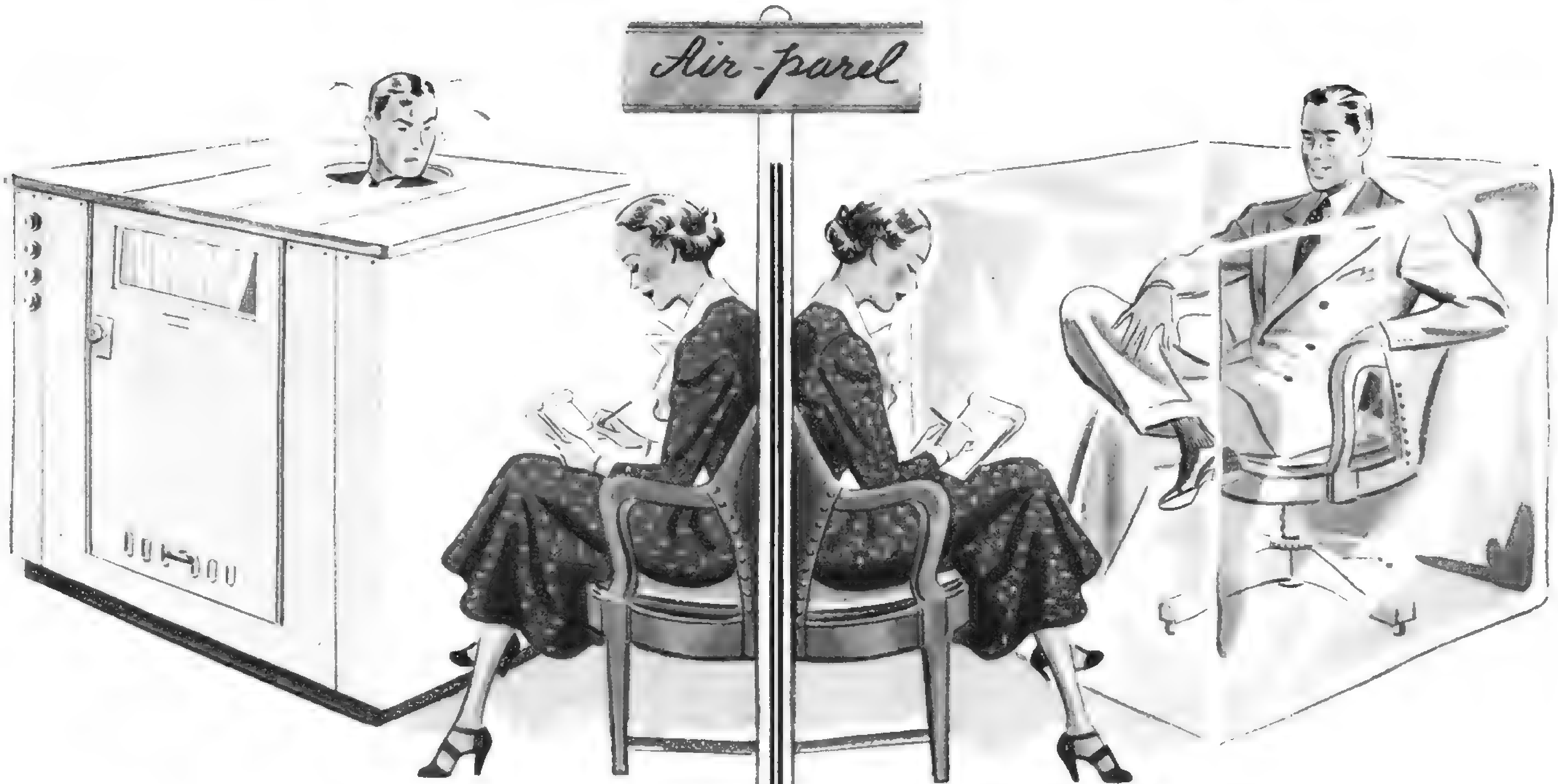
Send for booklet "Notes About a Brewery"

He changed to Air-Conditioned Fabrics



*His secretary too is now a cool proposition!**

Sudorosis Disappears

Down with SUDOROSIS (excessive perspiration)! A high-powered word—but not half as high-powered as Summer heat. So we say "Down with Summer Discomfort"—by alleviating excessive perspiration.

Brown's AIR-CONDITIONED FABRICS are now available for you in Shirts, Underwear and Pajamas!

The fabrics used in these "AIR-PAREL" garments are the *same* as you've always worn—EXCEPT that Brown's AIR-CONDITIONED PROCESS has treated them prior to their cutting and tailoring by your regular shirt, underwear and pajama manufacturer.

AIR-CONDITIONED, Brown's own exclusive process, improves the actual appearance of these fabrics. It increases their porosity on an average of 800%. After processing, these fabrics wear longer, allow greater air circulation, reduce air temperature and humidity. This permits "THE BODY TO BREATHE", thus minimizing "SUDOROSIS" (excessive perspiration).

Be COMFORTABLE this Summer—daytime and nighttime—in "AIR-PAREL" made of Brown's AIR-CONDITIONED Fabrics.

Ask your haberdasher for Brown's AIR-CONDITIONED Fabrics, and you will be buying COOL COMFORT.

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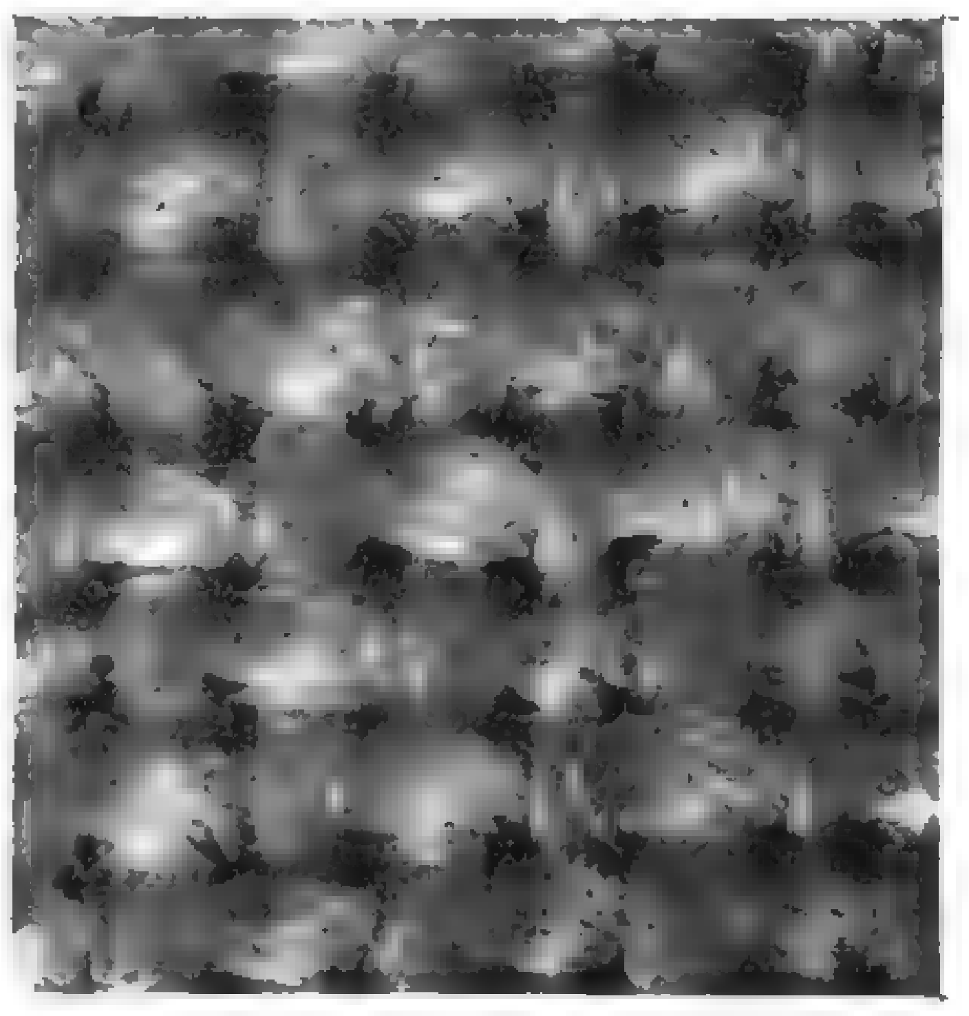
*She too has turned to chic patterns in Brown's AIR-CONDITIONED FABRICS!

An ordinary fabric of usual finish (magnified 25 times) before processing.

BROWN'S



The same fabric (magnified 25 times) after Brown's AIR-CONDITIONING PROCESS.

Air Conditioned Fabrics

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For rich bouquet
For real flavor
THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE THIS FINE OLD
RUM... *here's why*—

8 YEARS OLD
IT'S MYERS'S
AGED IN WOOD
MYERS'S Planters' Punch FINE OLD JAMAICA RUM OVER 8 YEARS IN WOOD

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For 60 recipe cocktail booklet, write
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BAR RELIEF

THE AIR-COOLED
NETHERLAND CAFE-BAR

For the coolest spot on the hottest afternoon...the AIR-COOLED NETHERLAND CAFE-BAR. The only uptown Bar with an entrance directly on Fifth Avenue.

LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER

THE
SHERRY-NETHERLAND
Facing the Park
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th • NEW YORK

We don't know what law of averages governs the thing, but you find beauty in unexpected places in these days of repeal: some little known hotel opens a bar that knocks the spots off the famous joints. A case in point is the Bristol Hotel, 129 West 48th Street, (bar entrance on 49th). The decor makes it one of the best in town and it ranks right along with the almost perfect Sherry-Netherlands. The mahogany of the bar has been left the natural color (and what a fine wood it is when not "improved" by man) and the room brought to this tonal scheme. Under the bar is a dull copper, the French gray of the walls run to a mauve, the chairs are simple and comfortable, and the modern motifs have been handled by some one who knew his origins. Restraint has been practiced, which is a rare bird among native architects who feed mainly on ornamentation and doo dads. It is worth a visit, even if you don't drink.

It has long been a pet theory of ours that if we could take all those who dissented on the matter of state control, down to Jones Beach, we could make good communists of them. That even includes bankers and vice-presidents. For to us the place is one of the best run affairs in the world. There is the most beautiful beach that can be found on any of the seven seas, there are magnificent and clean bath houses and accommodations, the workers are one hundred per cent courteous and efficient, and there are no gyp games or kewpie dolls. Every few minutes attendants go along picking up cigarette ends and burnt matches, there are miles of white sand cleaner than your drawing-room floor. The garbage-less surf is thrown in extra. Added to all this there is systematized parking, miles of free games and now they have added a zippy dance hall and open air opera. The former has a modern decor that is not bad, the latter wasn't opened at our first visit. The American ballet is scheduled for a week's run. You can also eat there, from hot dogs to a moderate table d'hote. It is part of your education, don't miss it.

We wish Father Moses had spared some of his peeve about the Casino and saved a good per cent of it for his other child of the Park—the Tavern on the Green. With the money the government spent on it the place should be a delight for the common people. Instead it is a pretentious ill-managed affair where you can be roundly insulted by sloppy waiters for $1.50 per head. On a warm moonlight evening you arrive to be told that you can't have the items on the bill of fare but will take what they want to give you, trade having been good. Half of the bill's items were missing the night we were there. If the place was inexpensive you could forgive it. We wish Papa Moses would put on a beard and eat there some night. Ten to one he will weep in his whiskers when he thinks what he did to the Casino, at least an honest gyp joint.

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SPRING LAKE BEACH
NEW JERSEY
Directly on the Ocean
58 Miles from New York
Surf • Pool • All Sports
Bar • Grill • Terrace Cafe
For Details Write
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In New York it's
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THE
MADISON"

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Single rooms from $5
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ATOP
THE BILTMORE
New York's
Coolest Roof
THE
MOONLIT
TERRACE
RUSS MORGAN
and his famous NBC orchestra
"Music in the
Morgan Manner"
Brilliant and Varied Entertainment

The refreshingly cool
Fountain Court
ON THE BILTMORE ROOF
FOR LUNCHEON
prix fixe and a la carte service

THE BILTMORE
MADISON AVENUE AT 43RD ST.
NEW YORK

Vacation Time just flies at the
HOTEL
SAGAMORE

GAY doings all Summer at this luxurious resort hotel. Enjoy the planned sports program or loaf in the sun!

Nights of dancing—moonlight sailing—corn roasts at the water's edge.

Golf—Tennis—Badminton—Horse Shows—Motor Boat Races—Swimming—Canoeing—Sailing—Shuffleboard.

A perfect summer vacation, five hours from New York.

The place to stay during the Saratoga Races. One hour from the track by motor.

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The Amen Corner retains all of its traditional charm plus new glamour and sparkle of the Twentieth Century. Music and entertainment by the 3 Continentals. A distinctive atmosphere individually its own.
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Morris White Properties Corp., Owners
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IT'S 30° COOLER ON THE NEXT PAGE

Old MR. BOSTON Presents

A PORTFOLIO OF SUMMER DRINKS

It takes more than ice to make a cooling summer drink . . . you need a bit of magic and the finest liquors. So we asked experts to divulge ten of their choicest recipes. Here they are . . . the ten cooling-est summer thirst quenchers a parched imagination ever conjured up. Thoughtful hosts and thirsty throats will welcome these ten frosty, flavorful drinks from ten great Old Mr. Boston liquors.

OLD MR.BOSTON
Distilled Dry Gin
FULL-QUART

Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin

America's favorite (contains 100% grain neutral spirits). Crystal clear. Filtered through milk filters.

•

Tom Collins

Use 12 oz. glass

2 ozs. Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
Juice of one-half lemon
Teaspoon of powdered sugar
Fill with seltzer

Decorate with slice of lemon, slice of orange, and cherry

MR.BOSTON
Orange Gin
FULL QUART
MR. BOSTON

Old Mr. Boston Orange Gin

A liqueur with the taste of golden, sun-ripened, juicy oranges. The taste sensation of the nation. Absolutely different in taste from Dry Gin.

•

Orange Cooler

Use 12 oz. glass

2 ozs. Old Mr. Boston
Orange Gin
Juice of one-half lime
Fill with seltzer
(or pale ginger ale)

Decorate with slice of orange over edge of glass

Old Mr. Boston Straight Whiskey

A great flavor and a rich aroma that a millionaire couldn't beat. Your choice — Rye or Bourbon.

▪

Mint Julep

Use 12 oz. glass

Muddle 4 sprigs of mint with 1 teaspoon powdered sugar and 1 teaspoon water
Fill glass with chipped ice
Add 2 ozs. Old Mr. Boston Straight Whiskey

Decorate with sprig of mint

OLD MR.BOSTON
RYE WHISKEY LIQUEUR
FULL QUART

Old Mr. Boston Rye Whiskey Liqueur

A new kind of liquor with pleasing taste, fine aroma, and smoothness.

•

Ward 8

Use goblet

1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Rye Whiskey Liqueur
1 oz. lemon juice
½ oz. orange juice
½ oz. grenadine

Shake and then fill with seltzer. Decorate with half slice orange, half slice lemon, and cherry

MR. BOSTON
FULL QUART

Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin

A wine-like, tangy taste — not sweet, not tart. Absolutely different in taste from Dry Gin.

●

Sloe Gin Fizz

Use 12 oz. glass

3 ozs. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin
Juice of one-half lemon
1 heaping teaspoon powdered sugar
Fill with seltzer

Decorate with slice of lemon

OLD
MR. BOSTON

Old Mr. Boston Apricot Nectar

A fruit-type liquor originated by Old Mr. Boston. True apricot taste. More delicious than brandy.

●

Apricot Nectar Rickey

Use 8 oz. glass

1½ ozs. Apricot Nectar
One-quarter lime
Fill with seltzer
Use chipped ice

OLD
MR. BOSTON

Old Mr. Boston Cherry Nectar

Equal in quality to similar imported products that are two or three times more expensive.

●

Cherry Fizz

Use 8 oz. glass

1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Cherry Nectar
¾ oz. lemon juice

Shake and strain, then add seltzer to fill
Decorate with cherry

OLD
MR. BOSTON
BOURBON WHISKEY LIQUEUR
MR. BOSTON
FULL QUART

Old Mr. Boston Bourbon Whiskey Liqueur

A completely new kind of liquor in a class by itself. The rich bourbon taste that all Americans like.

●

Whiskey Sour

Use 8 oz. glass

1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Bourbon Whiskey Liqueur
¾ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon powdered sugar

Shake and strain. Add piece of ice and fill with seltzer. Decorate with half slice of lemon.

OLD
MR. BOSTON

Old Mr. Boston Blackberry Nectar

In addition to being an excellent mixer, ideal as a straight drink.

●

Blackberry Limey

Use 8 oz. glass

1½ ozs. Blackberry Nectar
Juice of one-quarter lime
Fill with seltzer

Leave lime in glass

OLD
MR. BOSTON

Old Mr. Boston Peach Nectar

A delicious flavor — very popular on the Continent.

●

Peach Frappé

Fill cocktail glass with shaved ice
Pour Old Mr. Boston Peach Nectar over ice to fill glass

Note to* ESQUIRE *Readers: The smartest stunt yet is to give your guests their *choice* of Old Mr. Boston "Coolers." Tear this out and hang it in a handy spot for their convenience.

Important to remember when buying liquor: Old Mr. Boston does not believe in having many trade names — or different qualities. Every one of our many products (covering every liquor requirement) is *first* in quality and bears the same brand — *Old Mr. Boston.* Look for it as *your* assurance of liquor satisfaction.

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TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

BARS

RADIOBAR—For America's Most Popular HOME BAR see Page 143 this issue for complete details, models, prices, etc. or write direct for new, descriptive folder to: Radiobar Company of America, 60 Warren St., New York or 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

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Single charts in any one dance 25c
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637 Madison Ave., New York, PLaza 3-8639
Sample chart free

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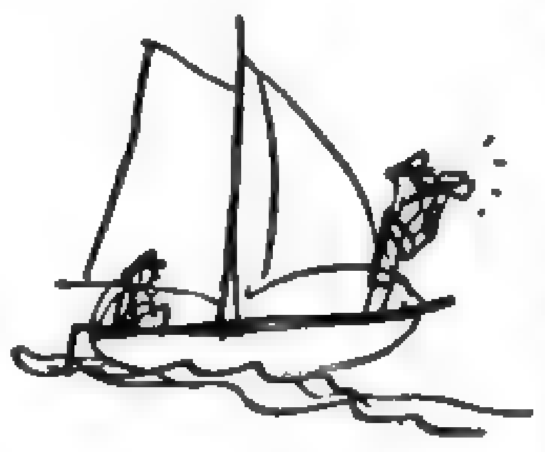
660 5th Ave., N. Y. C. Tel. El. 5-1040

Apartment terrace dwellers, who have no end of difficulty finding a couple of trees from which to swing a hammock, and who insist on swinging a hammock, can secure a practical substitute—a metal, collapsible hammock frame. You can also get the modern version of the old-fashioned hammock which, though somewhat smarter in appearance, retains the old-time comfort.

If you like your sun-bathing au naturel, there's a sunbath tent available that cuts off the gaze of all but old Sol himself. It closes with a zipper, controlled from the inside, if you know what we mean.



Yachtsmen who still prefer wind to gasoline for motor power, as well as those who are racing enthusiasts, would give their right arms—or something equally valuable—for a pair of binoculars we've run across that show the exact direction in which the boat is sighting. A small compass, of traditional sea-going construction, is attached to the side of the binoculars and by means of prism reflection or refraction the compass points are visible through the sights of the binocular. While these compoculars are priced so that a right arm in exchange seems reasonable, you can obtain a pair of highly efficient binoculars at an unusually moderate price.

The "sea-goingest" furniture we've ever had the delight of encountering is a six foot ship's wheel, converted into a glass-top table. The spokes of the wheel hold segments of plate glass, while the handles of the wheel, left in their original positions, provide sufficient space between handles for a diner, drinker or card player to sit comfortably. The pedestal of the table is the mahogany-covered steering post, which enclosed the original gear. This table would prove the pièce de resistance of a cellar play-room or terrace in nautical design. We can readily imagine it aboard a yacht big enough to accommodate this fine, old, sailing-vessel relic.

Equally as fascinating and just as salty is a set of running and riding lights from the same or a contemporary vessel. These are a couple of feet high, and are made of solid copper with the original corrugated lenses still in place intact. If you're smitten by the table, you'll want these as fitting decorative companions in terms of lighting fixtures.

Even at the risk of a frown from the editorial sanctum, whose pet hate is picnicking, we can't resist reporting another picnic kit that looks like a small market basket, but is equipped with a couple of vacuum bottles, cups, plates and other service for four.

A sufficient number of people have gone as "gaga" about their aquarium pets as old maids are about their cats and canaries to justify this new development . . . a traveling aquarium that looks like an enlarged binocular case. Little slides open up to give these pampered sardines an opportunity to view the scenery, and a lamp and cord plug is incorporated in the construction of this contraption so that the little darlings get their necessary vitamins or sumpin'.

Several metropolitan stores have installed shadow-proof, invisible glass windows for the better display of their merchandise. This, in turn, has inspired the aquaria makers, and they've produced an aquarium with an invisible glass front.

If you've not yet decided whether you like your shaving cream with or without the brush, there's a new development which will work either way. You can make up your mind before you start to scrape.

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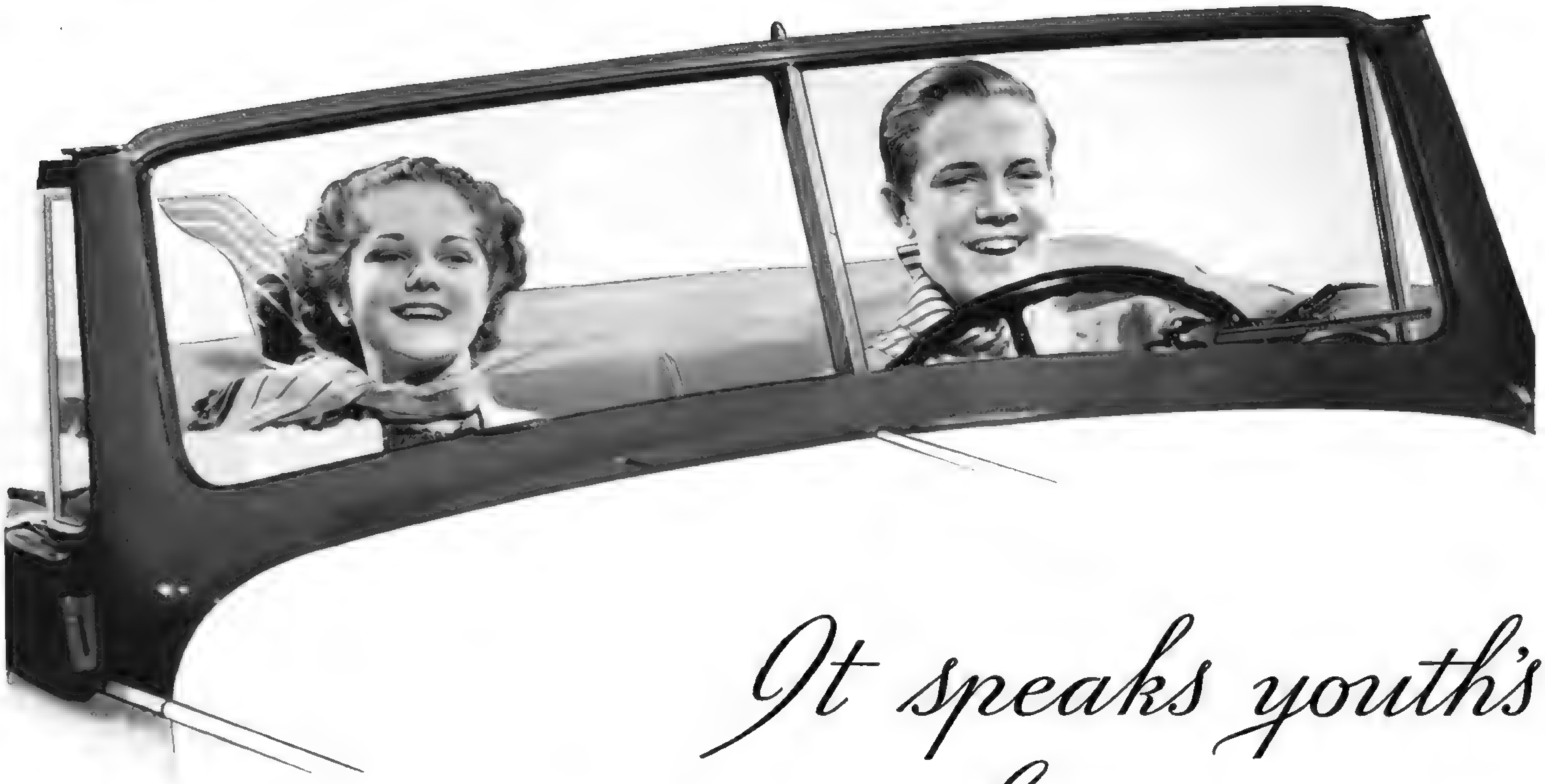
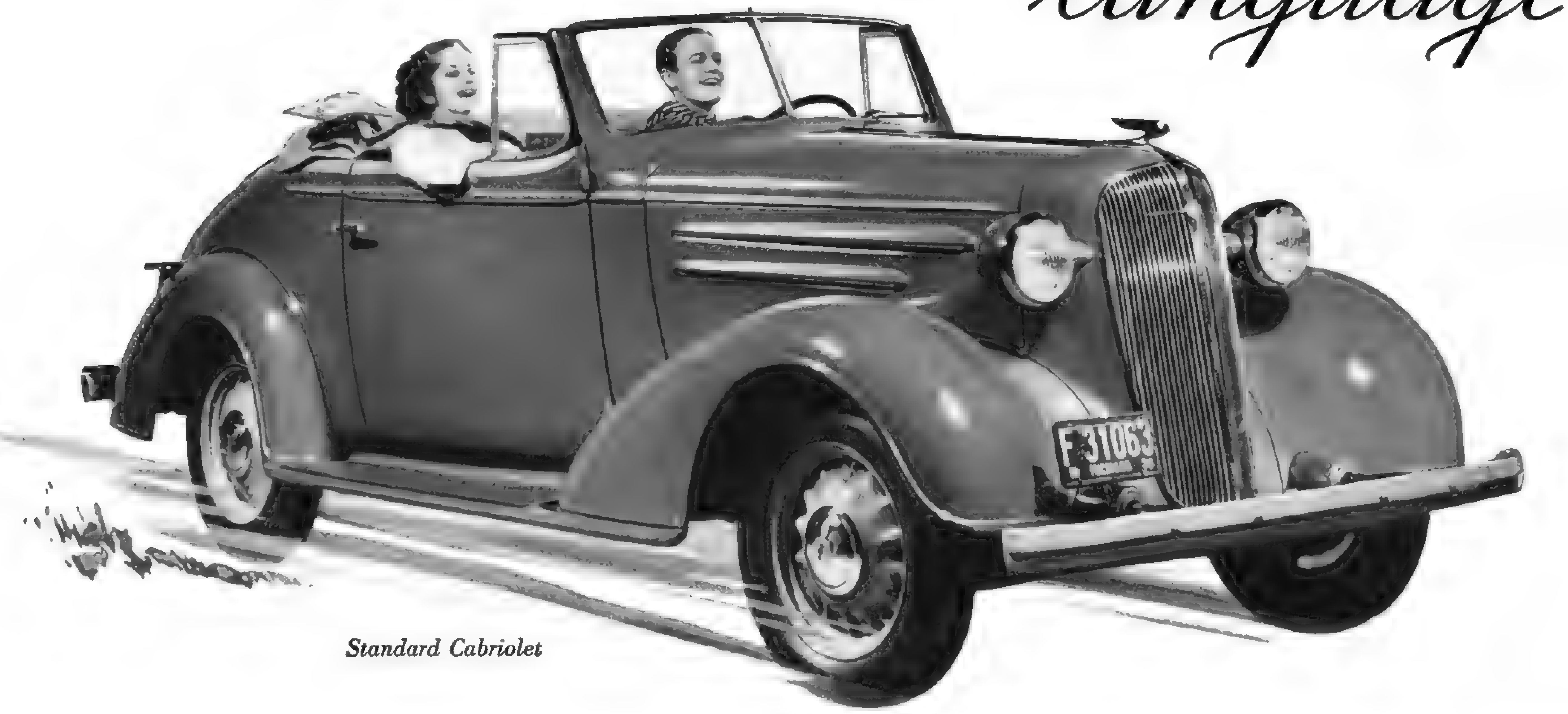


It speaks youth's language



Standard Cabriolet

CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION Here is a motor car that is winning wholehearted preference among people young in years and young in spirit, as the fleetest, trimmest, smartest looking car ever offered at a low price! It's Chevrolet's new *Standard Cabriolet*—and it's gloriously youthful in both appearance and action. The top, of light tan waterproof material, opens and closes easily, giving the snug comfort of a roomy coupe or the breezy freedom of an open car, at the owner's will. And, like all Chevrolet models for 1936, the Cabriolet brings you the unmatched safety of New Perfected Hydraulic Brakes—the health and comfort advantages of Genuine Fisher No Draft Ventilation—and the spirited performance of a High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine which gives combined power and economy without equal. All features that are exclusive to Chevrolet in the lower price range. You are invited to drive this new Chevrolet. It speaks youth's language. It asks only your hand on the wheel and your foot on the throttle to prove it's the car for you.

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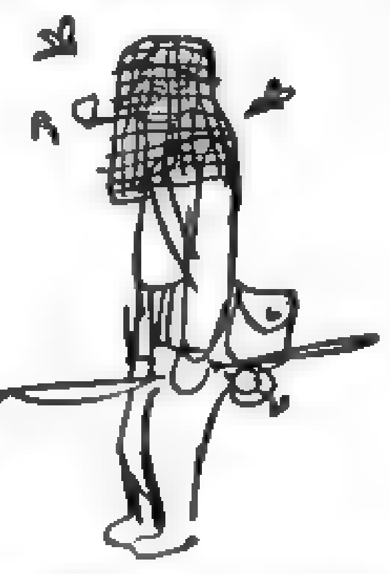
SLIPPY GRIP? BLISTERS? To keep firm grip on clubs, rackets, oars, tools, etc., use TAK, the double purpose hand conditioner. Prevents blisters, callouses. Send $1.00 for "foursome set" *and* 25c can LEXOL to The Martin Dennis Company, 855 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J.

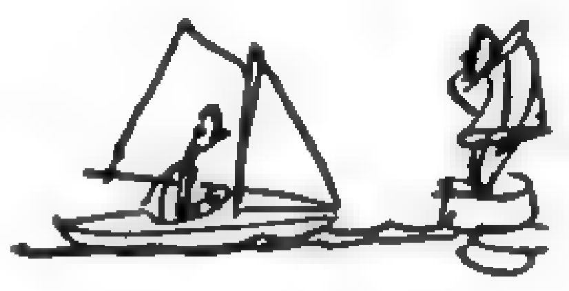
The modern Izaak Walton goes to bat or rather to rod equipped with all the comforts of home, to wit: a fine, mesh-net hood that fits over the head and drapes down over the shoulders, serving as protection against the disquieting influence of local insects, particularly mosquitoes, that may disconcert the dyed-in-the-wool angler. Highly practical and modern attributes of this piece of angling equipment are the addition of a number of horsehair ribs which keep the netting stiffened out away from the face, and a small aperture, made gasket-fashion, which permits the insertion of pipe or cigarette holder through the net, yet leaves no room for the pests to enter.



Here's a paradox, if there ever was one. The makers of Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Bluebird" are making a bicycle built for two in the best Victorian manner. We must admit it has the ear-marks of a swell mechanical job. You can buy it in the lady-and-gent model made famous by the well-known song.

Good friends of ours have offered to send to readers of this column a very handsomely put-together booklet on the subject of wines, their care and use, their history, and other interesting information on the subject. If you'll send us your name, we'll do the rest. This is free, and there's no catch.

With a box of gum drops and a nice bar of Castile soap, you can "go" honest-to-goodness Eskimo in a sailing kayak. These small, graceful Northland boats are loads of fun to handle. A word of caution, however, is not amiss. A fair degree of sobriety is required in sailing these tricky boats. You can get one for Junior, too, in a ten-foot size, or you can buy the necessary parts with which you can build one for yourself.



Over in England for sixty-five years, there has been a periodical devoted to exchanges and hobbies. The thousands of men, interested in one hobby or another, will welcome a new periodical now being published in New York which is devoted to the hobbyist. If you're interested, we should be glad to have your name put on the mailing list.

Application of the same thinking that has turned most cellars into recreation halls, now converts backyards into adult playgrounds. A number of interesting games and activities, which can be carried on in fairly limited space, are gaining in popularity. Badminton, which requires a space little more than 20' x 40' seems to be topping the list, and complete equipment for this fast and exhilarating game can be had at modest cost. You can play deck tennis over the same net, and there's a garden version of jai alai in which you may indulge within the same court limits. A ball that's built off balance will give you a lot of fun, if the people you throw it to are not aware of its eccentricity.

Authentic Indian tom toms, made by Chief Something Or Other, are for sale in a number of sizes. They make novel dinner announcers. One of them is large enough to be used as a cocktail table.

For summer refreshment serving of more or less hard liquors, a huge wicker wine cask on wheels has been devised to facilitate matters. You grab the neck of the cask, lift up and—lo and behold—there repose all the essentials for the purpose.

If you're bookish and are going to do some traveling, you'll be grateful for a traveling bookcase that provides space for about ten books, and is equipped with a reading glass and paper cutter.

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HATTERS

There is something new and cool under the sun . . . it's the STETSON "Dish-brim" Straw that Young's Smart Shops are sponsoring. "Ventilated" and with "Kushon-fit" at $3.50 and $5. Genuine Panamas start at $7. Enjoy summer head coolness in these "Feather-light" creations. See them at any of the Young's Stores "all over town".

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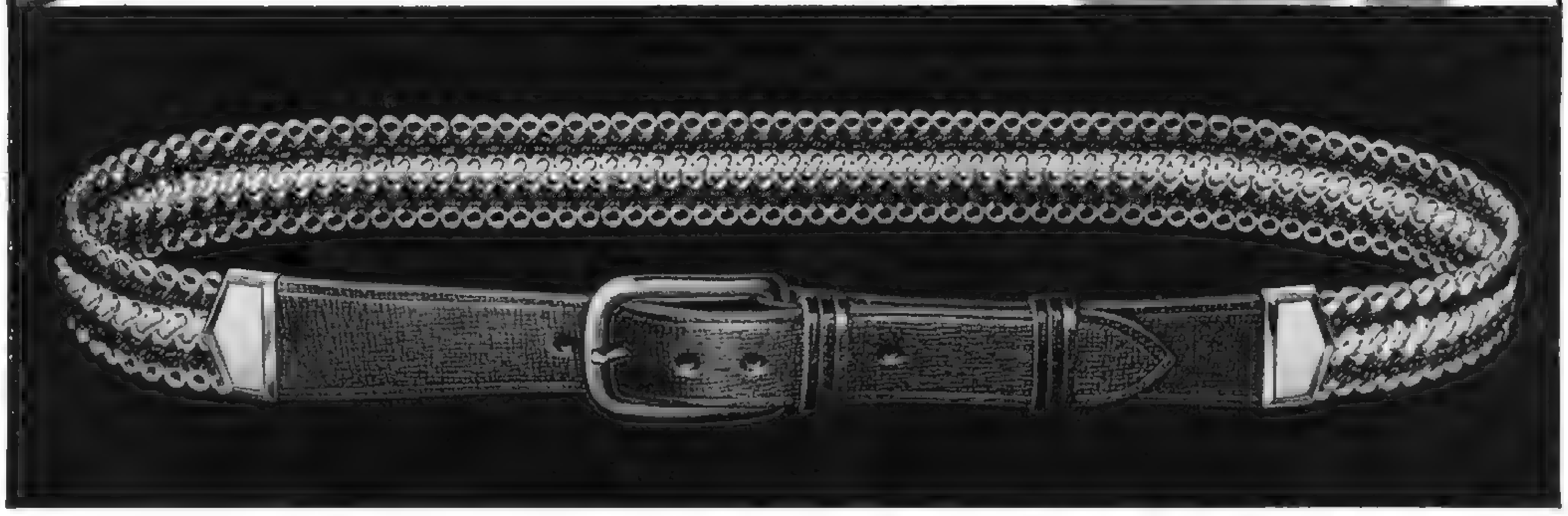

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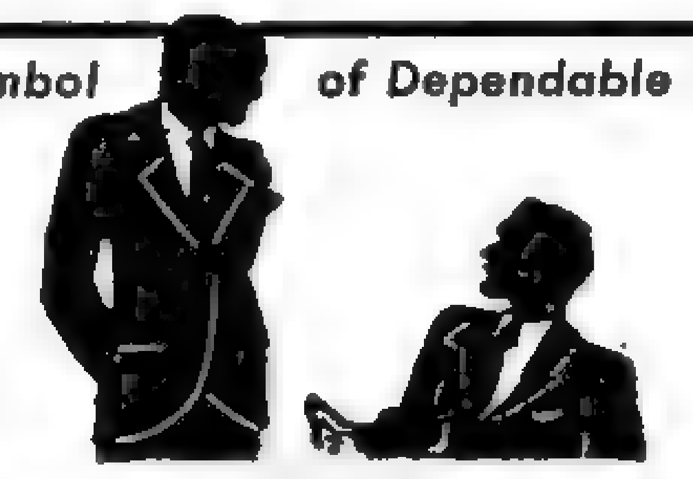

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A barometer or altimeter is a convenient gadget to have in your car. The one we refer to is removable, in the event you'd like to carry it in your pocket on your way to greater heights.

A famous west-coast restaurant is to blame for a new icing apparatus for use in the serving of cold drinks, fruit juices and appetizers. You place a glass in a receptacle, shaped like a Turkish fez, invert it, pack with ice, turn it right side up and fill the glass. Allow it to stand for ten or fifteen minutes, remove this metal form, and you'll find your glass surrounded by a mountain of ice in a very swanky fashion. Nice for juleps, too.

Old Curly Top caused an avalanche of mail with his remarks on hair preservation in the Sound and Fury columns. We have found two preparations which size up pretty well with his recommendations. One is a liquid shampoo, and the other is a dressing to be applied afterwards. The manufacturers make no exaggerated claims, but regular use of the product will prevent any further loss of hair and will encourage the growth of those roots that still have life in them. (So they say.)

Then came the dawn . . . For those super-light sleepers, who are disturbed by the season's early sunrise, there is a sleep shade for the eyes that doesn't press on the eye lids. Don't blame us if you sleep right through the day.

Those men who are "nuts" on the subject of good shoes wouldn't think of taking the old "dogs" off without tree-ing them before placing them in the closet. They've found that this practice adds mileage, and preserves the original smartness. A new shoe tree, especially light in weight, is so constructed that it can be placed inside the shoe with a maximum of ease.

And while we're speaking of shoes, this is no time to forget about the importance of taking care of your white shoes. We hasten to tell you of an efficacious white shoe cleaner that comes in either bottles or tubes and is guaranteed not only to make your shoes white, but actually cleans spots and stains from the leather. It's free from ingredients that might cause discoloration or cracking of the leather.

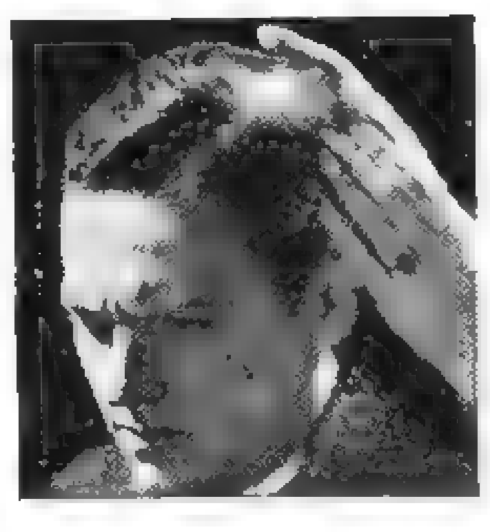
With all that's being written nowadays about war and peace, including a grand editorial in a recent issue of Esquire on the subject (last November), we feel justified in reporting that the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is sponsoring some new designs in silk and cotton fabrics, based on the letters of the Latin equivalent of peace — P A X. These fabrics should prove effective for use as club neckties for the Veterans of Future Wars, and dress materials for their sister organizations.

For beach-baskers who want a bit of privacy, there is a commodious sun protector that might be best described as an oversized baby-buggy visor. It folds up into a convenient carrying case, and may be taken along to your favorite strand with little inconvenience.

Another practical piece of beach equipment is a wind screen that protects you from blowing wind, yet permits the actinic rays to penetrate through a transparent material. You tan, but you don't burn.

Assuming there's no wind, which eliminates the need for the aforementioned wind screen, a new, greaseless sun-burn lotion, applied before exposure to the sun's rays, is in order. This, paradoxically, was originally prepared for winter-sports enthusiasts in the Alps.

Don't be BALD!



Don't give up! Faithful use of Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo helps ward off excessive Falling Hair and Dandruff; promotes scalp health. Start today! Sold by all Druggists.

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NEW

BENJAMIN AIR PISTOL $7.50

Powerful - Accurate - Economical Practical - Adjustable Shooting Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity - cal. 177 or 22 and BB - for Target and Small Game - **the Only Genuine Compressed Air Pistol On The Market.** Single Shot with Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles $7.50 - Single Shot BB Air Rifle $6.00 - 25 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle $7.50 - at Dealer or Direct - Safe. **Full Details - Targets - Free - Write Today Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 699 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.**

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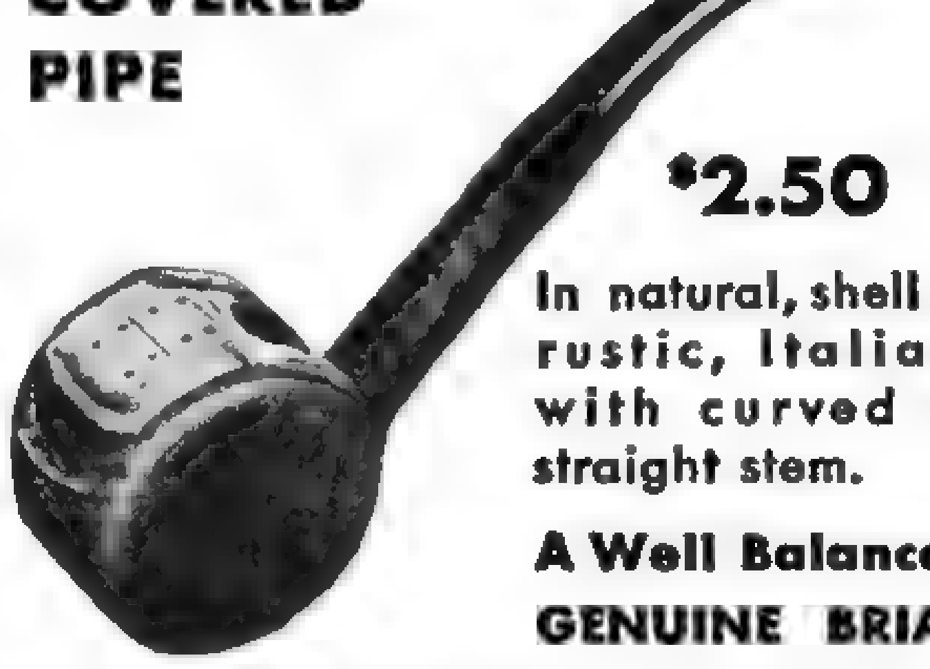

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In natural, shell or rustic, Italian, with curved or straight stem.

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POWERS SMOKING PIPES CORP.
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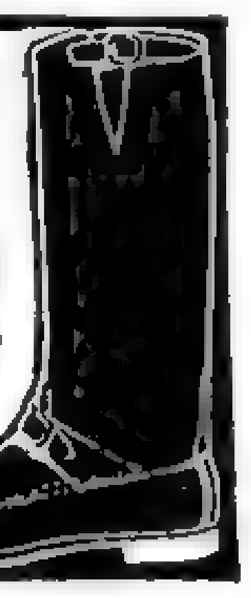
GOKEY BOTTÉ SAUVAGE
REG. U. S PAT. OFF.
"The best all-around boot in the world"
Manufactured Since 1850



Water-Proof, Genuine Pac Moccasin, Hand Sewed, Made to Measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support. **Write for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.**

GOKEY COMPANY
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A TREMENDOUS HIT...

THE NEW DUNBAR
CIGARETTE HOLDER
With EJECTOR

$1.50

Caught on immediately—Sweeping the country! Every cigarette smoker wants one! A swanky, ultra smart, convenient device that is revolutionizing cigarette holders! *No more stained finger tips, lip-stick marked cigarettes.*

Just press the stem, fingers leap out to grasp cigarette, *round or oval;* holds it securely until released by same movement. It is trick —Not tricky. Sterling mounted, $1.50 . . . We have a limited supply of 14 Karat mounted . $7.50. *We guarantee every Dunbar . . . Order yours now!*

D. Lee Cooper
686 Madison Ave.
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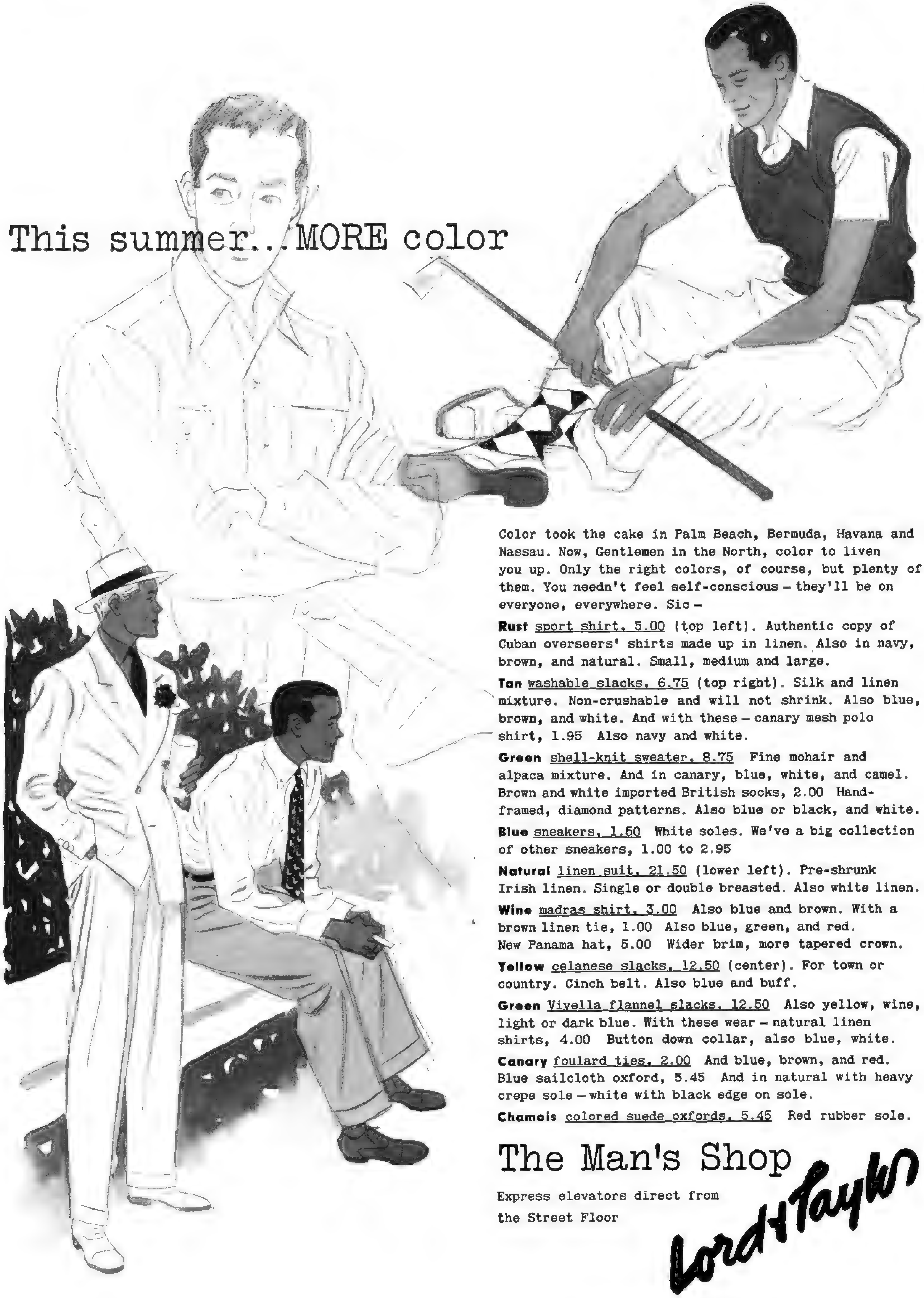
I Will Pay Postman On Delivery $.........
For....................Mounted, Plus Postage.
Name ....
Street ....
City.....................State...............

This summer...MORE color



Color took the cake in Palm Beach, Bermuda, Havana and Nassau. Now, Gentlemen in the North, color to liven you up. Only the right colors, of course, but plenty of them. You needn't feel self-conscious – they'll be on everyone, everywhere. Sic –

Rust sport shirt, 5.00 (top left). Authentic copy of Cuban overseers' shirts made up in linen. Also in navy, brown, and natural. Small, medium and large.

Tan washable slacks, 6.75 (top right). Silk and linen mixture. Non-crushable and will not shrink. Also blue, brown, and white. And with these – canary mesh polo shirt, 1.95 Also navy and white.

Green shell-knit sweater, 8.75 Fine mohair and alpaca mixture. And in canary, blue, white, and camel. Brown and white imported British socks, 2.00 Hand-framed, diamond patterns. Also blue or black, and white.

Blue sneakers, 1.50 White soles. We've a big collection of other sneakers, 1.00 to 2.95

Natural linen suit, 21.50 (lower left). Pre-shrunk Irish linen. Single or double breasted. Also white linen.

Wine madras shirt, 3.00 Also blue and brown. With a brown linen tie, 1.00 Also blue, green, and red. New Panama hat, 5.00 Wider brim, more tapered crown.

Yellow celanese slacks, 12.50 (center). For town or country. Cinch belt. Also blue and buff.

Green Viyella flannel slacks, 12.50 Also yellow, wine, light or dark blue. With these wear – natural linen shirts, 4.00 Button down collar, also blue, white.

Canary foulard ties, 2.00 And blue, brown, and red. Blue sailcloth oxford, 5.45 And in natural with heavy crepe sole – white with black edge on sole.

Chamois colored suede oxfords, 5.45 Red rubber sole.

The Man's Shop

Express elevators direct from
the Street Floor

Lord & Taylor

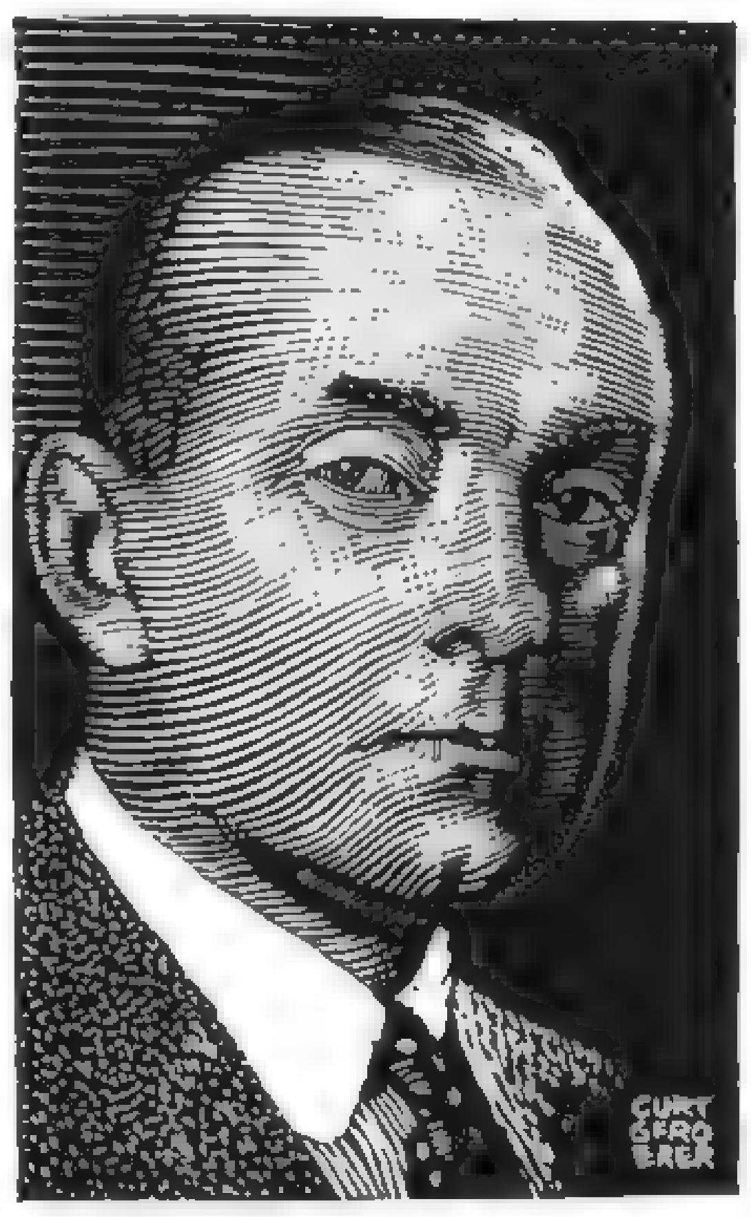
Fifth Avenue at 38th Street

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Life goes on, and we grow older, and all that, but the longer we're in this crazy business the crazier it seems. Listen to this one: A solid citizen of more than middle age, both kindly and dignified in appearance, of the type who might pose for the portrait used to illustrate a slightly sentimental card for Father's Day, came in here the other day with a stack of mail that he had received from all over the country. Each letter ran, more or less directly, to the effect that its writer had "just heard that Esquire finally showed you up as the old lecher Mabel always said you were." We were puzzled. We had never seen nor heard of him before, nor Mabel either. Mabel, we learned, is his estranged wife, from whom he has been separated for nine years, throughout which time (including the years of the depression) he has given her a yearly maintenance of thirty thousand dollars. It seems she saw in him a fancied resemblance to the man in an Abner Dean cartoon of some months ago wherein an insomniac was wooing Morpheus by the expedient of counting girls instead of sheep. She thereupon wrote all his friends, her friends, and their mutual ex-friends, calling their attention to the cartoon and pointing out that this magazine is published in Chicago, and that this man is a Chicagoan, and that his amorous exploits must have become the talk of the town to have been made the subject of caricature. She must also have exhorted all the friends in question to write to him, which they did, causing him great anguish, as the phrase goes, of body and mind. The whole thing was so preposterous we hardly knew what to say. The quickest answer was that portraiture was impossible since Abner Dean is a New Yorker who hasn't been in Chicago since the magazine began. But the real answer is that Esquire's cartoons are never caricatures or portraits of real people, any more than the characters in our fiction are real people, although the artists try, just as the authors do, to make their characters real in the sense of being recognizable as types. Meanwhile, you have the account of this poor man's plight, written that he might call it to the attention of his friends, but you can add it to your own private collection of believe-it-or-nots. You might file it there under the heading of Modern Love Stories.

●

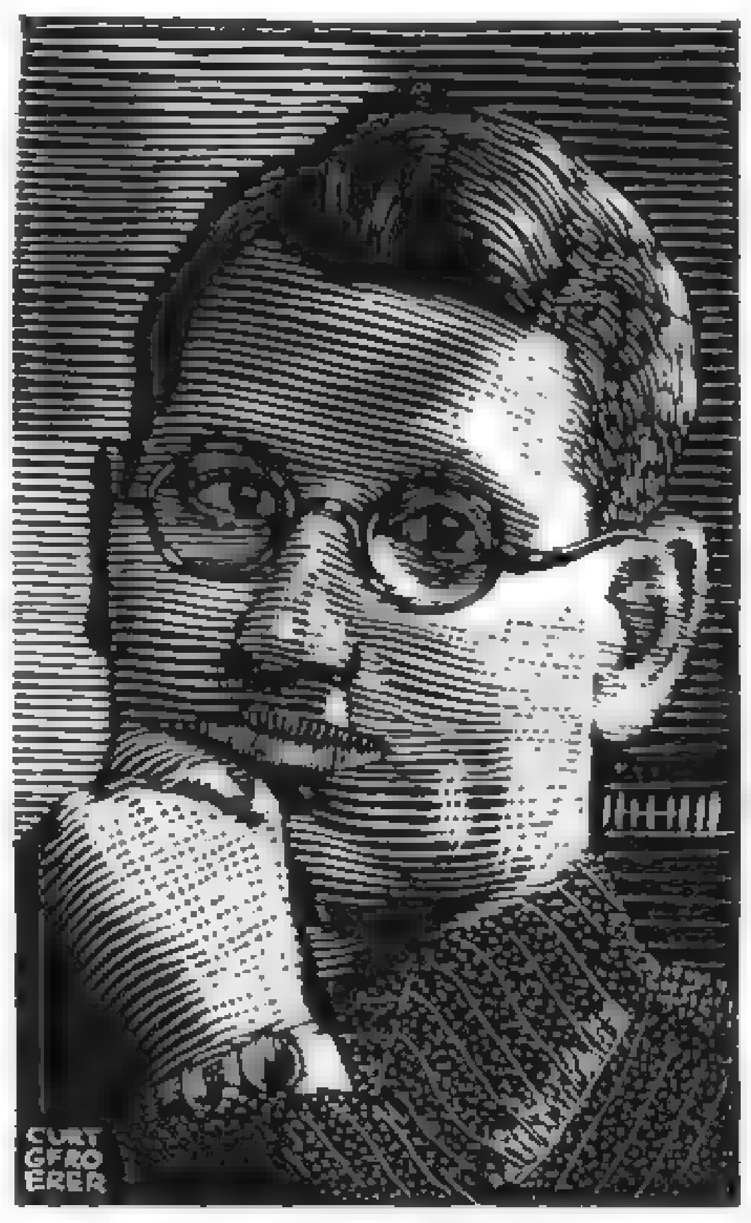
Walter Brooks says: "Six years ago I bought an old house near Washington Square in New York, which I have remodeled. The house, not New York. My experiences in getting possession of the house, remodeling it, and renting the upper floors may some day make copy for a book. But they will have to be toned down for literary purposes. Like most of our experiences and the people we meet they are too unbelievably queer. Truth may be stranger than fiction, but fiction has got to be more reasonable than truth." (This from the author of *The Jessingham Ghost.*)



Walter R. Brooks

●

Samuel Merwin (*The Hearst-Pulitzer War*, page 64) says: "Born Evanston, Illinois 'way back in 1874. Have lived through a lot and liked it. First job on *The Evanston Index*, a weekly at $1.25 a column. Sang in church quartets and at funerals for the balance of living costs. Worked on *Chicago Record* in days of 'Gene Field, the young George Ade and John McCutcheon. During the heyday of the magazine article early in century was given assignments almost all over the world. Watched railway building in Canadian Rockies and Canal building at Panama. Went round world to study opium. Was imprisoned in Northern China and in the excitement nearly lost my rubbers. Have published about thirty books, mostly fiction, including, *Silk, Temperamental Henry, Henry Is Twenty, The Citadel* (almost abolished the Constitution in that one), *The Honey Bee, Anthony the Absolute,* and so on. Have published fiction in more than fifty American magazines, most of which folded up shortly afterward. Ambition, learning to write."



Douglass Welch

●

Douglass Welch, in case you want to send him a greeting, will be thirty years old on June 21. He works for the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*.

●

If you want to be a glandmaster, and graduate from the game of glands as Antheil plays it to the serious science of endocrinology as Berman practices it, we refer you to *The Glands Regulating Personality,* A Study of the Glands of Internal Secretion in Relation to the Types of Human Nature, by Louis Berman, M.D. The book is published by the Macmillan Company and the price is $3.50. Be sure to get the Revised Second Edition. It gives you the complete and authentic dope which Antheil, in order to make a game of glands, necessarily had to simplify a great deal. It won't improve your gland game because it will probably give you the feeling of being unable to see the forest for the trees, but it will enable you to see clearly the solid scientific structure which Antheil has used as a stage on which to do his light fantastic gland-dance.

●

Editor of Esq:

I noticed Walter Clare Martin managed to survive on the skirmish line, or front cover, of May Esquire; but couldn't get as far as the table of contents.

Which recalls: Jack Byrne of the Fiction House String, in its boom days, was featuring my Westerns in *Frontier* and in *Lariat.* He painted my name and yarn on the cover of *Frontier*; but the printer stuck the yarn in another book and lost the author who should have been there.

So Jack had a cover without a follow-up (like May Esquire) and he sent me a desperate message. I had 32 hours to get the message to Garcia. I called off a big game hunting trip to hash up the yarn; and when I saw the result I did not believe he could take it.

He took it and said, in effect: "This is the one you should have sent in the first place. It's better than the one we touted."

They had to use the same title, which seemed a bit balmy; but none of the fans batted an eye.

Yours,

Walter Clare Martin

Springfield, Mo.

Hannibal Towle is managing a country playhouse and dramatic school this summer in Peterborough, New Hampshire, in association with Maria Ouspenskaya. Please don't ask us to explain his story, *The End of Sidney Snarby*, which you'll find on page 44.

●

Women in Court, page 61, is a chapter from *You May Cross-Examine!* by L. Herman and M. Goldberg, which will be published this fall by Macmillan Company. Lewis Herman has contributed to various periodicals and writes radio drama. He is thirty years old. Meyer Goldberg is a member of the Chicago bar. He finished law school before he was twenty-one and took the bar examination at that tender age by special permission of the justice of the Illinois Supreme Court.

●

John Herrmann (*A String of Beads*, page 68) is living in Connecticut, working on a novel. He has contributed short stories to such magazines as the *American Mercury, Scribner's*, and *Transition*, and has written the novels, *What Happens, Engagement* and *Summer is Ended.* In 1932 he was co-winner of the Scribner's $5000 prize short novel contest with the story, *The Big Short Trip.*

●

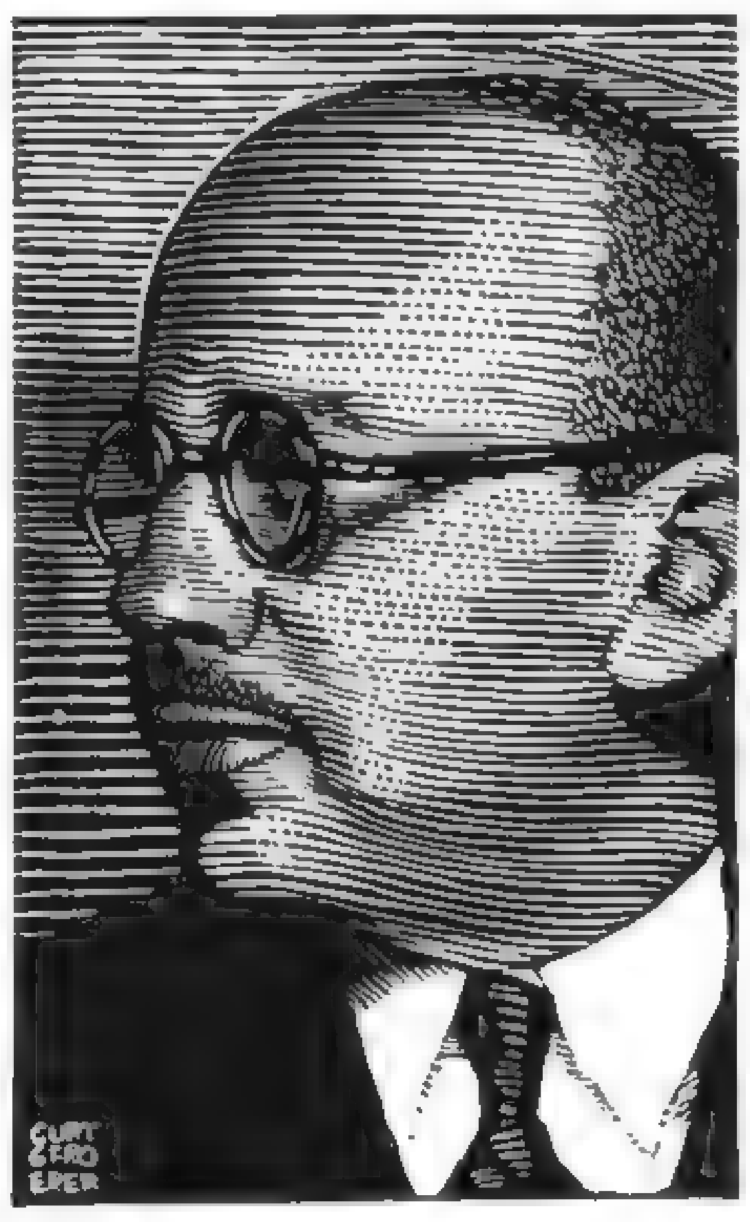
Andreas Latzko, who wrote *The Duel by Candlelight*, page 30, is the author of *Lafayette: A Life* which was a Literary Guild selection last February. He has also written *Men In War.*

●

Archie Chadbourne, who wrote *Four Years Since Payday*, page 74, says his biography runs on and on like the testimony of a street preacher. He taught a district school for five years, melted lead for the linotype on a paper in Kansas, and had a three way job on the Santa Ana (California) *Blade*—advertising, circulation and reporting. Then he drove a truck for 300,009 miles in Colorado Springs, never leaving the city limits and finally wound up at a gasoline station plus in Compton, California.

●

Harry Salpeter was a writer for the old New York *World* back in the golden era of that publication. He is also the author of *Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell.* And one of the best things he's done is his portrait of Waldo Peirce, page 101.



Harry Salpeter

●

Ben Hibbs (*The Secession of Jethro*, page 116) says he has reached the fatiguing age of 33. (We hope you aren't getting tired of people who are getting tired.) He is a native of Kansas, a graduate of Kansas University and a former newspaperman. For the past six years he has been an associate editor of *Country Gentleman.* He says: "My only claim to eminence is that I never expect to write a book or play. So far as I know, I am the only magazine writer in the world who can boast of this unique distinction."

Ellis Parker Butler (*War Is Something*, page 33) is the author of the immortal *Pigs Is Pigs.* He is best known as a short story writer, but has written one novel, *The Jack-Knife Man.* He sold his first short story when he was fourteen, receiving from the publisher of *Dawn of Day* fifty one-cent postcards in payment. He has done pretty well since then, and is now President of the Flushing Savings & Loan Association just outside New York City.

●

James Thomas Flexner (*I Felt the Beacons*, page 51) says: "On my graduation from Harvard in 1929, I became a reporter with the New York *Herald Tribune*, and covered everything from meat-packers' conventions to interviewing Theodore Dreiser. I finally resigned to become executive secretary of the New York City Noise Abatement Commission, which meant I was supposed to do something about elevateds and back-fence cats and pneumatic drills. When the commission went out of existence in 1932, having, of course, abolished all these evils forever, I sailed for London where I tried to explain the marvelous gyrations of American politics to British newspaper readers. I am now back in New York."

●

Bacil B. Warren, who tells all in *Puck on the Campus*, page 77, is editor of the Arizona *Kitty Kat.* He is a member of Blue Key, Hammer and Coffin, and Beta Kappa.

●

To the Editor of Esquire

Dear Sir: I have your letter giving your reasons for cutting out the end and destroying the meaning of my story *The Fall of the Sparrow;* and so leaving your readers clawing helplessly for an explanation of *why* the train stopped!

You say in your letter it was too "heavily moralistic" for your "rather flippant taste." When I found you had cut it out, I supposed, on the contrary, that you had found it too flippant and shocking for your "heavily moralistic" public. Do you not realize that God answered the selfish prayer of the pious missionary, by sending his friend, the minister, across the line to *get run over;* and then you get the pious missionary, impervious to common-sense, accepting it as the "Hand of God" *not to be questioned,* though — if he believed in answer to prayer—it was his own naughty doing. God had tried to teach him a lesson: but he was too stuck-up in self-righteousness to take it in; so the lesson was thrown away. Here in England, readers chuckled delightfully over that "heavily moralistic" show up of bumptious piety, though a few wrote to protest to the Editor against its shocking flippancy and irreverence. Apparently the joke was too artfully wrapped up in pious phraseology to reach your understanding. But you have certainly done me a damage with any intelligent readers you may have, in depriving them entirely of the explanation and *raison d'être* of my story.

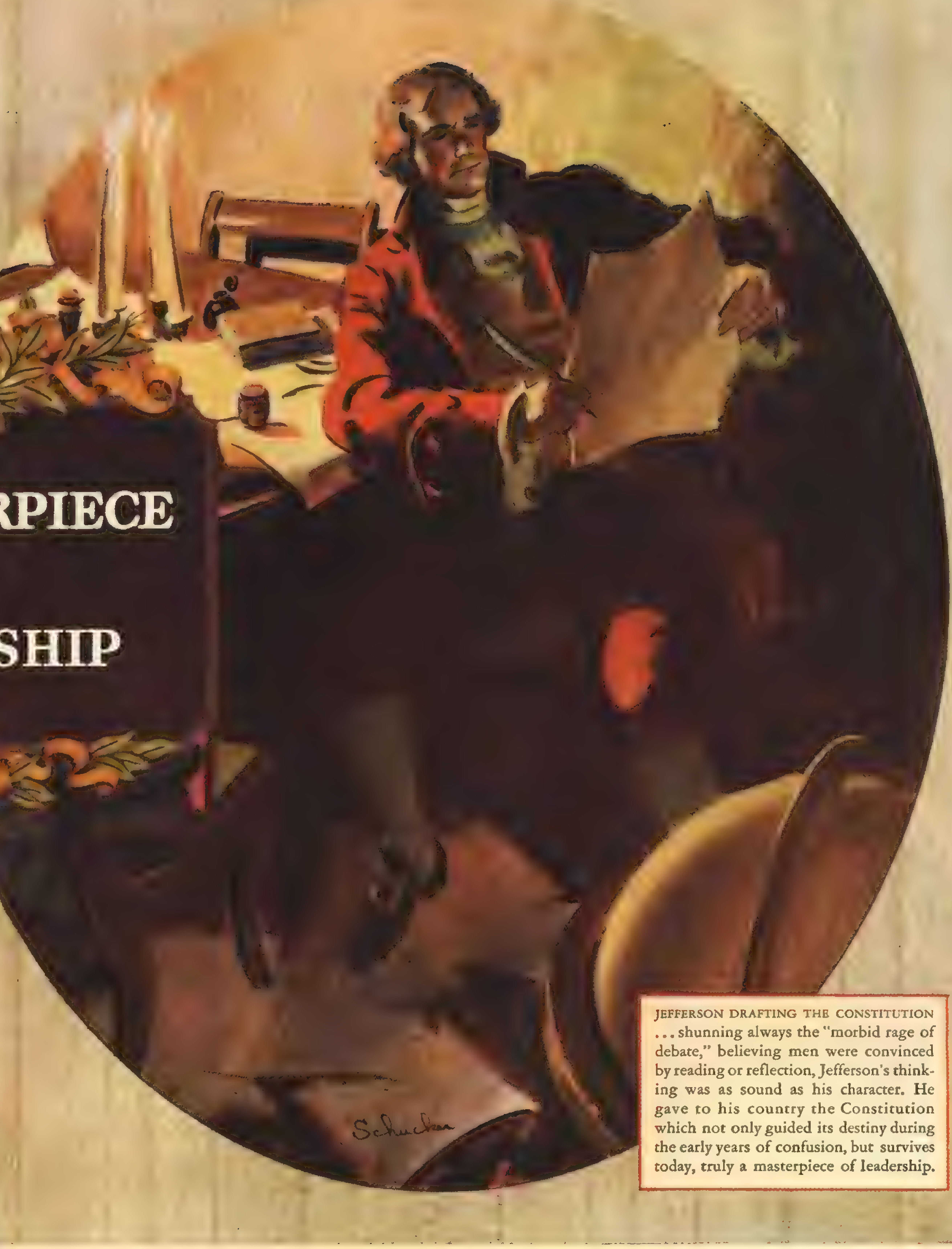
And I do protest strongly against your taking so large and so foolish a liberty without giving me the chance of withdrawing the story from your destructive clutches.

Yours faithfully,

Laurence Housman

Continued on page 26

A MASTERPIECE *of* LEADERSHIP



JEFFERSON DRAFTING THE CONSTITUTION . . . shunning always the "morbid rage of debate," believing men were convinced by reading or reflection, Jefferson's thinking was as sound as his character. He gave to his country the Constitution which not only guided its destiny during the early years of confusion, but survives today, truly a masterpiece of leadership.

DISTILLERS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
90 PROOF
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whiskey
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
Time Works Wonders

SEAGRAM'S "V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whiskey
90 Proof
6 Years Old . . .

Names that live forever are based on Character

Because of character, Jefferson's name rests secure in the hearts of his countrymen . . . through the years. This is true, too, of the products of the House of Seagram. For example, "V. O." since the first days of Repeal, has remained the largest-selling whiskey in its class. It leads today. Why? Because the character of the House is ever-present in each product that bears the Seagram name. That character is far-seeing. It reaches beyond any debate of the moment. It belongs to the years. When you taste the fragrant mildness of this 6-year-old whiskey, you recognize a masterpiece. When you adopt it as your own whiskey, and use it through the years, you learn to know its *character.*

Say Seagram's and be Sure

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

Seagram's "V.O."

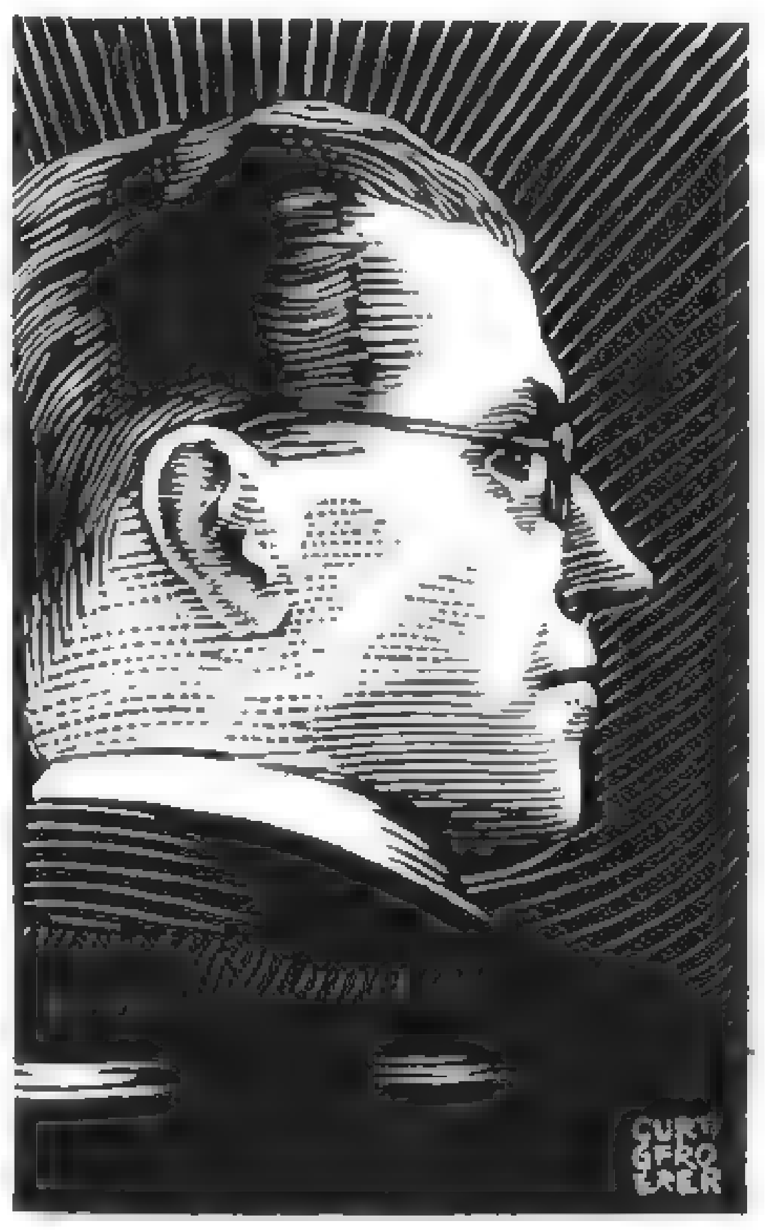
Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices: New York

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Edmund Ware, who tells us *Why Men Go Fishing* on page 49, is fishing editor of *National Sportsman*. He says he understands perfectly the brookbank philosophy of his father, who once said: "I have found the world so interesting that I have had time to accomplish nothing." His first novel, *Rider in the Sun*, was published in 1935. He is married and has two children, one a fisherman.

•

Ernest Poole (*Field of White Poppies*, page 81) is best known for his novel, *The Harbor*. Other works include *His Family* which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1916, *The Dark People*, *Danger*, *Blind*, *The Hunter's Moon*, *Great Winds*, and *One of Us*. After graduation from Princeton in 1902, he worked at the University Settlement on New York's lower East Side. He was a foreign correspondent during the Russo-Japanese war, the World War, and the Russian Revolution, sending articles to such magazines as *The Outlook* and *The Saturday Evening Post*.



Raymond Browne

•

Ignoring the protests that came from some of our horsier readers after his last article, Raymond Browne has gone and written another, *When the Dude Rides*, which you'll find on page 87. Mr. Browne is Advertising Manager for Texaco gasoline.

•

Carroll Case (*Prop Boys on Parade*, page 84) was born in the Hotel Algonquin, New York City, but he says the hotel doesn't boast about it much. He was educated in America and Switzerland until he decided to get away from it all, at the age of fifteen, and went to sea on the *Elmorante*. He had various jobs in various parts of the world, including Asia and Africa, and finally wound up in Hollywood, where he has worked as a prop man, assistant cameraman and, off and on, a script writer for Fox and Metro.

•

Harry Vinock (*Five-Six-Seven-Hurdle!*, page 72) was born in New York City in 1910. He attended Rice Institute at Houston, Texas and received the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemical Engineering. He says: "In and out of college I have indulged in a large variety of sports ranging from bronc-busting and steer-riding to track, tennis, swimming and fencing. Because of my small stature (I am only five feet five inches in height) I had to be a superlative technician in, and analyst and student of all of them; I always knew why anything was done.

"If I had gone far enough, I would probably have reduced the running stride down to a mathematical equation. I have the doubtful distinctions of being one of the few men who ever ran the low hurdles with the aid of a steel tape measure, a T-square, and a drawing board, and of leading the field in more hundred yard dashes at the fifty yard mark than any man alive. I am partly bald but don't worry about it, wear glasses, and am unmarried."

•

Theodore Pratt has written a new novel, *Big Blow*, which will be published by Little Brown in fall. *One Thing To Do*, page 36, is a short story version of one of its chapters.

Hewitt L. Ballowe, who wrote *The Slave Jaquot* on page 112, lives in Buras, Louisiana, and sent us some oranges big as grapefruit last Christmas.

•

Schima Kaufman (*Music in the Afternoon*, page 94) says: "I have long looked forward to the time when I should be asked a few pertinent facts about my life, and often wrote passionate chapters (in my mind) on the subject. But when your request came for a single biographical paragraph, I found somewhat to my amazement that the ideas would not flow. With the help of my six-year-old daughter, however, I have been able to compile the following: 'Schima Kaufman is the inventor of a thirty-six hour day which enables him to give full time to the Philadelphia Orchestra and write books, stories, articles and poetry. He has contributed to The *American Mercury* and *Literary America* and corresponds music for *Time*. He thinks Stokowski—bar none—is the greatest living conductor'."

•

Gerald Breckenridge recently left Warner Bros. Pictures in New York and went down to Clayton, Alabama, to complete a second novel for Doubleday-Doran. His first, *One More Onslaught*, will be published early this fall. He worked for newspapers for five years and studied acting once, but was discouraged by falling off the stage during his debut in Shakespeare. He once took a fling at publishing a country weekly in Virginia. Last January he was married in Washington to Lella Warren, a writer, whose novel, *A Touch of Earth*, was a best seller in 1927.

•

At catchweights, for no purse, Rupert Hughes of Los Angeles, versus Burton Rascoe of Larchmont:

"Dear Burton Rascoe:

"Your talent for getting things wrong amounts to infallible genius. On the few occasions on which you have honored me by a reference you have managed to distort both letter and spirit as far as humanly possible.

"Now the delightful pages of the April Esquire are distinguished by your almost perfect misrepresentation of what you call my 'dog-fight' with James Branch Cabell.

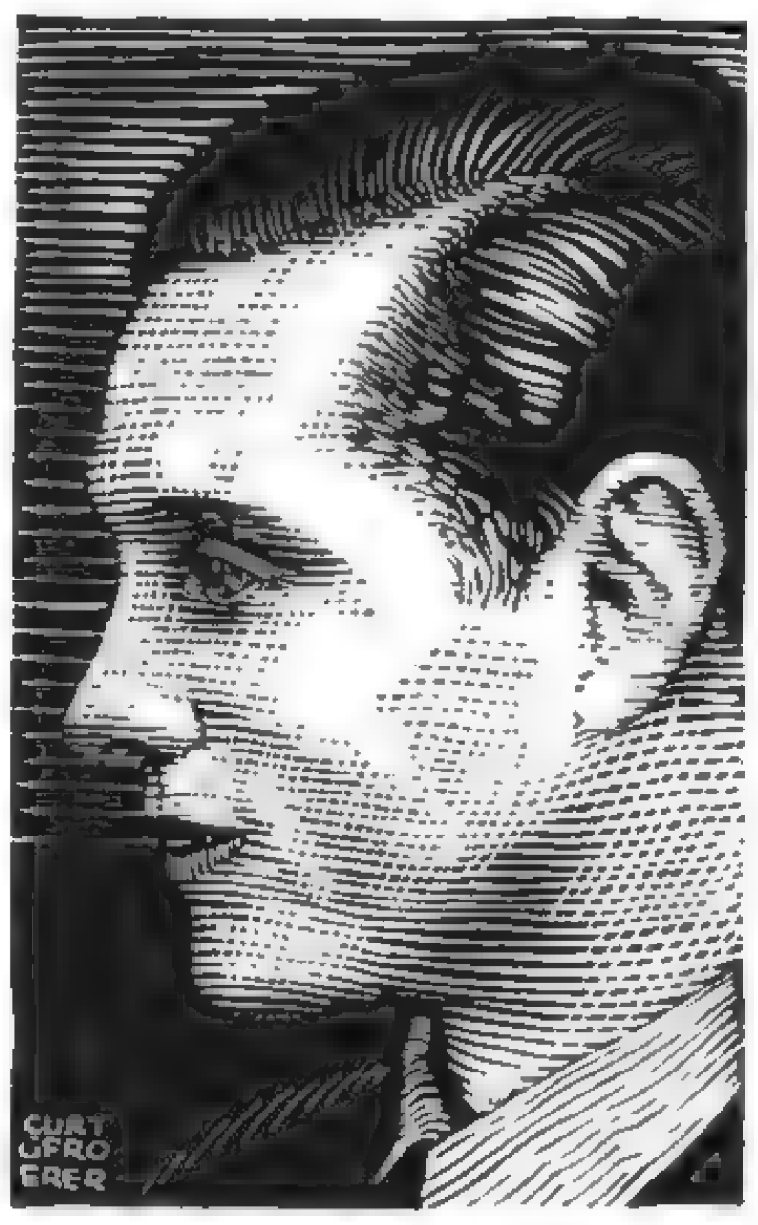
"You begin by saying that 'Rupert Hughes attacked what he misunderstood to be Cabell's aesthetic tenets.' If you will turn to the publication, you will find that I had nothing whatever to say of Mr. Cabell's 'aesthetic tenets.'

"I praised you for your courage in praising an American author with the superlatives ordinarily reserved by American critics for foreigners, but I said that I was pained to see so brilliant a writer as Mr. Cabell putting forth the false banalities that the Greeks found nothing immoral in nudity and that medieval people were more interested in ballads than in money. I gave instances to disprove old misunderstandings, and said nothing at all of Mr. Cabell's aesthetic tenets.

"Mr. Cabell retorted with what you call 'merciless and malicious humor.' It may have been both, but he did not answer my criticisms. He substituted exclamations of delicious amazement that such a person as I should have ideas about Greeks and people of the middle ages, when I was supposed to be merely a person who wrote trashy stories in which rich brokers seduced poor stenographers.

"I answered that Mr. Cabell plainly had read neither my works nor Greek history. I said that I had never written a story of a rich broker seducing a poor stenographer, and that if I ever brought two such people together I should have had the poor stenographer seduce the rich broker.

"Then, in order to justify my temerity in criticizing the classic and medieval scholarship of so supernal a creature as Mr. Cabell I foolishly stated some of my qualifications for such audacity. I did not say, as you make me say, that I learned Greek at my mother's knee or that I was an acknowledged scholar in many fields. I said that I had studied Greek art at my mother's knee and was not the illiterate ignoramous Mr. Cabell treated with such lofty derision but a lifelong student of the subjects on which I found Mr. Cabell ignorant and fatuous—as he was.



Gerald Breckenridge

"I went on to confess that my personal qualifications for commenting on Mr. Cabell's learning were not involved, but I called on Mr. Cabell to answer my original criticisms of his historical blunders.

"To this Mr. Cabell as you say 'replied in a brief but utterly devastating quip.' You do not tell your suffering readers what that quip was. It was this: he said he had just seen an article I had written in praise of Robert W. Chambers' work and that he had no need to say anything further.

This was devastating, indeed, but whom did it devastate? I was still smiling for he had made no answer, and of course, could make no answer to my comments on his bad Greek lore or his ridiculous medievalism. He was so content with his falsehoods that he republished his essay without a change in his text, merely adding some contemptuous footnotes about Robert W. Chambers and me for the benefit of that posterity for which he used to say he wrote.

"I once told you that a relative of Mr. Cabell's told me that Mr. Cabell had told him that he was writing for posterity. The dazed relation asked me what I thought of that. I said I preferred Charles Lamb's statement that he was writing not for posterity but for antiquity.

"From this you made out a published paragraph to the effect that I had attacked Mr. Cabell for his indecency. This was as false as possible. I have always loved Mr. Cabell's indecency and have often pleaded for more honest smut in our literature.

"When Mr. Cabell answered my second letter with his 'devastating quip' concerning my short article praising some of Robert W. Chambers' writings, I wrote you to this effect: however brilliant Mr. Cabell may be as a writer of fiction, when it comes to controversy he is a snotty little girl who answers a friendly criticism with a jibe: 'Yeah, yeah. You like so-and-so so I won't play with you no more!'

"You wrote me that you thought the controversy had gone far enough and you did not publish my final comment.

"You have told me that you owed me a debt of gratitude for starting your literary page off with a vitally needed sensation. Now you write of me as if I were a sort of cockroach crushed under the sandal of your god. Perhaps I am, but Mr. Cabell's *Beyond Life* is still marred by his mistaken notions of Greek and medieval life.

"I regret the reopening of this old squabble. I should never have started it, and I have never since added to Mr. Cabell's more than sufficient annoyances by any published comments on his historical limitations, or on his very admirable artistic achievements. Nor has he felt it necessary to devastate me utterly again.

"As for poor Bob Chambers, I thank God that I gave him the pleasure and did him the justice of public recognition for the best of his achievements. It was so cheap and easy and false to use him as a critical byword that Mr. Cabell's use of him as a club to crush me with was as bromidic and vulgar as his platitudes about Greek nudity and medieval innocence of commercialism.

"And speaking of Bob Chambers, you ought in common decency and justice to him, to publish sometime what you said to me once when I said that at his best Bob Chambers wrote English of superlative beauty. You said:

"'I have always felt that at his best Bob Chambers was a great master of English and when I was an editor I bought as much of his work as I possibly could.'

"Yet in the April Esquire you refer to Mr. Cabell's supercilious dismissal of him as if it were 'utterly devastating.'

"I have hesitated to write all this to you because I feel sure that you will on some future occasion refer to this letter in terms that misrepresent it with an amazing thoroughness. I do not ask you to publish my reply; but, for your own sake, and your conscience' sake, I urge you to take up the practice of documenting your references just a little more carefully. You have always swung your broadsword with a lusty fearlessness and a darling youthfulness, but you do cut yourself up so badly, and you do knock so many things off the shelf! Like the cross eyed man in the fable, you never seem to hit where you look.

"It would be a waste of time to advise you to destroy your greatest charm by taking pains to look before you hit, and yet—oh, what's the use?

"Yours from the depths of devastation,

Rupert Hughes"

"Mr. Rupert Hughes
4751 Los Feliz Boulevard
Los Angeles, California

"Dear Rupert Hughes:

"You are so touchy a gentleman that for many years I have thought twice (and often restrained myself) before writing anything about you, even when my intent was to praise; for, concerning yourself, you are utterly blind to the intent, content, and meaning of all words, including those agreeing with your own estimate of yourself, if you fancy you have been slighted in any manner. You break out in reams of self-eulogy.

"I am going to hit hard now. Also I shall refrain from irony because it is obvious that you do not read irony aright but take the words of it literally. I shall use very plain words, directly. You asked for this by saying, 'Your talent for getting things wrong amounts to infallible genius,' and I shall accommodate you.

"About the mother's knee business: I left out the word 'art' after the word 'Greek'; but what does it matter

Continued on page 175

Have you a product that needs its face lifted?

Many an otherwise worthy product, now lagging sluggishly among the stragglers in its field because of outmoded appearance, can be super-charged into pace-making leadership through re-styling in accordance with the best principles of modern functional design.

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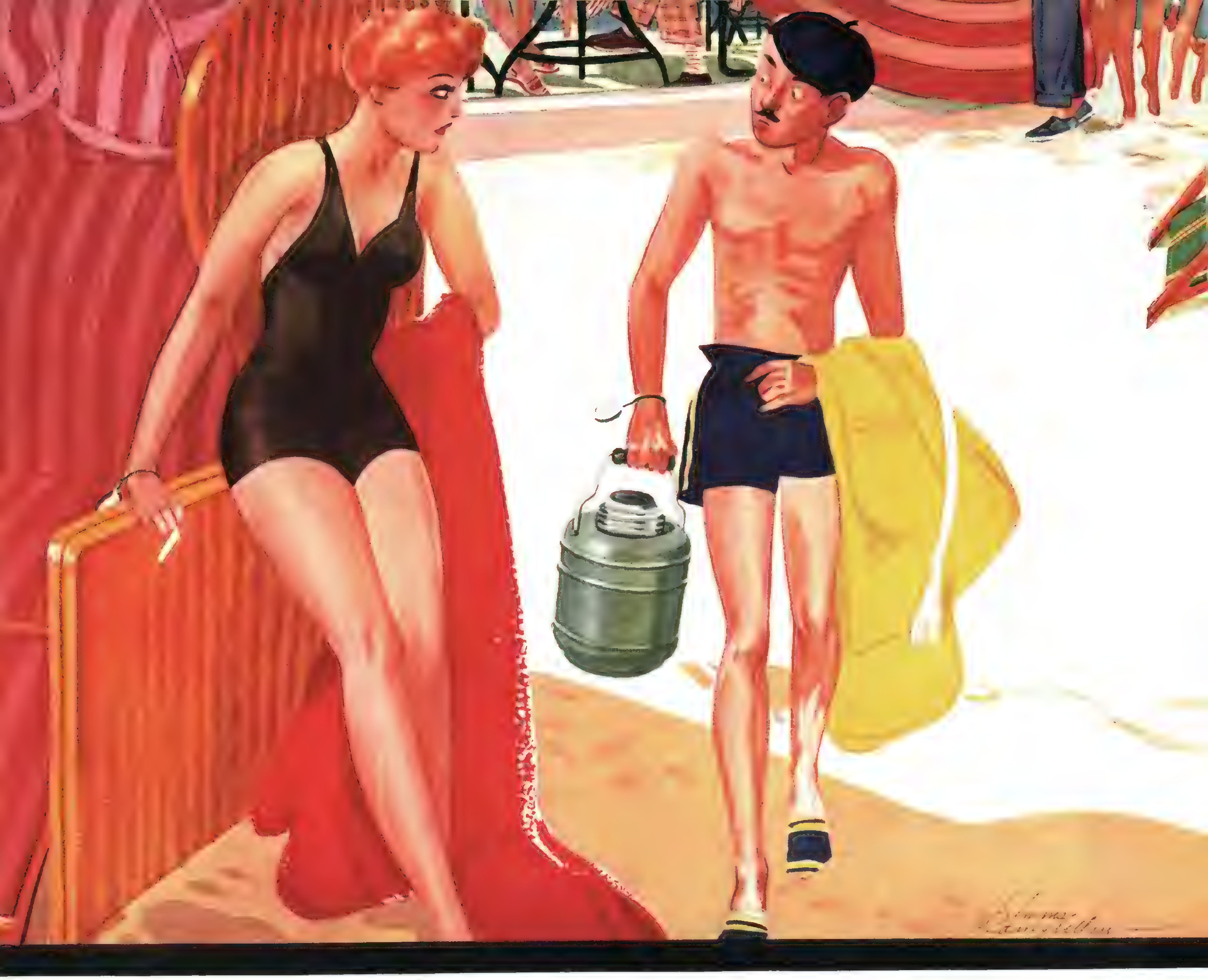
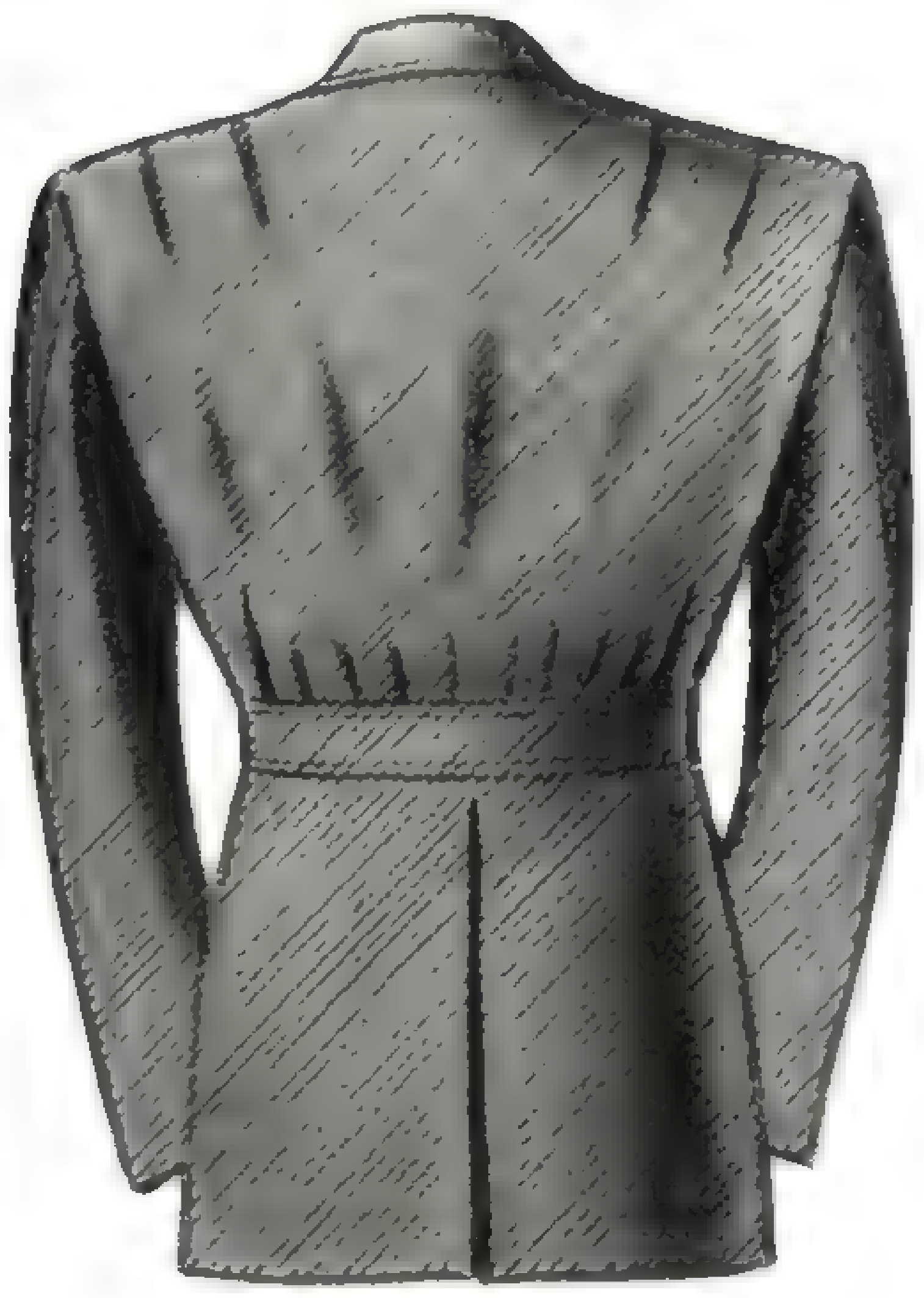


"Oh, my goodness! What Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes did for you!"

As someone has so aptly said, "Goodness had nothing to do with it"—but in this case Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes evidently had quite a lot to do with it; for the masterful illusion created by this athletic young man was undoubtedly due to the skill with which he selected his wardrobe.

To what extent clothes make the man is perhaps a debatable question. But opinion today is rather general that *good* clothes contribute greatly to a man's poise, personality and success! And to millions of young men the country over, *good* clothes mean Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. (If you would like a reproduction of the above Campbell drawing, in full colors, suitable for framing, drop a note to 36 South Franklin St., Chicago. It will be mailed to you free.)



★ One of the most outstanding clothing developments in years is the new Gulfweight suit, tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx; for this 48-ounce sensation assures you summer suit comfort with year 'round suit style. Note the trim, new blouse-back model. The gathering above the belt, the knife plaits at the shoulders and on the pockets, and the deep center vent all make for an extremely smart-looking, easy-to-wear sport suit. Gulfweights are exceptionally modest in price. See them at your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer today!

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR ... A BIG THING TO FIND

S. Choirboy's Farewell

The ten best, the ten worst, ten nuttiest, ten prettiest, and the ten biggest body-aches

by VAN WYCK POTTER

• THEATRE •

If by this time you have made up your minds that I am altogether too much of a yapper and that fault-finding is my single specialty, prepare yourselves for a shock. I am going to demonstrate my versatility by doing a little boosting. That ought to pacify you but I doubt that it will, because whatever you say—if you'll be quite frank and open with yourselves—you know that boosting doesn't really interest and fascinate you half as much as knocking. The trouble with me as a critic is that I don't know how to get the full value out of knocking. I have the ideas but I lack the technique. It's a difficult trick, despite what you may believe to the contrary. Proficient boosters grow on every bush. But you'll have trouble in naming more than a scant handful of knockers who can communicate their indignation to you. There is always a fortune waiting for a man with good, sound, hot critical opinions who can master the business of getting them onto paper and not lose any of their steam and fire in the process.

My boosting today concerns this last theatrical season, now officially at an end. By common consent—and to that consent Old Doc Potter lends his booming tonsils—it was the best the theatre has enjoyed in years. And while I am on the subject of its good points, let me begin right off by taking off my hat to the New York Drama Critics' Circle for their excellent taste in giving their annual award for the season's best American play to Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset*. I have had some harsh things, every one of them justified, to say about some of the critics during the last few months, but bless me if they haven't done themselves proud in that decision. They couldn't possibly have given their prize to any other play. To the fourteen out of the seventeen who displayed such good and shining critical sense I accordingly offer my admiration, respect, congratulations, and fourteen free beers if and when the boys care to come around and collect them.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

To the members of the Critics' Circle who, dissenting, cast their vote for Robert Sherwood's box-office hash of childish observations on the stupidity of war interlarded with cheap vaudeville acts, I offer large and resounding raspberries. To find such reviewers as John Hooey-Dewey Anderson, of the *Evening Journal*, and Robert Garland, of the *World-Telegram*, seriously arguing that such bilge constituted better and finer drama than *Winterset* is gravely to suspect their combined mentality, if any.

Next year, unless they improve their dramatic and critical tastes in the meanwhile, we may expect them to try to argue their intelligent fellow-members of the Circle into voting for something by Elizabeth Miele or Em Jo Basshe.

But let's call a halt on discussing the critical boys and proceed to the business of the present congress.

Although I appreciate that anyone who does anything any longer about naming the ten best thises and thats of a theatre season is a candidate for Bronx noises on the part of all those who, whatever their vocalisms, actually like nothing better than to read such lists of the ten bests, I'll undertake the job anyway. If it serves no other purpose, it will at least give you readers something else to write in to the editor and razz me about. Parenthetically, I want to tell you that some of you are pretty good at that business of razzing. In fact, you're so good that I conclude I must be pretty darned good myself in order to heat you up enough to inspire such loud grousing. However, to get back to the main point, here are Van Wyck Potter's catalogues of the ten best new plays, the ten worst plays, the ten best male acting performances, the ten best female acting performances, and the ten best new good-looking girls of the theatrical year 1935-6.

VERY RARE
KNOCKER

The ten best new plays were these:

1. *Winterset*, by Maxwell Anderson.
2. *End of Summer*, by S. N. Behrman.
3. *Boy Meets Girl*, by Bella and Samuel Spewak.
4. *Murder in the Cathedral*, by T. S. Eliot.
5. *Bury the Dead*, by Irwin Shaw.
6. *Dead End*, by Sidney Kingsley.
7. *Victoria Regina*, by Laurence Housman.
8. *Ethan Frome*, by Owen and Donald Davis.
9. *Pride and Prejudice*, by Helen Jerome.
10. *Parnell*, by Elsie Schauffler.

The ten worst plays were these:

1. *Truly Valiant*, by Irving Stone.
2. *Triumph*, by Elizabeth Miele.
3. *Satellite*, by Kerry Shaw and Joseph Mitchell.
4. *The Sap Runs High*, by H. T. Porter and A. H. White.
5. *The Fields Beyond*, by Francis Bosworth.
6. *Among Those Sailing*, by Laura Walker.
7. *Achilles Had a Heel*, by Martin Flavin.
8. *This Our House*, by Joel Schenker and Allan Fleming.
9. *Tapestry in Gray*, by Martin Flavin.
10. *For Valor*, by Martha Hedman and Henry A. House.

The ten best actors were:

1. Alfred Lunt, in *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Idiot's Delight.*
2. Raymond Massey, in *Ethan Frome.*
3. Vincent Price, in *Victoria Regina.*
4. Edward Irwin, in *Eden End.*
5. Burgess Meredith, in *Winterset.*
6. Wilfred Lawson, in *Libel!*
7. Arthur Byron, in *Saint Joan.*
8. Joseph Greenwald, in *The Postman Always Rings Twice.*
9. George Tobias, in *Star Spangled.*
10. Leslie Adams, in *Life's Too Short* and *A Room in Red and White.*

The ten best actresses were:

1. Nazimova, in *Ghosts.*
2. Helen Hayes, in *Victoria Regina.*
3. Margaret Anglin, in *Fresh Fields.*
4. Katharine Cornell, in *Saint Joan.*
5. Margaret Rawlings, in *Parnell.*
6. Peggy Conklin, in *Co-respondent Unknown.*
7. Ina Claire, in *End of Summer.*
8. Joyce Arling, in *Boy Meets Girl.*
9. Mildred Natwick, in *Night in the House.*
10. Jane Cowl, in *First Lady.*

The ten prettiest new young actresses, though not necessarily in the order named, as Van Wycko doesn't want to play favorites in this particular department, were:

1. Julie Haydon, in *Bright Star.*
2. Doris Dudley, in *End of Summer.*
3. Mai-Mai Sze, in *Lady Precious Stream.*
4. Helen Kimm, in *Lady Precious Stream.*
5. Dorothy Hyson, in *Most of the Game.*
6. Mary Rogers, in *Crime Marches On.*
7. Barbara Brown, in *Play, Genius, Play.*
8. Louise Platt, in *A Room in Red and White.*
9. Agnes Doyle, in *Fresh Fields.*
10. Gypsy Rose Lee, in *Minsky Burlesque.*

The best director of the year was Guthrie McClintic by a long shot. The best scene designer was Jo Mielziner, also by a long shot. The best looking gal usher was the one on the right aisle at the Martin Beck Theatre. She has since, I have read, been

Continued in center of page 148

A Duel by Candlelight

Folk-tale of the little rabbi who knew what weapon to choose in duelling the monster-baron

by ANDREAS LATZKO

• FICTION •

The baronial castle of Gyoroky, in Transylvania, was destroyed at the end of the XVth century by a passing horde of Turks. For centuries its moss-grown ruins had no other inhabitants than a few emaciated goats, and the descendants of the lords of Gyoroky, who in the days of old had plundered every convoy of merchandise that passed near their stronghold, and were now but a modest family of Austrian officers.

Within the memory of these survivors, no Baron Gyoroky had known what it was to eat and drink to his heart's content; all were giants in limb and muscle, but their portion of the good things of life was no more than that of ordinary men. Reduced circumstances had tamed their spirit, and the feudal brigands of yore passed from the severe routine of the Cadets' school to the barrack-square, where they were limited to bullying young recruits.

At last rescue came.

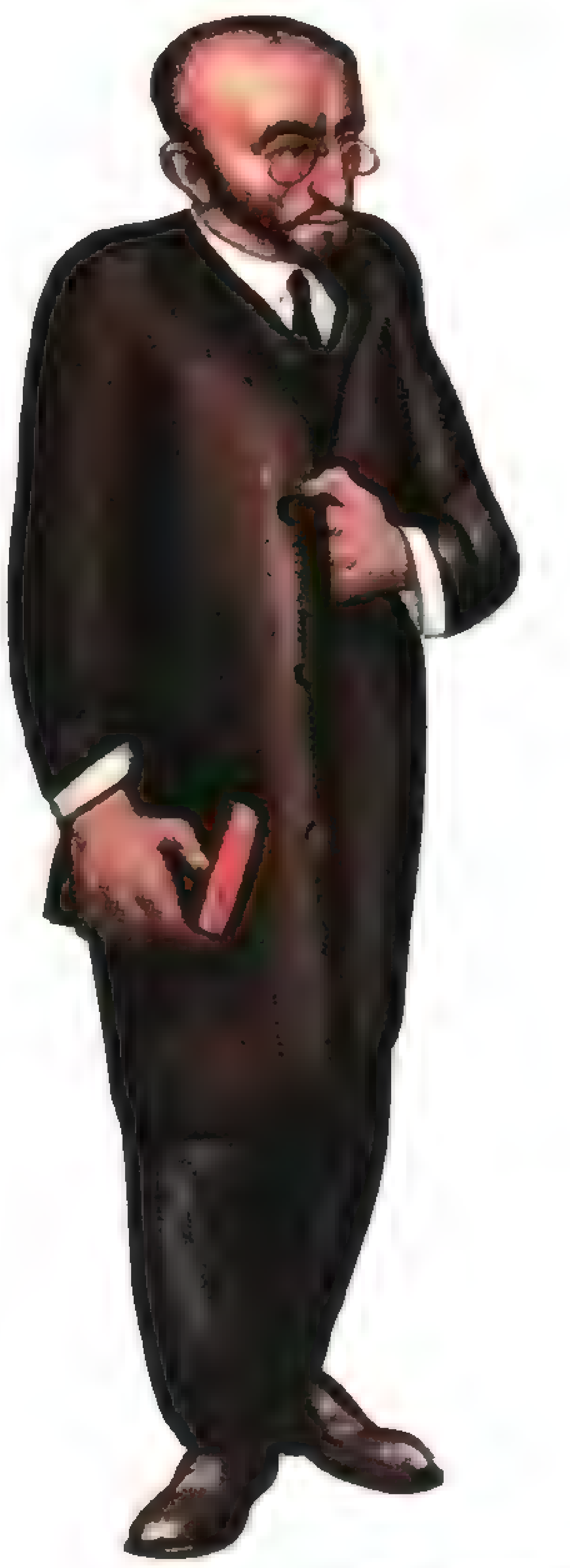
A little German professor of geology visited Gyoroky on holiday. His idea had been to hunt for traces of Saxon elements there, tossed by a historic tempest as far as Transylvania. Instead, he went up hill and down dale, tapping with his little hammer all the bits of rock he found, sounding them like a physician. Finally he carried off two sacks full of stones.

To the general surprise, he returned some months later, accompanied by an imposing procession of motor cars.

Included in this escort was the last scion of the house of Gyoroky. Laced into the uniform of an infantry officer, the lieutenant sulkily strode into the smoky parlor of the village inn, openly distrustful of the mad professor and the whole company of financiers and lawyers. He sat inattentively through a tedious discussion, supporting himself with copious draughts of the familiar sour wine of the district. The wine and the monotonous murmur of the speeches, which conveyed nothing at all to him, made him so sleepy that he thought he was dreaming in good earnest when he heard his own name, and found himself appointed chairman.

His distrust increased as he looked at the imposing document which he was asked to sign in connection with the issue of shares numbered 1 to 100,000. The lieutenant's experience of papers with large figures above and his signature below had not been happy. And the unencumbered portion of his meagre pay did not admit of any further signatures.

In vain did the others try to explain to the officer the difference between a promissory note and a share; a baron of Gyoroky was above these Jewish subtleties, and he was on the point of exploding when the magic word "advance" promptly dissipated both his annoyance and the effects of the wine. After much hesitation, scared at his own effrontery, and mainly in order to get rid of the fellows, he asked for 10,000 Austrian crowns—say £400. When no one demurred he was confirmed in his suspicion, and when he placed ten irreproachable 1000-crown notes in his worn pocket-book he felt sure that he was dealing with a band of brigands. Anyhow, for once he had got some money out of the Jews without any prospect of its return. For it would have been quite impossible to produce ten thousand crowns out of what was still assignable of his pay, even though he lived to the age of Methuselah. That was the end of that.



TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

He soon learned better. The counterfoils of his check-book taught the chairman of the new mining company the value of his signature. Instead of reducing the worth of the paper on which he placed it, as had happened sometimes in the past, his scrawl now transformed every sheet into money. The lord of Gyoroky was not a man to disdain this magic power. On the contrary, the vague fear of seeing the beautiful dream end in a painful awakening urged him to put his power to the test. He indulged his most extravagant desires—and still the enchantment lasted.

Then the ancestral itch for authority, so long repressed, awoke in its primitive force. The feudal pride, humiliated for centuries, welled up, bursting the frail barrier of the codes of what is called civilization. Rich and powerful, Baron Gyoroky saw no reason for repressing his natural instincts. What if he had been born some centuries too late? He resumed the life of the lords of Gyoroky at the point at which his ancestors had had to abandon it.

From the open flanks of the old mountain there flowed inexhaustible dividends. On a neighboring summit the ancient fortress rose again, exact at all points to the descriptions and engravings of the family chronicle, with its wide moat filled with water, its drawbridge and its keep. But instead of the ancient bombards, long-range guns of the most modern type showed their muzzles, and machine guns lurked behind the ramparts. The garrison, however, wore the livery of the house of Gyoroky, and, before the gates, men-at-arms mounted guard with halberds, though the men thus attired were the best non-commissioned officers in the country, picked by the experienced baron from among his former subordinates.

With this bodyguard, his fortress, and his riches, the baron was a power in the State. He requisitioned what he fancied, and imprisoned anyone who disobeyed him. A person who was simpleton enough to try to prosecute him received from the authorities a reply to this effect: "Let the plaintiff himself serve the writ on the lord of the manor, and justice will take its course!" In fact, since the baron, putting threats into effect, had received writ-servers with machine-gun fire, there was no longer a magistrate sitting in Transylvania within range of New Gyoroky.

In the capital, the extravagances of the brigand baron were treated with amused indulgence. He became the hero of musical comedies. Picture-postcard factories and illustrated papers sent their photographers to Gyoroky, the latest arrival in the news. A reporter succeeded in getting engaged as a man-at-arms, and his description of the life of the castle was "splashed" in every popular newspaper in the whole world.

In time, however, the authorities began to tire of the complaints of the baron's behavior. The joke had lasted long enough, and it was decided, in principle, to put an end to it. In practice, there was hesitation in mobilizing the forces of the State against a single citizen; it might excite ridicule abroad. Even when the baron virtually invested the churches and carried off such brides as he fancied, on the strength of the *jus primae noctis* of his ancestors, it was preferred to turn a blind eye to his excesses, and the scandal was hushed up. Indiscreet journalists were taken to task for publishing objectionable reports, but the ogre was able to keep the young brides captive in his fortress, without fear of justice or of the vengeance of the outraged husbands. The wisest of these made no boast of their predicament, and thus avoided adding mockery to misfortune.

However, the urgency of the prelates at last persuaded the State to act. A lien was placed on all the bank accounts of the lord of Gyoroky, and he was threatened with the blockade of his castle. The baron replied by levelling all his guns at the neighboring mine-workings, threatening to reduce to atoms the property of his fellow shareholders unless they did something to protect him from the attacks of the Church.

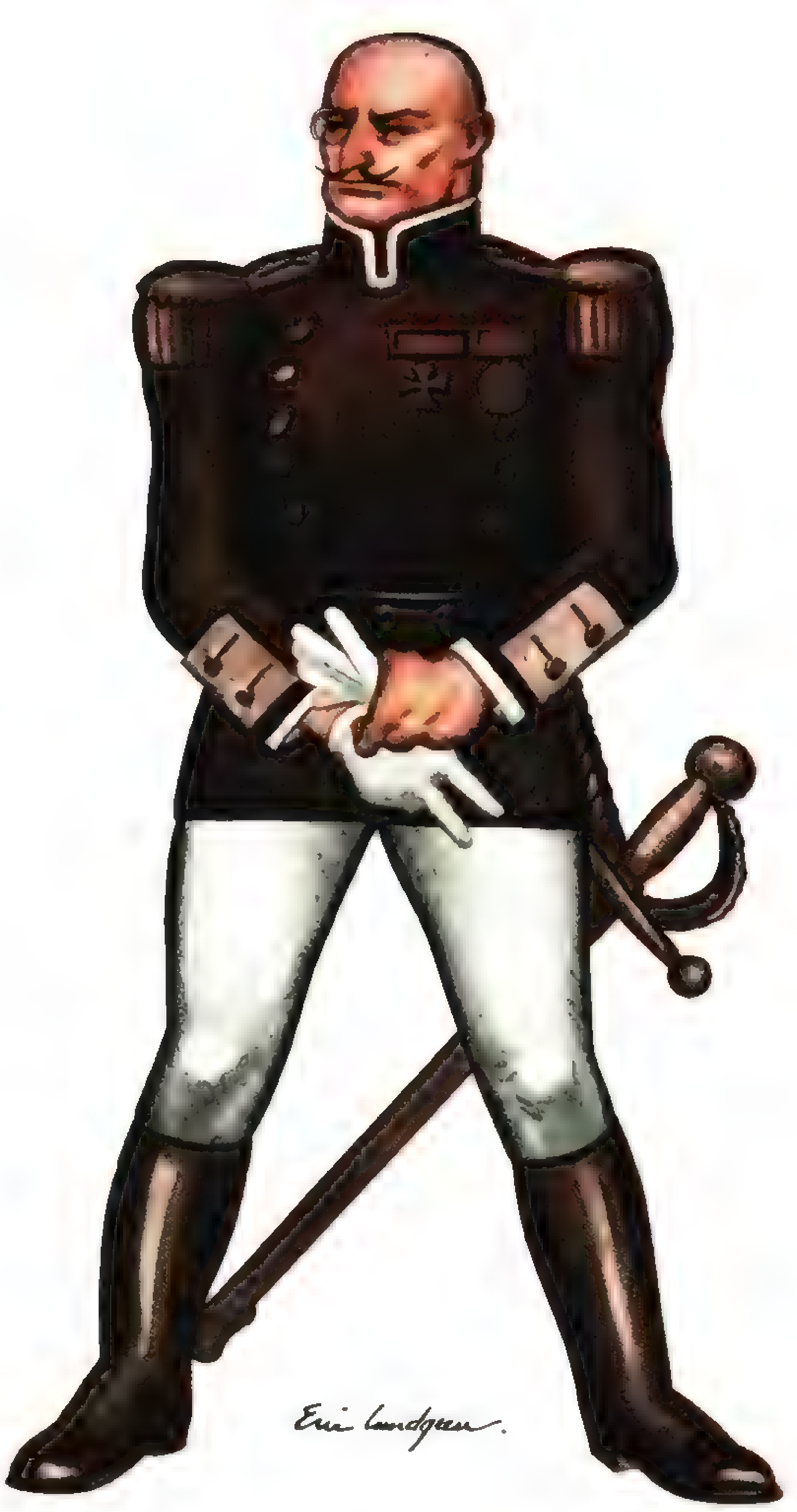
In this fight between big capital and the high clergy, it was the worldly power that won. The severest sanctions were discussed, but once more the affair was allowed to drop, since a few injured husbands could not outweight the social significance of an enterprise capitalized at millions. The public was informed that in view of the necessity of protecting the miners' families from the disaster of unemployment nothing more could be done.

So the laugh was once more on the baron's side, and the only practical result of this affair of state was to demonstrate to the lord of Gyoroky the necessity of insuring against the danger of a siege. The national canning factories received an order on a scale that startled them.

After this decisive victory, the baron threw off all restraint. There was a regular *sauve qui peut* in the neighborhood; officials who had pretty wives asked to be transferred, landowners sold their estates at a loss, no sacrifice was too great to make for escape from the neighborhood of the lion's den. Those who were unavoidably retained in the vicinity of New Gyoroky made the best of a bad job, and discreetly went away on an alleged business journey when it came to the turn of their wives to make a more or less prolonged stay in the sumptuous private apartments of the castle. The reign of the Iron King was absolute. Villagers far around hid when, by the light of torches and to the beat of drums, the garrison of New Gyoroky passed by. The police set a good example, as was their duty; at the first sound of a raiding party they became completely invisible.

* * *

One day, when riding at no great distance from the castle, the baron discovered a delicious little person, with hair like a raven's wing; a surprising spectacle, as he supposed all this district to have been long exhausted. Inquiries revealed a simple explanation: the young woman with the dark eyes was the wife of Rabbi Samuel Levi, and the baron, now that he had money, had given up all intercourse with Jews. But Mrs. Levi was different. Here was an amorous domain beyond his ken. He embarked excitedly upon the exotic adventure.



Rabbi Samuel Levi was a delicate little man, with a thin pointed beard and twinkling eyes. His co-religionists considered him the cutest of them all. He noticed the baron's frequent torchlight rides past his house, and he was not wholly unprepared when one night, on his return home from officiating in a neighboring village, he found the nest empty. The flowers in the garden had been trampled by horses' hooves, the walls of his house blackened by torches; the furniture was in disorder as if there had been a raid, and the weeping servant related the unheard-of brutality with which her poor mistress had been carried off. But Samuel Levi glanced at the open wardrobe. He saw that the finest dresses and the best linen had vanished, and the gap helped him to bear his loss with manly composure.

Pronouncing the prescribed ritual curse against the "seduced" wife, he put on his silk cap and set off at once along the road to the fortress. Trotting as fast as his short legs would carry him, and murmuring his prayers as he went, he was barely two hours in reaching the castle. But he found the drawbridge raised and the gates barred. In answer to his shouts, the laughing guards, with mocking courtesy, begged him to be good enough to wait a little: the baron was too pleasantly occupied just then to receive visitors.

The Rabbi nodded to signify that he quite understood. He sat down on a moss-covered slab, opened his prayer book, and waited patiently. At last, toward sunset, the drawbridge was lowered with a thunderous rattling, the massive gates slowly opened, and a halberdier actually approached him and bade him welcome in the name of his master.

Little Samuel Levi, deaf to the tittering around him, gravely entered the imposing vault.

The lord of Gyoroky received the little man in the huge ancestral hall, his enormous body stretched in a gigantic armchair; from the magnificently chased golden cup that stood before him was wafted the aroma of a very old Tokay. He was in an excellent humor.

"And what can I do for you, Mr. Levi?" he asked, patronizingly.

The rabbi bowed humbly, rubbed the palms of his hands together, and, after a moment's hesitation, declared with firmness:

"I have come to demand reparation from you, My Lord."

The baron jumped out of his chair in astonishment. Then he burst into a roar of laughter, and, producing his pocket-book, enquired:

"How much do you want, Mr. Levi?"

The shrewd eyes flashed for a moment. But the rabbi recovered his imperturbability. He replied, with due respect:

"Your lordship is pleased to jest. I know how fastidious are the lords of Gyoroky on a point of honor. You will not refuse me due reparation."

The baron's mouthful of Tokay nearly choked him. But with an effort he checked his laughter. He bowed low and replied:

"Very well, then! We will fight, little rabbi. I leave you the choice of weapons. It is for you, the injured party, to dictate the conditions of the duel. I undertake to respect them. As you see, there are rapiers and yataghans on the walls here. Perhaps you prefer the heavy cavalry saber. There are plenty in my armory, with a first-class edge on them. Or pistols, rifles, guns, mortars—anything you like."

Samuel Levi raised his thin hands in a gesture of refusal.

"Why all this profusion, My Lord? You know well enough that I have no skill in

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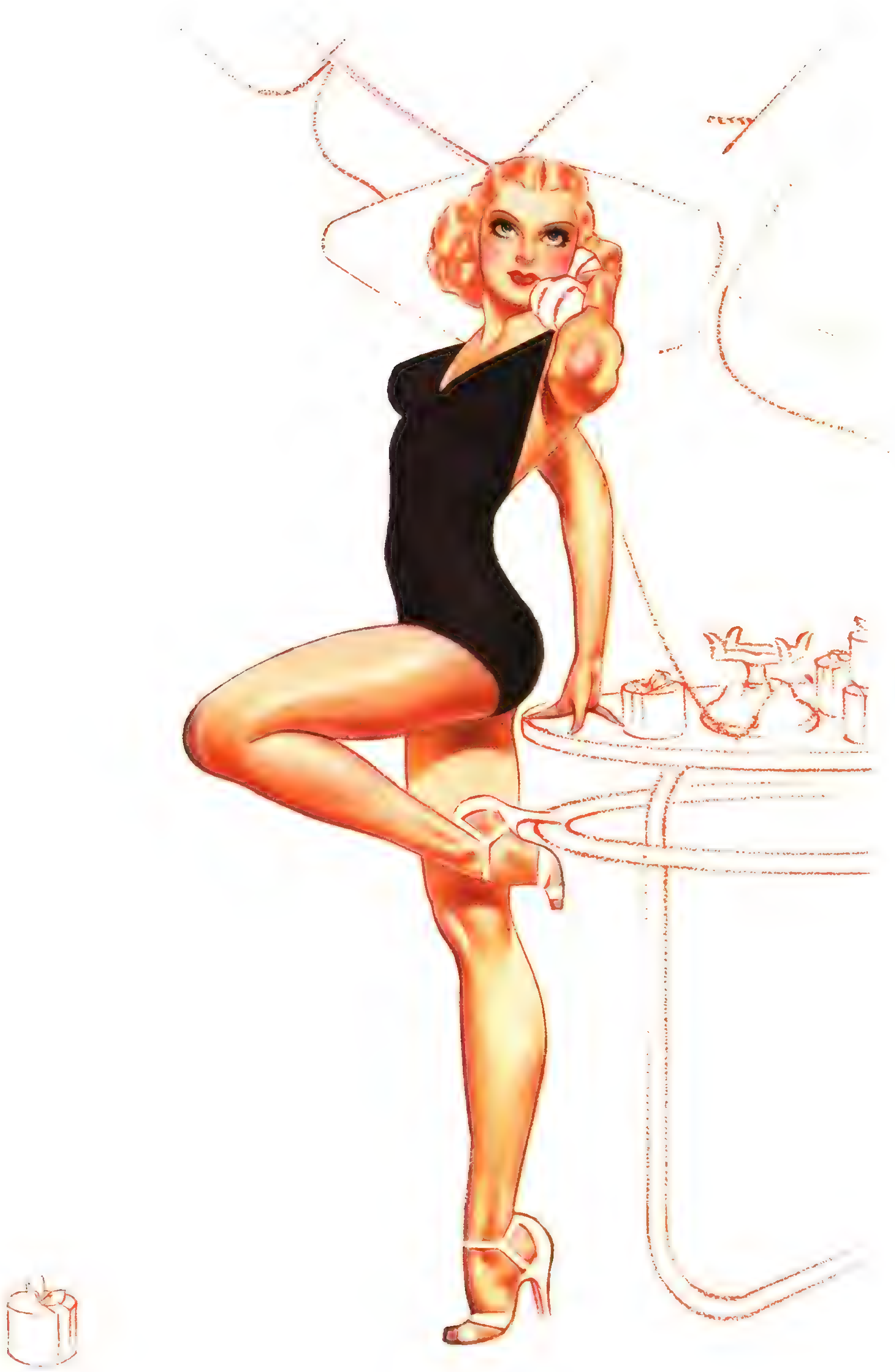


"I have favors for the ladies but I haven't a thing to offer the men"

War Is Something

The lady never fed atheists or militarists so Bill and Joe did a little fast talking

by ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

▪ SATIRE ▪

THE day was balmy. The two elderly tramps stopped at the gate in the white picket fence and looked at the neat white cottage. In the yard a woman in a print dress and sunbonnet was watering petunias. Seen from the back she appeared to be thin and angular, and experience had taught the two that plump women were more apt to hand out food but the plump woman up the street had said "No! Absolutely not!" and the two were hungry. Not starving but hungry.

"You never can tell, Joe," said the short tramp.

"That's right, Bill," said the tall one, and they opened the gate and went in. As the gate squeaked the woman straightened her back and looked around. The short tramp pulled off his cap and the tall one followed suit.

"Well?" asked the woman.

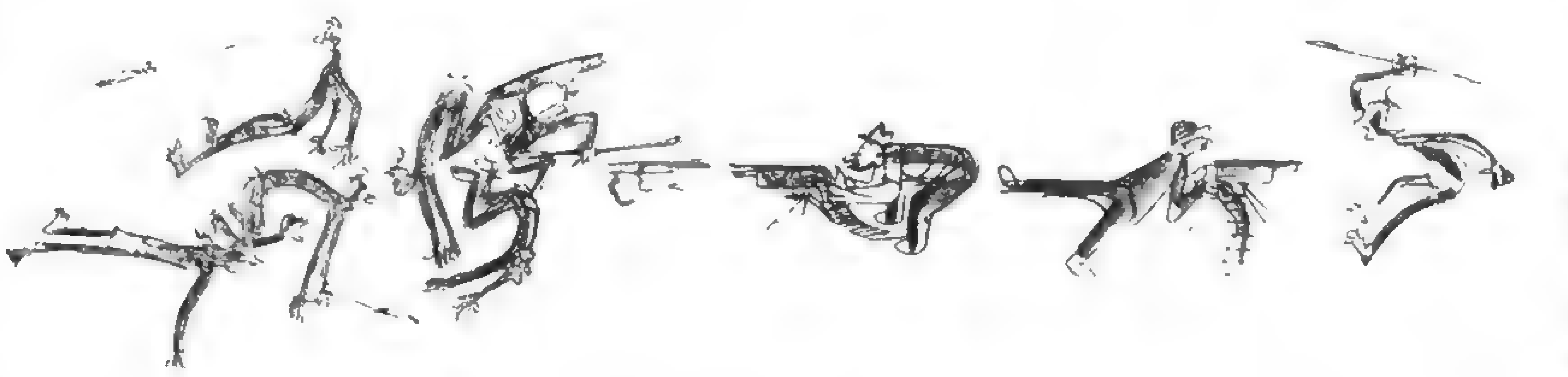
"Lady," said the short tramp appealingly, "we are two sea-faring men walking from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean to get us a job on a ship."

"That's a long way to walk," said the woman suspiciously. "Why didn't you get a job where you were?"

"We tried, lady," said the short tramp earnestly. "The trouble was we're Pacific Ocean sailors and we don't know Atlantic Ocean sailing, ma'am. They wouldn't have us."

"Humph!" said the woman. "How come you got to the Atlantic Ocean if you belonged on the Pacific Ocean?"

"Why, ma'am," said the short tramp, "we was shipwrecked in the Pacific Ocean and the ship that picked us up was bound for the Atlantic Ocean, so we had to go there."



"That's right, Bill," said the tall tramp.

"Yes, ma'am," said the short tramp, "and walking like that—all the way from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean—a man gets hungry. We thought maybe you'd be so kind as to let us have a bite to eat, ma'am."

Miss Perkins looked at the two men sharply. She set down her watering can.

"You ain't atheists, are you?" she asked. "I don't feed atheists."

"No, ma'am!" declared the short tramp with emphasis. "You don't need to worry about that. That's the last thing we would be, ain't it, Joe?"

"That's right, Bill," said the tall tramp.

"You ain't socialists or communists or any of that trash, are you?" asked Miss Perkins. "I don't feed 'em."

"I should say not; I wouldn't feed 'em myself," declared the short tramp. "Let 'em starve, that's what we say, ain't it, Joe?"

"That's right, Bill," the tall tramp agreed.

"Well—" said Miss Perkins as she picked up the watering can and turned toward her kitchen, but she stopped short and faced the two men. "You ain't militarists, are you?" she asked. "I don't feed them that believes in war."

"War?" said the short tramp as if the word filled him with disgust. "War, ma'am? I should say not! We've seen all the war we want to see, and more, haven't we, Joe?"

"That's right, Bill," said the tall tramp.

"Well, come along," said Miss Perkins none too graciously. "I dare say I can find you something to eat. What war was you in?"

"Well now, ma'am," said the short tramp as they followed Miss Perkins, "we wasn't in it, as you might say. Being pacifists—like we wouldn't never go into no war. We just saw it."

"That's right, Bill," said the tall tramp. His pal seemed to expect him to say it. Miss Perkins led the way into the kitchen.

"Set down," she said. "I'll see what I can scare up. How come you saw a war?"

"Why, ma'am," said the short tramp, seating himself, "Joe and me are sailors, like I said, and we was in the South Pacific Ocean when this storm come up. Away went the jib-boom and the mizzen mast and the lee scuppers slammed up against the beam ends and there we was, just Joe and me in the ship's dory. We was drove before the wind six days and six nights, wasn't we, Joe?"

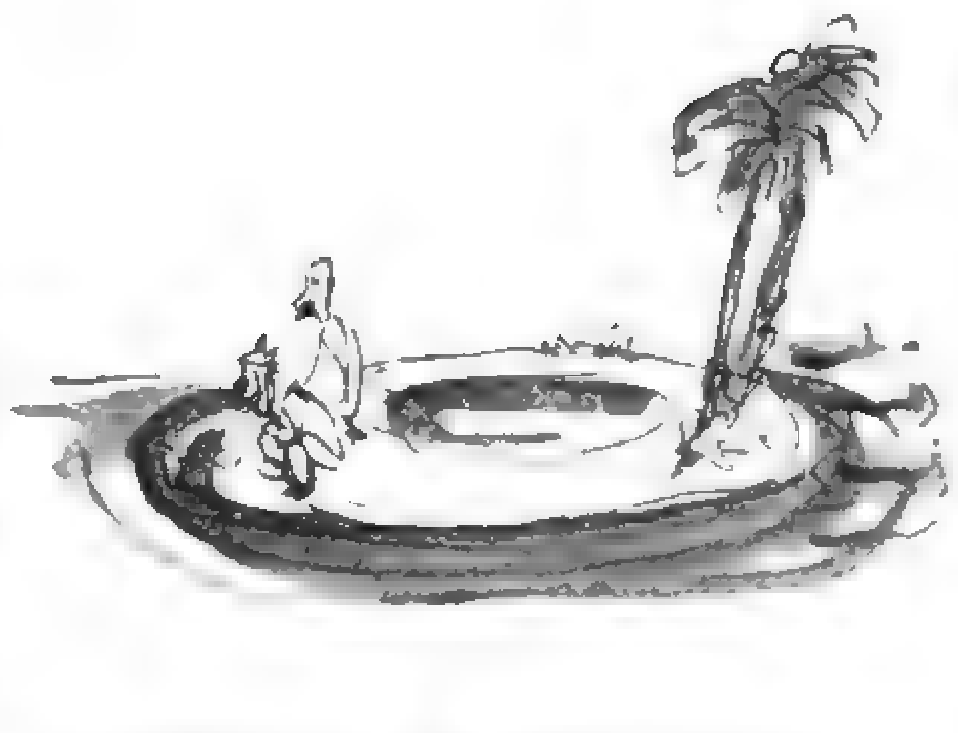
"That's right, Bill," said the tall tramp, his eyes on the boiled ham Miss Perkins was taking from her refrigerator.

"I'll heat up some potatoes and bile you some coffee," said Miss Perkins. "You eat ham, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the short tramp. "We eat anything but oysters. Oysters we can't eat. Three months, ma'am, we had nothing to eat on that atoll but oysters. Am I right, Joe?"

"That's right, Bill," said the tall tramp.

"What atoll?" asked Miss Perkins. "What's an atoll?"



"This was the atoll we was cast ashore on, ma'am," said the short tramp, tucking a napkin in at his neck. "An atoll in the South Pacific Ocean. It was an atoll-island like a ring—like a doughnut, you might say, ma'am. Like a hoop of coral sand laid there in the South Pacific Ocean. Inhabited by horrible man-eating savages, wasn't it, Joe?"

"That's right, Bill," said the tall tramp.

"Maybe you'd like I should fry you a few eggs with the ham," suggested Miss Perkins, cracking the eggs on the edge of her skillet. "What did the savages do to you?"

"Well, ma'am," said the short tramp, "they didn't do nothing to us because we kept hid by the shore. Three months, ma'am, we kept hid and had nothing to eat but the oysters we got out of the South Pacific Ocean, because there wasn't anything else to eat. And then we got sick of it."

"Of eating oysters?" asked Miss Perkins. "I should think so!"

"No, ma'am," said the short tramp. "Of the war. It was just war, war, war all the time between the two tribes on that atoll. We never did know the names of them tribes, so we called them Tribe A and Tribe B, didn't we, Joe?"

"That's right, Bill," said the tall tramp, spreading butter thickly on a slice of Miss Perkins' bread.

"Ugly naked tattooed savages," said the short tramp, "always at war and the bloodshed would have been awful if they had ever caught up with each other—spears and arrows and—and battle-axes."

"'Ever caught up with each other,'" quoted Miss Perkins. "Didn't they?"

"No, ma'am," said the short tramp. "They couldn't catch up with each other. When we got there, ma'am, Tribe A was on the north rim of that ring-shaped atoll and Tribe B was on the south rim, and each was chasing the other. Each one, ma'am, thought the other was running away from it, and they went around and around, and around and around, now one tribe north and the other south, then one tribe south and the other north. They'd been doing that for years, I guess—hundreds of years, wouldn't you say, Joe?"

"That's right, Bill," said Joe.

"And they never caught up with each other?" asked Miss Perkins, sliding the hot ham and eggs onto two plates.

"No, ma'am, just war-war-war all the

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Know Thyself

Learn your glandular wave-length before broadcasting, so you'll know which ladies, if any, are tuned in

by GEORGE ANTHEIL

• ARTICLE •

Let's suppose for today's lesson that you, you questing male you, are sitting at a sidewalk café table. A very pretty lady comes walking down the street. You attempt to catch her eye with a smile, but she passes on, apparently without noticing you. You find, ten or fifteen minutes later, that she is now sitting in another portion of this very sidewalk café. You need not think that it is kind Providence or the irresistible power of your eye that caused this. It is quite true that at the present moment you may be talking with her upon most amiable terms, and in another quarter of an hour she may well allow you to take her three-quarters of the distance to her home, after which you will depart with her phone number snugly tucked into your vest pocket. (As long as we're supposing, I may as well give you every break.) However, you did not notice that this very same lady not only passed your café once, but *twice*, the first time a full half-hour ago, and in the company of another gentleman, too. You were very much occupied that first time she passed, busily ogling another blonde who happened at that moment to be walking in the opposite direction. This present lady, however, got a good look at you then; she is not promiscuous or naughtily inclined; she merely thought. "What a pleasant little café! How infuriatingly boring Harry is this afternoon. I believe I'll ditch him and walk back there to have tea by myself."

When she came back and you noticed her for the first time and you, you oaf, made that clumsy half-way wink at her, she merely thought "That's too crude to deserve notice," and she looked serenely past you. That was when you made that quick shift to pretend that the distortion of your features (which you had hoped would seem so magnetic) was merely occasioned by a cinder in your eye.

But now, as she sits there drinking her cocktail (she decided on the way back she might need something a little stronger this afternoon) she is gradually getting more and more candid with herself—" . . . as a matter of fact, come to think of it, I didn't come back here for cocktails or tea at all. It must have been that good-looking young man on the terrace." (That's you, believe it without argument—women see something in us all!)

Whereupon she looks in your direction for the first time, and, unless there is something the matter with you, you will immediately make her acquaintance. That is, you'll think you're making her acquaintance, and you'll feel pretty chesty over the accomplishment, too.

I have outlined this performance so carefully, not to show that the young lady executed her part of it almost unconsciously, but to remind you that she allowed you, the self-centered triumphant male, to believe that you had first spotted and lured her, whereas she has, and most emphatically, *first* spotted and then lured you. Here is the crux of the matter: the female chooseth the male but wisheth him not to think so.

The male during a million years of exaggerated belief in the infallibility of his masculinity has invariably had his pretty balloon of self-satisfaction punctured by later and first class evidence proving, beyond any shadow of a doubt, that primitive Moo had prearranged the whole matter, airing the primitive cave, gathering a bunch of nice new springy moss, bathing herself in deer-musk, and then venturing out to our ape-man (upon what later proved to be his wedding day) until she got near enough to him to let herself get cracked over the bean and then give him her address before she passed out. She had, as a matter of fact, spotted him the week before and knew that every day he passed by here with (what must have passed in that day for) tremendous regularity. The devil-may-care, playful, so-called-irresponsible, hopefully-schoolboyish male developed regularity long before sun-dials were invented. We must reflect that the male, as has long been scientifically known, is a rather dull and egoistic creature. . . .

It is particularly to this first feminine spotting which our present scientific attention is now being drawn. To go back imaginatively ten or fifty thousand years, we can see Moo lying upon a high-up rock which commands an excellent view of what will later turn out to be Spain. She is observing a kinky-headed male, Goo-goo, thinking "I wonder if I ought to wear my new sabre toothed tigerskin tomorrow?"

Now that Goo-goo's wedding day is trembling in the balance, we might without undue exaggeration, picture the fate of the whole human race hanging likewise in the balance. Moo is no endocrinologist; she does not know that Goo-goo is adrenal, but she does know that he has a hairy chest and nice kinky hair and that Goo-goo will make her a better and more wearable mate than the big-boned, long-legged, high-cheek boned Bongg who is nuts about her. Intuitively and rightly she reasons thus: Goo-goo will be admirable in his youth but somehow she feels certain that after a few years he will have that tired feeling in the afternoons. He will become "neurasthenic" and decide to have his skull trepanned. He will have to stay at home a great deal. He will also become rather moody and claim that they operated upon him in the wrong place. When he gets into this stage she can safely go out again and get sluged by Bongg (or maybe it will be Gog or Kulgg this time) and do all that she willeth, safe in the secure knowledge that Goo-goo will never be anything else than a stay-at-home, complaining about his headaches.

In other words Moo is a prehistoric pituitary-excessive, and instinctively she knows it. She has a polygamous soul. She will bear the children of a man who is good while he lasts and she fervently hopes that he won't last too long. The children will be O. K.

If, on the other hand, she bore the children of Bongg, the marrige of two perfectly matched pituitary-excessives might well bring forth a "Frohlich" or a little fat undersized dwarf. This would get Bongg (who is a great big pituitary brute of a man) pretty hot under the collar, and in a fit of suspicious misunderstanding he would very probably brain them, and Moo too. The modern intellectual pituitary type, ruled by reason, was not in that happy time hampered by high minded restraint.

And so, with steely and never-failing certainty, and over that frighteningly thin tight-rope stretching back so far over the dark abysses of time immemorial, woman's sure instinct has carried us into the present, ever faithful and true to her *real* trust, the Human Race. Moo, if she is a pitu-

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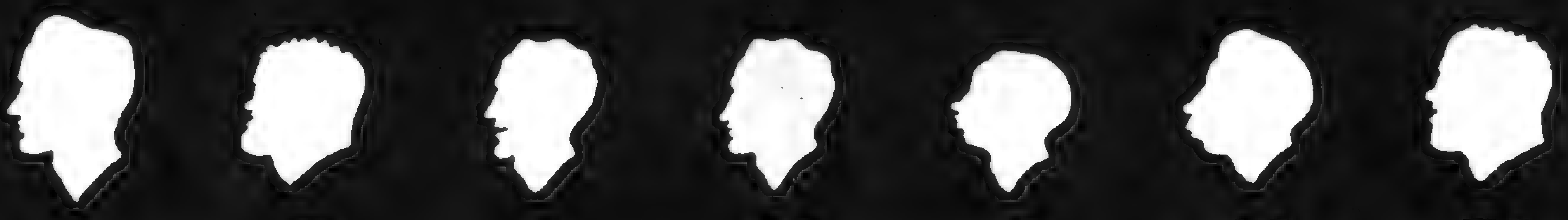
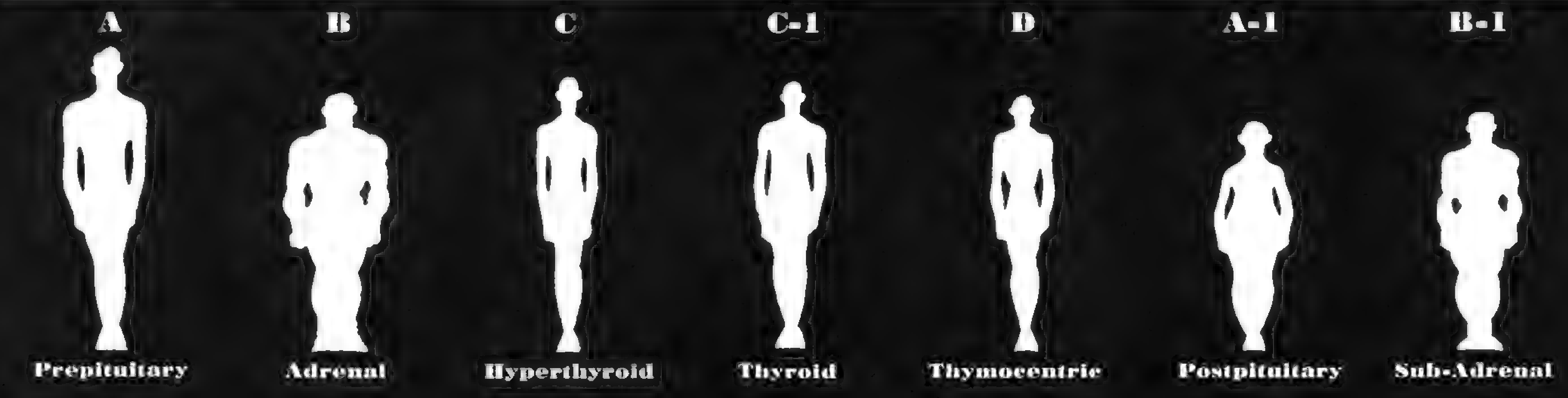


	A	B	C	C-1	D	A-1	B-1
GLAND DOMINANT	**Prepituitary** *"the intellectual and creative urge"*	**Adrenal** *"the organizing and sporting urge"*	**Hyperthyroid** *"the restless urge for excitement and action"*	**Thyroid** *"the fellowship instinct"*	**Thymocentric** *"the irresponsible and childlike"*	**Postpituitary** *"the henpecked husband"*	**Sub-Adrenal** *"dementia Americana"*
BUILD	Big-boned; extremities either too long or too short; all joints prominent; usually gaunt; muscularly well developed.	Broad, barrel-chested, usually squat build, powerful, with knotty muscles	Lithe, very lean but well built and perfectly proportioned; wiry strength but muscles not prominent	Same as C except for almost complete lack of accented muscles, long sleek invisible muscles	The Adonis of antiquity, slim waisted, gracefully formed, frequently double jointed; the boyish build of Peter Pan	Small, weak muscles; small boned; delicate, with early appearance of abdominal paunch	The hollow shell of B; retains the original B characteristics, acquired before adrenal burned out
HEIGHT	Extreme, the 6-footers and the 5-footers	Medium to short	Medium to tall	Medium to tall	Can be almost any height	Short, rounded, stout	Medium to short
BROWS	Very accented, bushy, meet over bridge of nose	Beetling, low	Wide and high	Wide and high	Sparse, thin, silky	Medium to sparse, and silky	Same as B but not quite so prominent
EYES	Either far apart or very close together, usually the former, variable in color, but frequently hazel.	Brown, dark, fiery	Too large and too bright, almost pop-eyed, usually blue or grey	Not so big or brilliant as C but clear and sparkling; usually blue or grey	Almost always baby blue; otherwise light brown; very long lashes	Variable in color; not prominent, apt to be watery	Brown but somewhat dull
HEAD & FACE	Dolichocephalic head, flattened at sides, bony forehead, high, prominent cheekbones, making skin appear taut, features somewhat rough-hewn	Brachycephalic, square-headed, with low hair line and hair over cheekbones; broad, most brutal of male faces, forceful, irregular features	Oval, with delicately chiselled features, usually somewhat flushed over cheekbones; general expression bubbling over with animal spirits	Oval, features delicate as C, even more smoothly modeled, color not so high, expression calm, *spirituel,* least brutish of male faces	Baby face, often very handsome in rather girlish way; almost beardless; peaches and cream complexion	Head usually slightly too large in relation to body; upper jaw prognathous; features not prominent, opposite of A, weak.	In general like B but somewhat emasculated; face shows fatigue lines readily
NOSE	Broadish, long and straight	Short and broad, usually with knob or button point	High arched, thin, delicate	Same as C	Always small, usually snub, very finely shaped and delicate	Medium to small	Same as B
EARS	Large	Medium to small, not very well articulated	Medium to large	Medium to large	Medium, well shaped, delicate	Womanish, small, well moulded	Same as B
MOUTH & LIPS	Strong, wide mouth with medium to thin lips	Medium width mouth with medium to full lips	Well made, medium to small	Same as C	Small, well shaped, usually somewhat effeminate, receding chin	Small mouth, lips variable	Same as B
TEETH	Large, especially middle incisors, and usually spaced	Large canines; yellowish with reddish tinge on grinding surfaces	Small and very regular, very white and glistening	Same as C	Translucent, often scalloped at edges like children's; milky white	Small, regular, but not so pearly as C's, apt to be somewhat crowded	Same as B but whiter
SKIN	Thick, rather moist	Dry and harsh, always pigmented, a dark brown deposit lightly to thickly scattered over skin	Moist, fine, soft; very little fat beneath it	Soft, moist; as with C, if stroked on breast, abdomen or shoulders, the skin flushes	Unusually delicate and thin-skinned to translucent degree	Flabby, inclined to be dry	Soft, moist, many moles; if stroked on breast, abdomen or shoulders the skin blanches
HAIR	Plentiful on arms and legs but chest hair sparse; usually dark	Ubiquitous, prominent on chest, back and abdomen; heavy beard, hard to shave; dark or red	Luxurious and wavy; inclined to be too rich in oils; ranges from dark blond to brunette	Same as C	Fine and silky, most frequently on blond side but can be most any color	Very little hair on trunk and legs but plentiful on head and beard; fine, almost as silky as D	The same coarse, dry hair as B, but less plentiful
VOICE	Deep, baritone to bass	Clear but usually not so low as you would expect	Clear, baritone to tenor	Same as C	High pitched	Medium to high	Less resonant than B
HANDS	Large, bony, spade-shaped, big knuckled, square fingered	Strong, hairy; square, short fingered	Long, thin with long, slender fingers	Same as C	Childish, knuckles not prominent, pudgy, delicate	Small	Shaped like B's but cold and clammy
FINGER-NAILS	Thick, strong, ridged; very little moon	Heavy and brittle with a tendency to a claw-like curve	Medium, very translucent, large moon	Same as C	Very thin, break off easily	Delicate, somewhat similar to D	Less thick and brittle than B
FEET	Large	Medium, large toes	Medium, high arched, well formed	Same as C	Usually small; frequently flat	Small	Cold
PERSON-ALITY	The thinker, but the doer as well; the practical visionary; a man's man and, by the same token, very much a woman's man; word minded with a memory like an elephant for ideas and concepts; has cold, calculating courage, unlike the instinctive combativeness of B	The bulldog type; a fighter and natural all around sportsman, alert, forceful, quick tempered, action-minded, a slave driver in business, driving himself hardest of all	Quick thinking, highly aware and observing; excellent memory for things seen and heard; restless, inexhaustible energy; apt to drink and smoke twice as much as normal with apparent impunity; sleeps little and lightly; temperature usually above normal; impulsive, emotional; high-strung	The Arrow Collar man; the apple-cheeked live-wire; the life of the party, usually the favorite of the boss, the glad-hand greeter among junior executives; the fair-haired boy on the extra-man list of hostesses	The angel child grown up; happy-go-lucky; childish, given to artistic pursuits; irresponsible, constantly getting into difficulties. On a high social scale, the dilettante dabbler in the arts, on a lower social scale the baby-faced criminal	The sensitive musician; most composers belong to this type or have a strong dash of it; placid, gentle, kind, misunderstood or exploited by women; the typical henpecked husband	Has cold feet mentally as well as physically; indecisive, easily fatigued, easily irritated, the neurasthenic whose adrenal has gone back on him and who flounders bewildered and inefficient, lazy and all in by mid-afternoon; temperature usually sub-normal
FEMININE AFFINITY	Fem. Types A, A2, B, D	Fem. Types A, A-1, B	Fem. Types A, C	Fem. Types A-2, C-1	Fem. Type A-1	Fem. Type C-1	Fem. Type B
PROBABLE MATE	Fem. Type C	Fem. Types C-1 or A-2	Fem. Type A	Fem. Types A-1 or A-2	Fem. Type B or A	Fem. Type B	Fem. Type C-1 or A-2
PROBABLE OFFSPRING	Male	Male and female	Female	Female	Male and female	Female	Male and female
ESSENTIAL MASCU-LINITY	The Mastiff—dependable under any circumstances—top rating	The Bulldog—very cocky but not as good as he thinks he is—fourth rating	The Whippet, which can easily outrun the Bulldog—second rating	The Greyhound—third rating	The Chihuahua, or Mexican Hairless—not much to him—seventh rating	The Spaniel—friendly and devoted—fifth rating	The surly Airedale—sixth rating



One Thing to Do

Of a Florida backwoods girl who had only one protector and wanted to keep him alive

by THEODORE PRATT

• FICTION •

Celie Partin stood in her little gray cabin listening to the sound of footsteps coming louder every instant down the road. She quivered slightly inside her short dress of flour-sacking. A flush was on the brown of her small face. The tinge of color spread over her cheeks and around her eyes that were as dark as deep water, down her slender throat, and along her bare arms, as she attended the steps approaching. There was the one thing to fear, and something in her told her that this might be it.

She wondered where Clay was. She wasn't sure if he was down in the field out of calling distance, or in his shed where he had his world, black, separated from hers, white, yet with the two closely united by a bond of years. The Negro, immense, great-shouldered and slow-moving, was, with the cabin and the clearing of land in the lonely scrub, her only legacies after both her parents had been killed in a hurricane. Clay was not a true possession, though he might well have been, for he had remained faithful in working the land with her and being with her. She needed him with her fifteen that had matured under the hot Florida sun until it was more like twenty.

The footsteps approached closer. Still she stood in the bare single room of the cabin with its crude, plain furniture, its coquina hearth on which the morning fire still glowed, and its rifle she knew so well how to use hanging across one corner. But finally, as if at a last moment, she had a quicker awareness that decided her to meet whatever it was that was coming, and she stepped out onto the narrow porch.

Her intuition had been right. A stocky, but loose-jointed man clad in nondescript trousers that were thrust into boots, was coming forward in jerky strides. His sleeveless shirt was stained and his face was leathery under a battered hat set at an angle on his head. Piper Jentry was a man of special vintage in the community, for he raised game cocks and fought them in the pit on the other side of the Cracker village of Chobee, two miles away. Some months ago his wife, a girl he had taken from an orphanage, had died in childbirth. Even before that Celie had observed Piper eying her, and since then the intention in his gaze and in his remarks left no room for a happy doubt.

He came up to her, spread his mouth to exhibit a row of discolored teeth, and with an obvious effort to be affable and winning, said, "Mornin', Celie." Then he took out a tin snuff box, gathered together a pinch, pulled out his lower lip alarmingly, and plopped it in against the front of his teeth. He gobbed it placidly for a moment, after which he put two fingers against his mouth and using them to steer with and generate greater pressure, he spat between them. He wiped his fingers on his hip.

Celie looked about for Clay, but didn't see him. She gathered herself together so as not to show the fear that had been slinking about her ever since the death of Piper Jentry's wife. "Howdy," she said. She didn't inquire further about his coming, but turned and went into the cabin.

Piper Jentry, unabashed by this reception, cackled and followed in right after her. Celie frowned at him as he sat down, but it didn't do any good. He looked around and observed, "Mighty peert at keepin' a house, looks o' things."

She would be as short with him as she could. She began the fencing that she knew to be merely a preliminary. "How come you t'be so noticin'?"

"I been thetaway sense the death," Piper said. "She was a one fer cleanin' an' keepin' neat-like."

"Guessin' you knowin' whut you had now she's gone."

" 'Tain't right fer a man t'do fer hisse'f."

"Don't see why he cain't do as good as a woman. Both has got two hands."

"Noways seemly. A man has got tother things to tend. Raisin' an' conditionion' o' my cocks is all I find time at. I need me a next woman."

"Likely you kin do as good agin at the orphant place."

Piper shoved his hat to the back of his head. "I don't say she weren't a good woman, ready an' all, excusin' she failed in enjoyin' a great deal o' spirit. Howsomever, I don't aim t'be displeasurin' myse'f t'do with the orphant place once more, whut with the astin' personal they make an' the pokin' around they does."

Celie knew why he wasn't going again to the orphange. The authorities there had learned, too late, how they had been duped as to his respectability, and would have nothing to do with him. She knew, too, the greater reason, which was his visit to her, and how far he might go with it. The glitter in his eyes showed that. She was impatient for the issue to come to a head, feeling more equal to that than to this indirect talk. But she must not permit him to see any part of her discomfort lest he seize upon it for weakness. She adopted the offensive in the form of a hint. "Then you got to fergit havin' yorese'f tother orphant."

"No thing like hit," he responded at once. "I aim fer a orphant agin a'right."

Celie regretted her suggestion. She had played into his hands. "How so?"

"An' not goin' too far fer her."

"You got somebody picked a'ready?"

Piper got up, walked to the hearth, and spat snuff juice onto the embers. There was a sizzle, a little cloud of steam, and a black place left where his effort had landed. The action might have been a signal for things to be brought into the open. He turned and faced Celie. "You're a orphant."

"I was wonderin' iffen to proud myse'f case it was me as meant."

Piper took this for encouragement. He came toward her eagerly, his tiny eyes alight. "You're the onliest."

Celie stopped him. "Iffen you got somethin' to say, Piper Jentry, you better say on hit."

He drew himself up and stopped sucking his snuff long enough to make his formal proposal. "I reckon you knowin' I come claimin' you."

"I don't keer t'be claimed," Celie said instantly.

"I come proper an' serious."

"Still I ain't hankerin'."

"I come preacher-minded."

"Don't keer how many preachers you got to mind," said Celie.

"You kin have fine clothes."

"I got me all needed."

"I know you're mighty set on the nigger. You kin bring him to crop fer us." Piper said this as if it were a favor.

"Clay an' me is stayin' here." She looked out the window for Clay, but he wasn't in sight.

"I kin take you right along today."

"I got me enough to busy me."

"Case o' thet, you kin have two-three day to ready."

"I'm a'ready fer all I aim t'do."

Piper searched for other attractions. "You kin know the cocks thet's likely to win an' them needin' luck on hit."

"I kin jedge'm by lookin' to see."

With that refusal, Piper ran out of offers.

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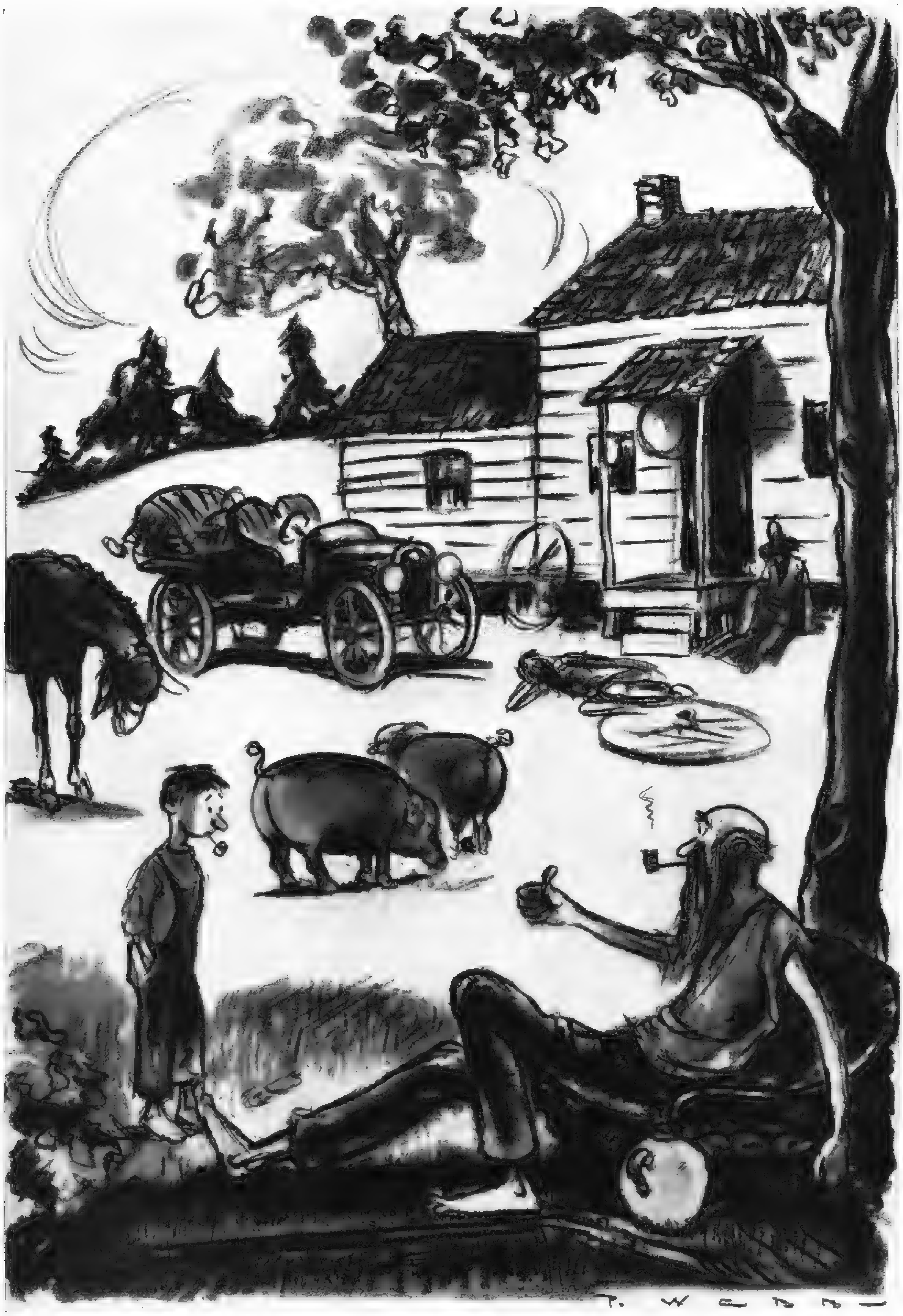
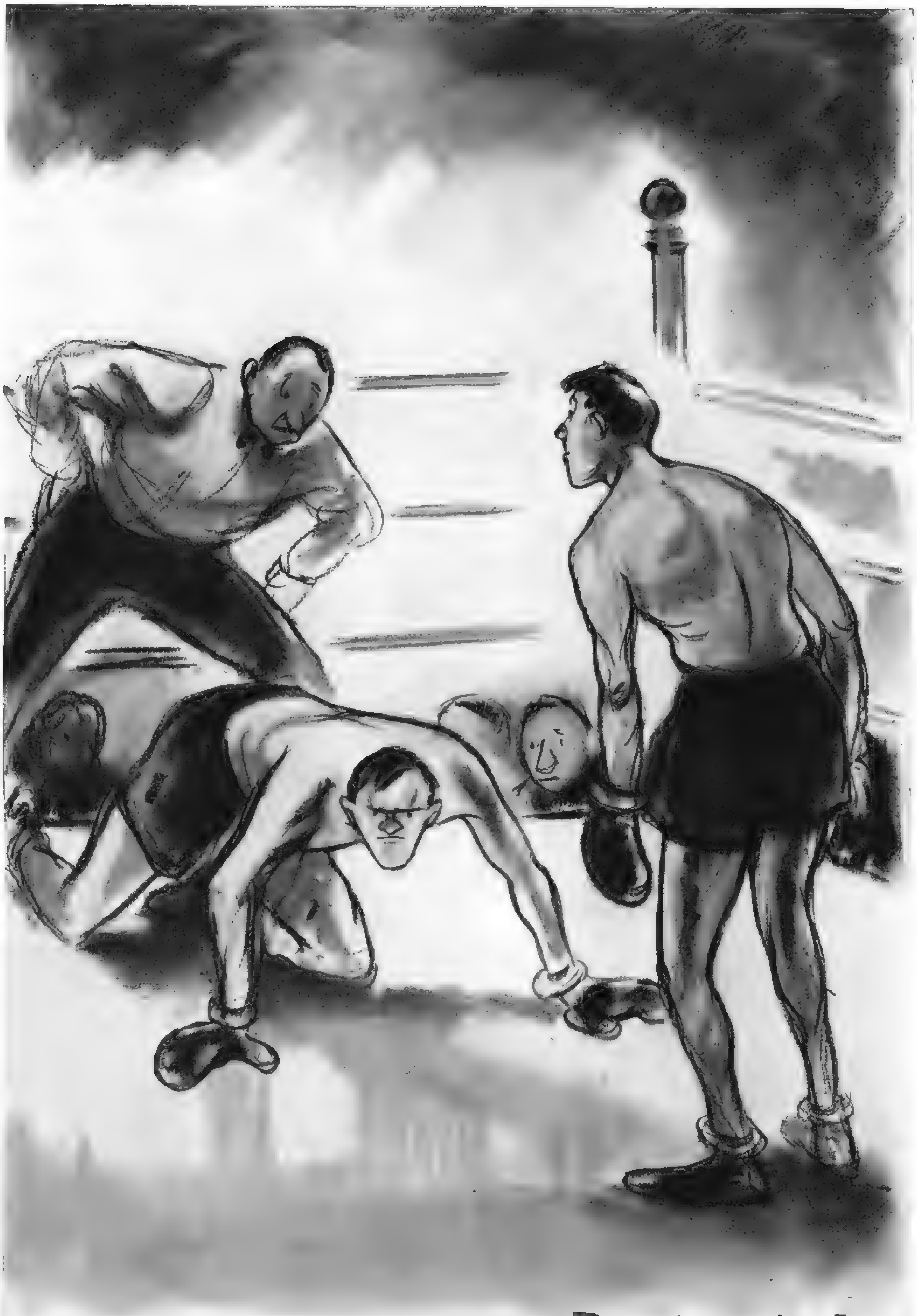


"Ef yew be one o' Lem Hopkins' kids, git on home—ef yor one o' mine git on into th' house"



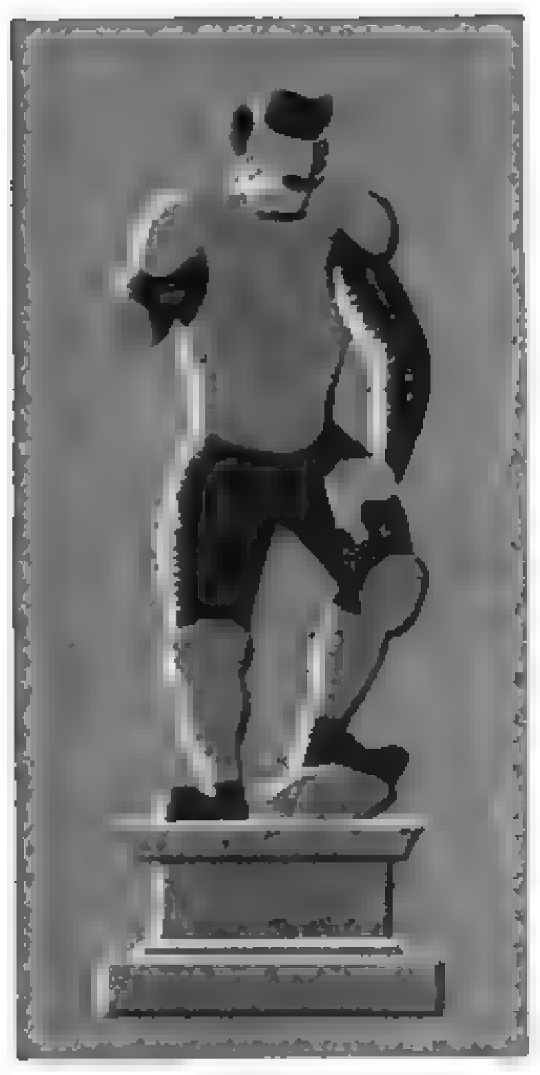
"I don't see it anywheres—shucks—I wouldn't bother lookin' but it was a GOLD tooth"

Synthetic Stars

The natural athlete of bygone days would be no match for the coached player of today

by HERB GRAFFIS

SPORTS



FAR deeper into limbo than that other vanishing American, the Gentleman, is another prominent native of the romantic Long Ago, the Natural Athlete. Hand in hand those once-active phrases, "Prominent Clubfellow" and "Great Natural Athlete" shuffle, almost forgotten, in the junkpile of the American language, stumbling over skidoos and other discards of the lexicon.

You can write your own ticket on what made the Gentleman the herder of the auks and bison in the Beyond and probably be right with a lot of different answers but when it comes to explaining the passing of the Natural Athlete, there is only one answer. That answer is coaching, which by synthesis has developed stars of such brilliance they can out-hit, out-run, out-throw, out-vault and out-jump the spontaneous natural product. The natural athlete has been left outside.

Dismiss the Gentleman subject from now on and get into athletics. You have before you Joe Louis as the first witness of contemporary notability to point out where the body of the Natural Athlete was buried.

Louis is the coached athlete. King Levinsky and Maxie Baer are museum specimens of the Natural Athlete. They acted natural, i. e., scared near to paralysis, when they got into the ring with the keenly educated pugilist to whom Jack Blackburn had been Svengali. In Louis, Coach Blackburn had ideal material. Blackburn knew all the tricks and Louis knew very little but was sold on the idea that he knew nothing at all when he came to school under Blackburn. Louis was dumb enough to do what Blackburn told him to do and when he got into the ring he saw things through the calculating, cold eyes of Blackburn, and a thousand other trainers whose craft Blackburn had absorbed, instead of through the fury-blinded eyes of a lonely negro boy named Joe.

Nature in the raw is seldom as smart as it thinks it is, otherwise the evolution of the species by the extermination of the naturally unfit would have been so delayed we'd still have many eons to go before we broke into print in Genesis. Some of us learned that reading Darwin and Huxley. Levinsky and Baer had the lesson pounded into them by the Louis fists, expertly trained to speed the processes of evolution.

Great fighters have closed their careers untimely by making the mistake of thinking they could do without coaching. Dempsey losing to Tunney at Philadelphia is a citation you might make to prove that point and if anyone argued you down it would be because the other fellow had the lustier lungs. Louis, barring an accident that doesn't stand much of a chance of happening in view of his careful education and handling, will last until age wears him down to the status of prey for a younger, well-trained fighter. That, or the devious financial considerations of pugilism, are all that Louis has to fear. The "natural" fighters have to fear the unnaturally murderous Louis and that's a panicky and destroying fear.

Legend—helped considerably by records—calls up the name of Jim Thorpe as one of the most illustrious, versatile and adept of the old school of Natural Athletes. Maybe so; but wait. Jim came under the athletic direction of Pop Warner at Carlisle Indian school when scientific athletic coaching was beginning to toddle a few steps away from the laps of Camp, Stagg and two or three other of the pioneer football coaches. Warner was of an age and temperament to indulge in some noble experiments with the then elementary science of athletic coaching. In Thorpe, Pop had promising laboratory material. In the first place Jim was admittedly a sound exhibit physically although the still acute memories of veteran close observers of the Carlisle redskin athletes rate his teammates Guyon and Kulac as Thorpe's natural superiors on the gridiron and them, and others of the team, as at least Jim's physical equals.

But Thorpe had the plastic and receptive mentality that caught a perfect game to Warner's pitching of ideas. The other boys reverted to type and exhibited the primordial reflexes of the noble Lo which naturally are to shove, kick, scalp, wrestle and run to beat hell when in conflict. The scientific way being easier, Jim, who was not one to work when it could be avoided, was an excellent mechanism through which the Warner ideas could operate in football and at track sports.

Knute Rockne brought that matter of coach control over youngsters to apotheosis.

COACHING SCHOOL

The Rockne stage of development vanished for two reasons. The kids now have a secular attitude toward football and the supreme glorification of coaches reached such a degree that it bumped into irresistible realities and exploded. However, Rockne did demonstrate that he could take normal youngsters who would start with the one and only idea of heeding him, and entirely with astute, thorough coaching make these boys superlative football players.

Many of the Rockne stars were little men. His Metzger at guard weighed in at about 160 pounds and pounced into the transient glory of some All-American selections by opening holes in hulking enemy lines through which a covered-wagon could be driven. His Four Horsemen were featherweights as backfields were ballasted elsewhere in the Rockne reign. But the lads had coaching, rhythm and speed, with coaching being the high explosive. And they listened to Teacher, for when Rockne spoke the message came to the kids from high Olympus.

Although the attitude of the youngsters toward the coaching source from which all wisdom flows isn't by any means as religious as it was in the golden age of Rockne, coaching has so convincingly demonstrated the superiority of the tutored athlete over the natural athlete that coaching schools now are becoming one of the nation's giant industries, supplying summer employment to the football Montessoris and Einsteins. The eminent and able Bernie Bierman of Minnesota tutors the tutors at the Northeastern university's third annual coaching school in June, at the University of Denver's coaching school in July and at Northwestern university's tenth annual coaching school in August. Among others of the football mentors who serve on the faculties of these summer coaching schools are Crisler and Wieman of Princeton, Kerr of Colgate, Waldorf and Ingwersen of Northwestern, Swan of Temple, Bible of Nebraska, Wade of Duke, Oakes of Colorado, Klum of Hawaii, Saunders, Hubbard and Mahony of Denver and Clark of the Detroit Lions, 1935 pro football champions.

Professor Clark, in educating his classes to last year's pro football title, took into the field of C.O.D. football the lesson that the college teams had been demonstrating about coaching being a weightier factor than natural athletic

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Author's House

Violating the editorial bull that an author should never have an author for a hero

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• ARTICLE •

I HAVE seen numerous photographs and read many accounts of the houses of Joan Crawford, Virginia Bruce and Claudette Colbert, usually with the hostess done up from behind with a bib explaining how on God's earth to make a Hollywood soufflée or open a can of soup without removing the appendix in the same motion. But it has been a long time since I have seen a picture of an author's house and it occurs to me to supply the deficiency.

Of course I must begin with an apology for writing about authors at all. In the days of the old *Smart Set* Mencken and Nathan had a rejection slip which notified the aspirant that they would not consider stories about painters, musicians and authors—perhaps because these classes are supposed to express themselves fully in their own work and are not a subject for portraiture. And having made the timorous bow I proceed with the portrait.

Rather than leave a sombre effect at the end we begin at the bottom, in a dark damp unmodernized cellar. As your host's pale yellow flashlight moves slowly around through the spiderwebs, past old boxes and barrels and empty bottles and parts of old machines you feel a little uneasy.

"Not a bad cellar—as cellars go," the author says, "You can't see it very well and I can't either—it's mostly forgotten."

"What do you mean?"

"It's everything I've forgotten—all the complicated dark mixture of my youth and infancy that made me a fiction writer instead of a fireman or a soldier.

"You see fiction is a trick of the mind and heart composed of as many separate emotions as a magician uses in executing a pass or a palm. When you've learned it you forget it and leave it down here."

"When did you learn it?"

"Oh every time I begin I have to learn it all over again in a way. But the intangibles are down here. Why I chose this God awful metier of sedentary days and sleepless nights and endless dissatisfaction. Why I would choose it again. All that's down here and I'm just as glad I can't look at it too closely. See that dark corner?"

"Yes."

"Well, three months before I was born my mother lost her other two children and I think that came first of all though I don't know how it worked exactly. I think I started then to be a writer."

Your eyes fall on another corner and you give a start of alarm.

"What's that?" you demand.

"That?" The author tries to change the subject, moving around so as to obscure your view of the too recent mound of dirt in the corner that has made you think of certain things in police reports.

But you insist.

"That is where it is buried," he says.

"What's buried?"

"That's where I buried my love after—" he hesitates.

"After you *killed* her?"

"After I killed *it*."

"I don't understand what you mean."

The author does not look at the pile of earth.

"That is where I buried my first childish love of myself, my belief that I would never die like other people, and that I wasn't the son of my parents but a son of a king, a king who ruled the whole world."

He breaks off.

"But let's get out of here. We'll go upstairs."

In the living room the author's eye is immediately caught by a scene outside the window. The visitor looks—he sees some children playing football on the lawn next door.

"There is another reason why I became an author."

"How's that?"

"Well, I used to play football in a school and there was a coach who didn't like me for a damn. Well, our school was going to play a game up on the Hudson, and I had been substituting for our climax runner who had been hurt the week before. I had a good day substituting for him so now that he was well and had taken his old place I was moved into what might be called the position of blocking back. I wasn't adapted to it, perhaps because there was less glory and less stimulation. It was cold, too, and I don't stand cold, so instead of doing my job I got thinking how gray the skies were. When the coach took me out of the game he said briefly:

"'We simply can't depend on you.'

"I could only answer 'Yes, sir.'

"That was as far as I could explain to him literally what happened—and it's taken me years to figure it out for my own benefit. I had been playing listlessly. We had the other team licked by a couple of touchdowns, and it suddenly occured to me that I might as well let the opposing end—who hadn't so far made a single tackle—catch a forward pass, but at the last moment I came to life and realized that I couldn't let him catch the pass, but that at least I wouldn't intercept it, so I just knocked it down.

"That was the point where I was taken out of the game. I remember the desolate ride in the bus back to the train and the desolate ride back to school with everybody thinking I had been yellow on the occasion, when actually I was just distracted and sorry for that opposing end. That's the truth. I've been afraid plenty of times but that wasn't one of the times. The point is it inspired me to write a poem for the school paper which made me as big a hit with my father as if I had become a football hero. So when I went home that Christmas vacation it was in my mind that if you weren't able to function in action you might at least be able to tell about it, because you felt the same intensity—it was a back door way out of facing reality."

They go into a dining room now. The author walks through it in haste and a certain aversion.

"Don't you enjoy food?" the visitor asks.

"Food—yes! But not the miserable mixture of fruit juices and milk and whole-wheat bread I live on now."

"Are you dyspeptic?"

"Dyspeptic! I'm simply ruined."

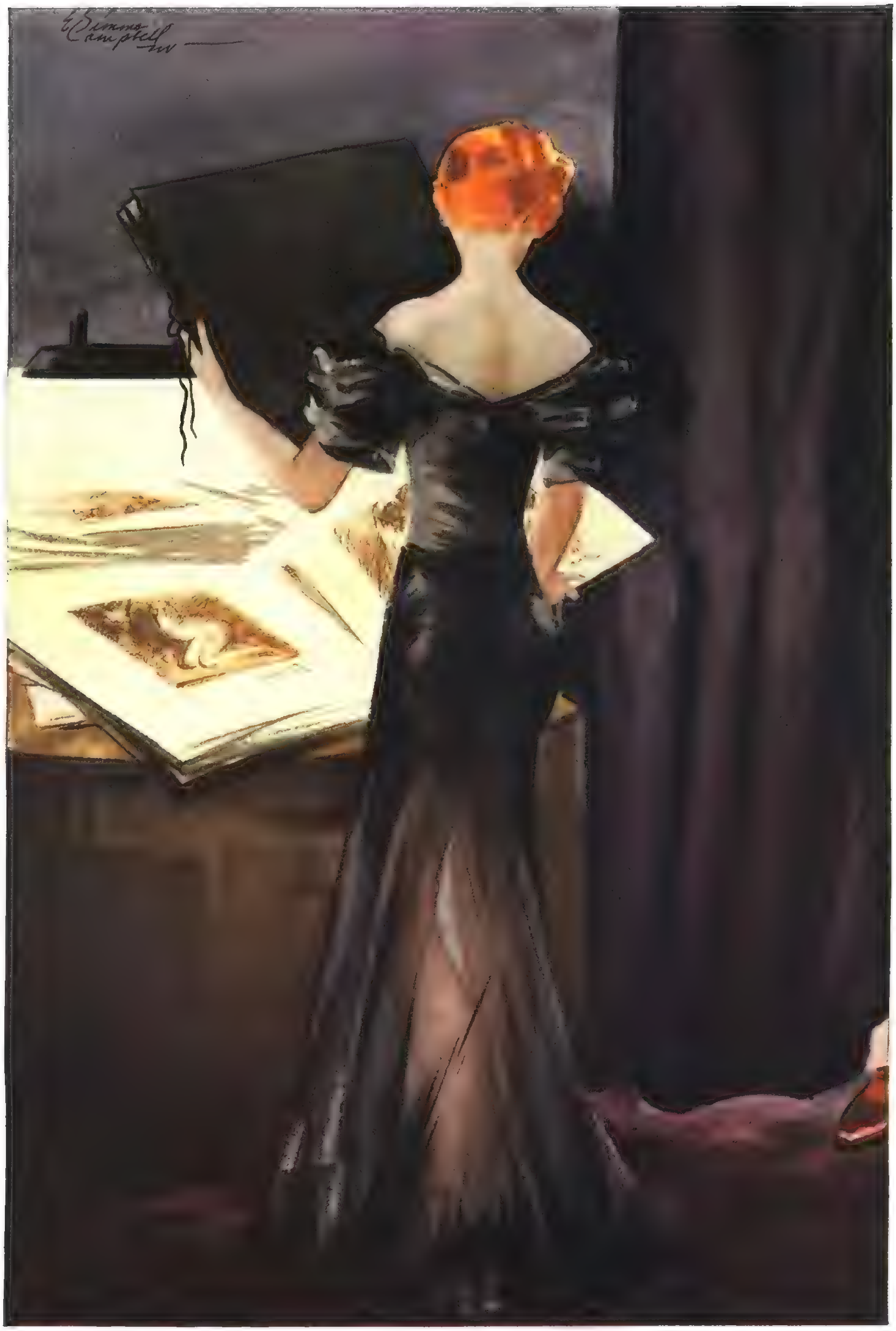
"How so?"

"Well, in the middle west in those days children started life with fried food and waffles and that led into endless malted milks and bacon buns in college and then a little later I jumped to meals at Foyots and the Castelli dei Caesari and the Escargot and every spice merchant in France and Italy. And under the name of alcohol—Clarets and Burgundys, Chateau Yquems and Champagnes, Pilsener and Dago Red, prohibition Scotch and Alabama white mule. It was very good while it lasted but I didn't see what pap lay at the end." He shivered, "Let's forget it—it isn't dinner time. Now this—" he says opening a door, "is my study."

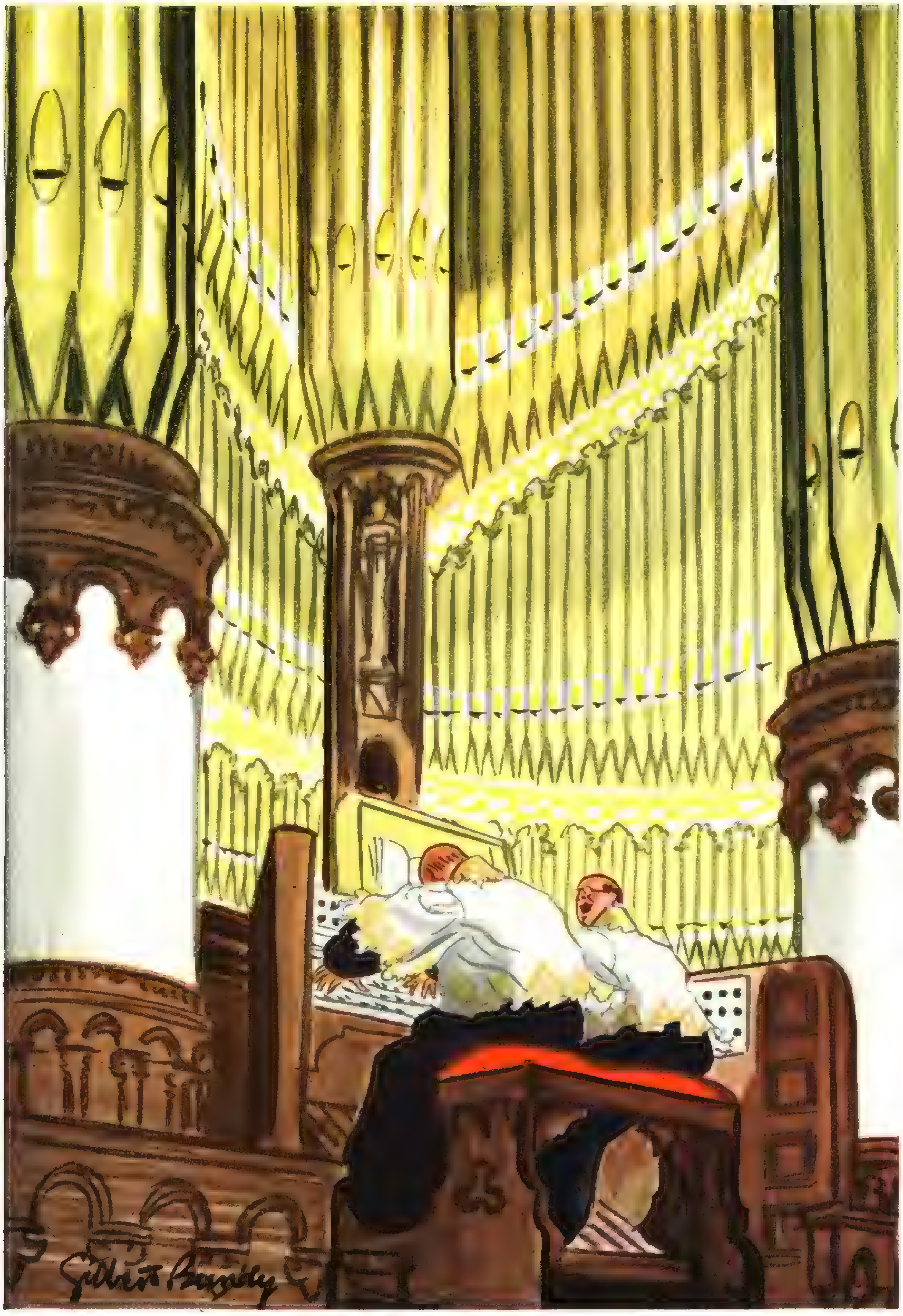
A secretary is typing there or rather in a little alcove adjoining. As they come in she hands the author some letters. His eye falls on the envelope of the first one, his face takes on an expectant smile and he says to the visitor:

"This is the sequel to something that was rather funny. Let me tell you the first part before I open this. Well, about two weeks ago I got a letter under cover from

Continued at top of page 108


E. Simms Campbell

"Well—you're the only one who actually showed them to me"



"Swing it, Reverend Hotchkiss, swing it!"

After Baby Comes

When zwieback shows up in the bread pudding, and didies dry over the chairs, ah fatherhood!

by DOUGLASS WELCH

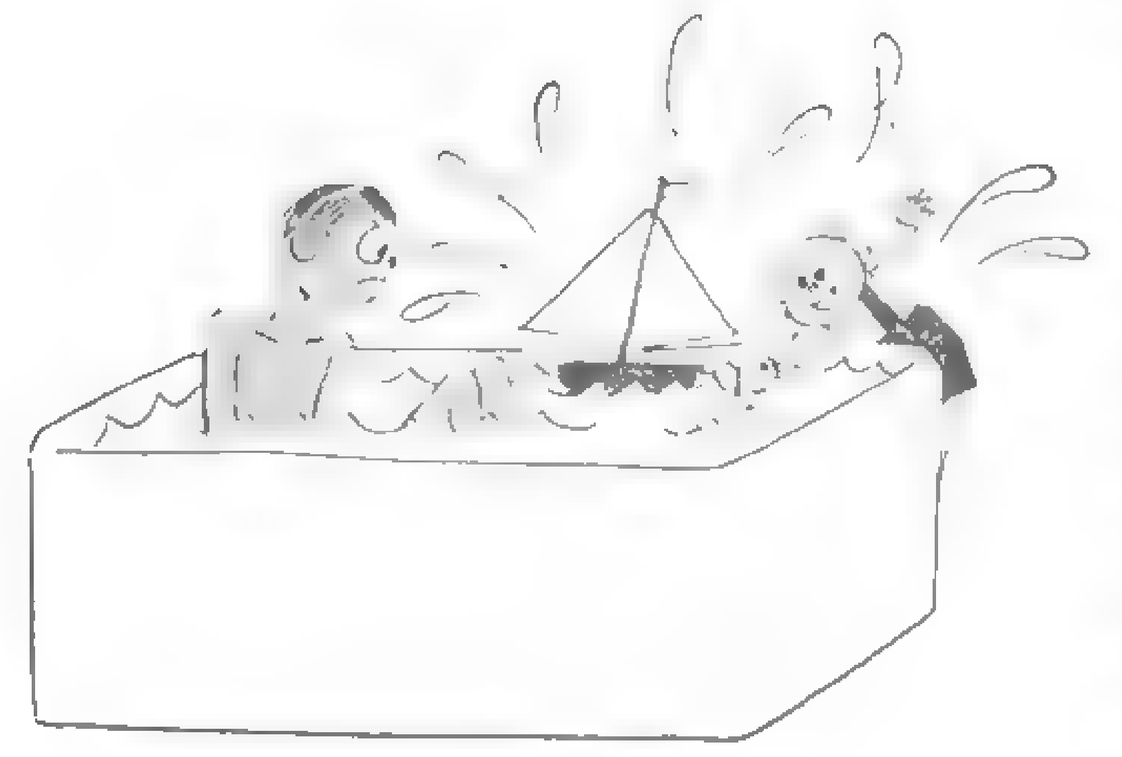
▪ SATIRE ▪

There has been a great deal written lately about the care of the young mother and about the care and feeding of the newly-born infant. But no one, as far as I can ascertain, has ever bothered his pretty head over an equally important matter, the care and feeding of the young father *after baby comes*.

This is a particularly trying period for the young, inexperienced male. In fact, some authorities hold it to be a particularly trying period for any male, up to and including (but not often) the age of seventy. Indeed, among certain primitive peoples it is the custom for the father, rather than the mother, to go to bed for two weeks and be waited upon when mother and baby arrive home from the hospital. And, on second thought, these people don't appear to be so primitive after all.

Of course, we aren't surprised to find a good many primitive fathers taking advantage of such a custom and there is at least one case on record where a primitive father went to bed and remained in bed with one of the Sunday papers until his child was well through high school. When he finally got up he said he felt fine.

I know a lot of people are going to say I am scarcely qualified to write upon early fatherhood, having been through it only once—even though I came out of that experience with somewhat less hair, a furtive, hunted manner and a curious habit of sitting bolt upright in bed at unpredictable times of the night to cry out, “Was that baby?”



A man doesn't have to become a father more than once to know considerable about fatherhood. You might liken fatherhood to rolling down a mountainside. By the time you've reached the bottom you ought to be able to qualify as an expert on rolling down mountainsides. Subsequent plunges won't much enlarge your experience, merely confirm it. Actually, by the time a man has passed the cigars twice or three times he begins to lose perspective. Things happen around home without being impinged upon his consciousness. He develops a generous negative adaptation toward the very things of which the young father is so painfully aware, things like the rubber ducks and celluloid swans which line the rim of the bathtub (and keep falling in when you're trying to take a bath), and diapers festooned from the backs of the living room chairs, and dozens of bottles on the kitchen sideboards and in the refrigerator, and the horde of female relatives who tramp in and out of the house at all hours.

No, I've seen a three-time loser reading his newspaper, digesting and enjoying every morsel of it, while a small son and daughter fought shrilly over the possession of a drum and another little girl sat in his lap and cut off great chucks of his hair with her play scissors. Subjected to the same conditions, your young father would promptly give himself up to hysterics.

Some people are going to protest, of course, that I had a little *girl* baby and that no one can possibly know much about fatherhood until he has had a little *boy* baby. And, having observed the little boy babies of my friends running berserk and amok through their homes from the age of eight months on, I am willing to concede there is some virtue in the contention. But, as between boy babies and girl babies: while there may be a little more disorder and confusion and a *great deal more noise* in the homes of the former, the fundamental principles of fatherhood are the same. It's a job, anyway you look at it.

I doubt if any man is ever really prepared for fatherhood, or, as I call it, “Man's Valley of the Shadow.” He may think he is. His wife may have told him he is. He may have enthused over the layette and the basinette and the bathinette. He may have exclaimed over booties and shirts and bibs and gertrudes and yards upon yards of daisy cloth (do I know my terms!) and he may have spent hours deciding upon the little rascal's name. But when the little rascal arrives, he's due for as rude a shock as he got the first time he caught his wife giving his best ties to her brother (“just a couple of your old ones, Harry”). And if you think it isn't shocking to have your best neckties showing up on your brother-in-law, just drop me a line. I'll be glad to go into details.

From the moment of a man's marriage he is subjected to a subtle, insidious propaganda designed to put him in the proper frame of mind for parenthood. First thing he knows, some morning his lovely bride is leaning across the breakfast table and looking at him gravely and saying softly, apropos of nothing, “I think you would make a wonderful father.” He likes that; he doesn't know why. The idea probably hasn't occurred to him before. Oh, of course, he has vaguely known that a baby or two could be expected as a natural consequence of once having said, “I do,” a sort of marital by-product, so to speak. But the way his wife puts it sounds like fun. Maybe he would make a wonderful father! He begins to stand in front of mirrors and imagine himself a wonderful father. He begins to take a subjective interest in the loudest, toughest neighborhood kids. He smiles fondly at songs about the pitter-patter of baby feet (you never hear anything in songs about the *stomping* of baby feet!) and he chuckles at poems about baby's sticky fingerprints on the wall. He pictures himself coming home weary at night and being met at the door by the kiddies, all ready with his slippers and his smoking jacket and pipe. And all this time his young bride is watching him narrowly. And let him nod his head so much as once—she's off to the races. He wakes up some day to learn he IS a father. And then it is the rose dawn of what I call incipient fatherhood dissolves into the gray dawn of practicing parenthood.

Yes, the song writers and the poets and all the other professional Pollyannas have insistently pictured early fatherhood as a blessed domestic trinity in a vine-covered cottage. “Molly and me, and baby makes three, etc.” But the young father soon discovers that this doesn't begin to complete the count. His vine-covered cottage will not

Continued on page 201

The End of Sidney Snarby

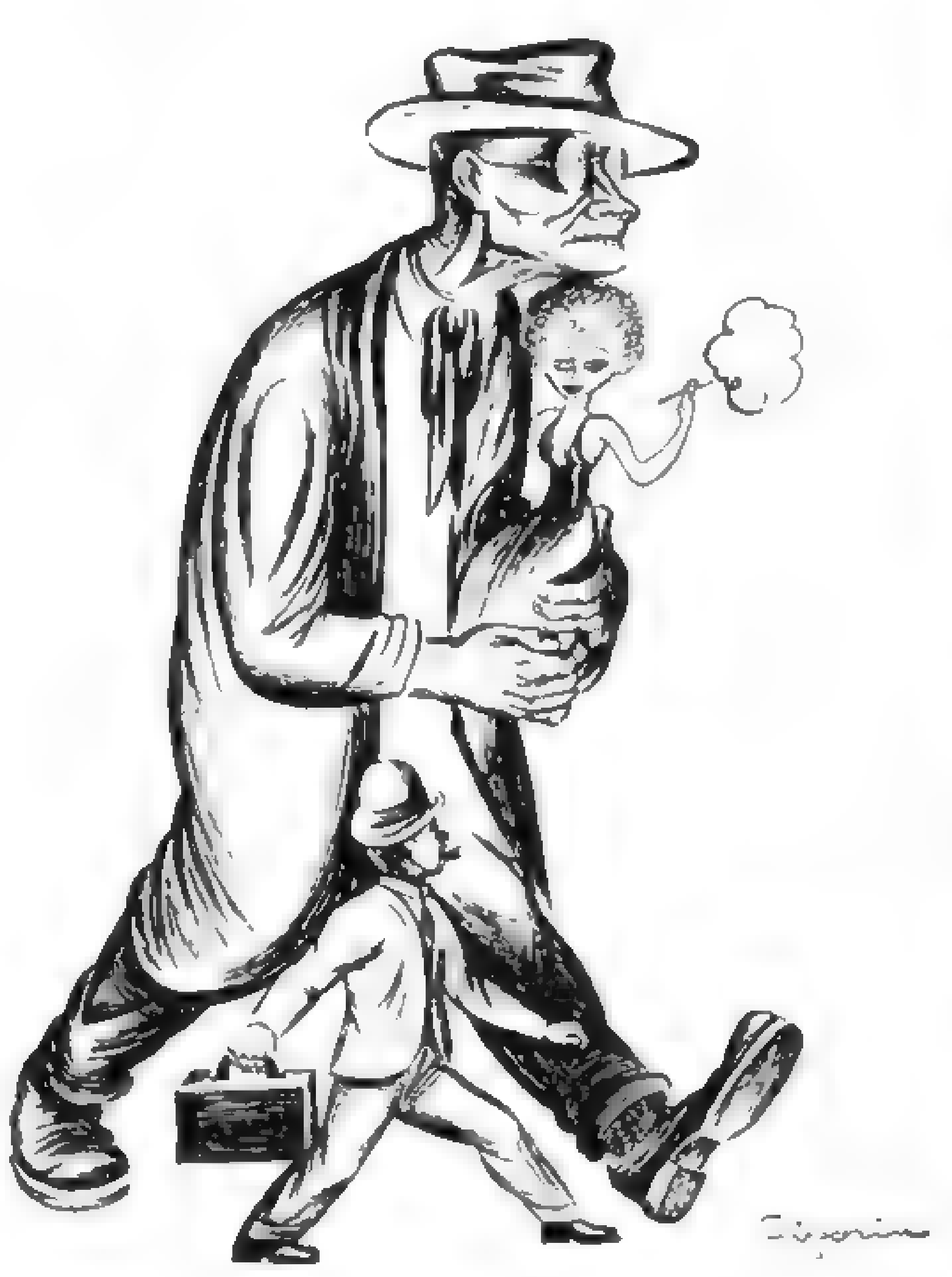
A gargantuan, lilliputian, and philosophical fantasy involving a pair of really screwy demons

by HANNIBAL TOWLE

▪ FICTION ▪

Professor Sidney Snarby had just left a rather disheartening conference with the dean of his university. "Snarby," the dean had said, "we appreciate the fact that you are one of the outstanding Shakespearean scholars in the country, but the complaints, too numerous to overlook, which we have received relative to your requirements and method of presenting your material to your students, coupled with the falling off in attendance of your lectures, seems to prove that something has come seriously a cropper, as it were. Now I have talked with several of the students whose intelligence I respect, and the difficulty seems to be that you have been concentrating overmuch on trivia. That is a very common pitfall for such profound students as you are, but we mustn't allow ourselves to lose our perspective, our sense of values. We mustn't allow ourselves to overemphasize the importance of detail, of minutiae, of trivialities—mustn't we? I think you can see my point that—"

The dean had run on at some length, but such was the sum and substance of his plaint, and Sidney Snarby could do little but agree. He saw the justice of the dean's admonishment, and as he propelled his gaunt, stooped, unkempt, bespectacled body down the street from the campus to the trolley line which would lead him home, he talked to himself in melancholy fashion, as professors from the very days of Socrates have been known to do.



"Perhaps," mused Professor Snarby to himself, "I *have* become overly sensitized to trivia. Perhaps it would be better should I mend my ways."

Hardly had these words passed his lips when a small voice nearby shrilled dolefully, "Too late, too late."

The Professor looked about but saw nothing. Needless to say, he was taken aback, but true to the long habit of the classroom which had taught him to answer automatically a question voiced by some unidentifiable student, Snarby responded, "What's too late, my child?"

"Everything. Everything. There is no retreat." The Professor located the voice. It came from below him, from a diminutive male figure in tweeds, a figure about a foot and a half high, slight in bulk, neatly turned out, and rather attractive, but if of small stature, slightly pompous withal. He wore a snap-brimmed hat, carried a gold-handled walking stick, and a suitcase which seemed a trifle large for his scant inches. "Furthermore, you old fathead," continued the little stranger, pointing with his stick, "I'm not a child. I'm quite old enough to know better. And so is she," he added.

"Who is?" queried the Professor, still bewilderedly peering through his bifocals, but running true to long practice, "Who is?" He felt a warm little hand steal into his on the left-hand side, and a mellow little voice said, "I am, you silly old darling." The Professor peered down on his left and found there a female triviality, a most attractive one, which to a similar triviality of the opposite sex could leave nothing to be desired. She was petite in the extremest extreme, blond, blue-eyed, gowned in the height of fashion, and indeed quite old enough—but not too old—to know better. Her blue organdy tea gown was but a gossamer wisp of warp and woof, and completed the effect of an exquisite miniature which in its own proportions might have stepped from a painting in the locket of a Cyclop's wife. The good Professor, whose recent interview with the Dean had rendered him lonely and heavy of heart, warmed to the winning smile of the elfin creature and stooped low the better to look at her. She reached up, encircled his neck as best she could with her dainty arms and implanted a wee, but mightily affectionate kiss on the so-long-unkissed lips of Sidney Snarby. "There," she said, "that's for being such a sweet old lamb."

"Don't be a slut, Luella!" piped the male diminuendo, who had seated himself on his suitcase and was watching the proceedings with obvious disapproval.

The Professor tried to overlook the gentleman's bad manners. "And what might your name be, my little man?" he asked.

"You can skip the baby talk, Snarby," was the rejoinder. "I'm the Colonel. And that," he added, pointing with his stick to the sprite in blue, "is the Colonel's lady."

"My, my, how nice," smiled Snarby rather patronizingly.

"Humph!" grunted the Colonel.

Snarby turned to the Colonel's lady—she was on his knee by now. "And what should I call you, little friend?"

"Just call her anything that pops into your head," suggested the Colonel. "I do."

"You just call me darling," said the Colonel's lady, patting his cheek. "You will do that for me, won't you? That's a dear."

"Oh, for Chrisake," murmured the Colonel disgustedly to himself. Then to Snarby with enthusiasm, "How about a swift game of rummy?"

"Why, my dear man," protested the Professor. "Here?"

"Sure," said the Colonel, "why not?"

"But it would hardly be—"

"Oh, I see, inhibitions. We'll take care of those, won't we, Mabel?"

The wee hand of the Colonel's lady found its way to the Professor's ear and pulled it gently. "Carry me, please," she said.

"Carry you?" queried the Professor rhetorically.

"You're so big and strong," she said with wide-open eyes and with an admiring smile playing about lips that were like the bud of a red-rambler rose. "And my legs are so very, very little." This was the first time in a great long while that the Professor had been suspected of being big and strong. Something of the knight of old which lies deep within all of us rose to the surface. "Certainly, my little lady, most certainly," he said, and offered his arm for her conveyance. She took her seat gracefully and grasped the shoulder of his coat to steady herself. "You're so good to me," she said, "I think I could like you very much." She looked at him in such a way, that in spite of her mere eighteen inches, a blush came to the long-unblushing cheeks of Sidney Snarby, who hardly suspected the reason why. He looked at her and she at him, and for a moment neither said anything. The silence was broken by the Colonel, who yelled, "Hey, how about me? My legs may not be so beautiful, but they aren't any longer."

"Of course, of course," said the Professor and volunteered his unoccupied right arm. The Colonel took the proffered place and the Professor stood up—perhaps a little too abruptly, for the Colonel yelled, "Watch it, watch it, you clumsy oaf, you'll make me drop my luggage." He gathered his suitcase into his lap with a sigh of relief. "Almost dropped the damn thing," he offered in explanation. "It's valuable."

"What's in it?" asked the Professor solicitously.

"Whiskey and," said the Colonel.

"Whiskey?" said the Professor.

"Whiskey and," corrected the Colonel.

"Whiskey and what?"

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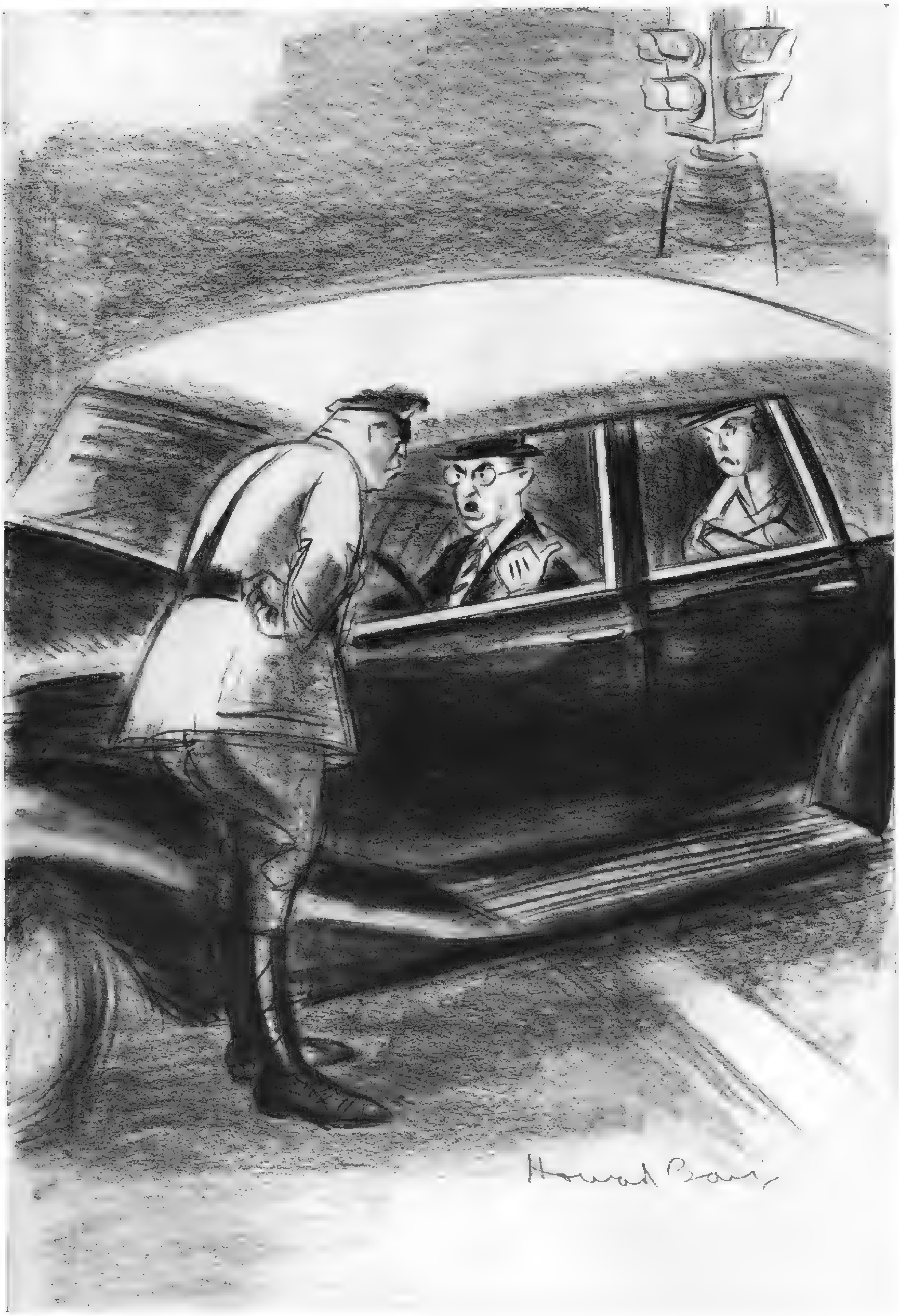

Howard Baer

"Tell her, Officer—I only hold the wheel!"

She's No Longer Faithful If—

If, if, a hundred times if . . . as the evidence accumulates while the Husband's Hornbook enlarges

by MARCEL DESAGE

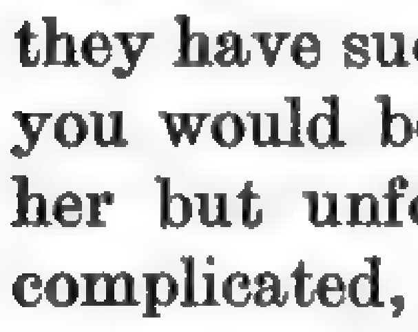
▪ ARTICLE ▪

She is in the habit of *gratuitously* explaining her absences . . . "I have been to X—Cinema" . . . and suiting the action to the word, produces her torn movie ticket. That evening, however, you wish to see this picture and she does not refuse to see it again and apparently for the fourth time. (She buys movie theater tickets, but stays only long enough to have her ticket torn. Long ago this has greatly surprised various ticket-collectors and they will remember if you ask them properly.)

At a party in which you are the only married couple, she refuses point blank to allow herself to be hypnotized by a turbaned gentleman who can, apparently, bring the truth out of anyone. He is a fraud, of course, but two years ago before your marriage, she did not refuse to be hypnotized by a real hypnotist.

You have been suspicious of your wife for some little time past, but you are a man of modest means, and you cannot afford to employ a private detective agency. Thereupon you entice into compromising love affairs five ladies who remain always, more or less, in her immediate circle or vicinity. If you cannot overcome five ladies, one lady will do quite as well. After they have succumbed you tell each one that you would be very happy indeed to marry her but unfortunately the situation is so complicated, etc., etc. However, you assure each one of them that you love her very, very much indeed.

You can now go away upon your long business trips with perfect equanimity. Your wife's action, not to mention indiscretion, will be reported to you in full detail.

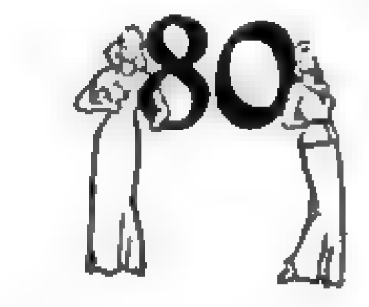


You are suspicious and have been stupid enough to tell her so. You now receive an anonymous letter. It is short and to the effect that your wife can be seen that same afternoon at three o'clock with a very handsome young man if you will only take the trouble to investigate. The place is the Ritz Bar. Signed, "A Friend!"

You stay at home this afternoon. You wait, but she does not go out. You suggest that she might like to take a walk by herself . . . the late spring air is balmy, and the park beautiful. But no, she would rather sit home and sew. She is a homebody.

The next day you receive another identical letter, and again she does not go out, and again her knitting needles click the whole livelong day. The third day brings about a repetition of the same letter with exactly the same results.

This continues for one week and you return to the office completely convinced. However, if you will *now* go to the Ritz Bar at three o'clock, you will find your little mistress there with a handsome young man. She wrote the anonymous letters herself in order to vaccinate you against all future gossip concerning herself, a handsome young man, and the Ritz Bar, knowing full well that you will now place but little stock in such tattletale.



He has been your best friend since childhood, and you know that he has never been interested in a brunette woman. Your mistress is brunette, so it seems quite utterly safe to bring him home for a prolonged visit. Your mistress is obviously attracted by him; one day she says to you:—

"Darling how do you think I would look with blonde hair?"

However, you succeed in convincing her that such a thing would practically ruin her beauty. She is, you assure her, a very beautiful woman in her own right; why trespass upon the special hunting grounds of blondes?

She seems convinced and reassured. Now she appears in a bewildering succession of marvelous clothes and coiffures especially designed to set off her dark beauty. Your friend stays longer than he expected.

The following year you are astonished to note, when you visit him, that his women have all become brunette . . . there is not a blonde in all his gallery!

She is beautifully and temptingly made, especially in her upper proportions. She met Mr. "X" last month and since then has abandoned her brassiere, wearing only a variety of brilliantly colored turtle-necked sweaters which make her more delicious with every succeeding step. She takes long country walks especially upon days when you are busy and cannot possibly accompany her.

For several months she has been receiving flowers anonymously over which she pretends the greatest mystification. She is obviously flushed and pleased, however, and is gay as a lark until the flowers cease coming, and then she suddenly becomes furiously petulant and even suicidal.

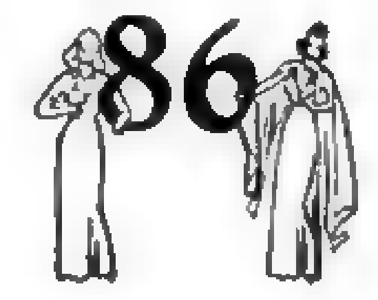
An anonymous package addressed in a feminine handwriting arrives at a time when it is certain that you will be home. Your mistress looks inside, pales, tells you that it is something which she ordered from the department store but must send back. (Department stores, however, seldom deliver by messenger boy at nine in the evening!) If you investigate the package you will find (a) a pair of her bedroom slippers, (b) her best dressing gown which disappeared two months ago, and (c) a package of letters bound with a red ribbon upon which is entwined a lock of her hair.

As a matter of fact you do remember that last week she was very tempestuous indeed; this week she has veritably verged upon suicide. (His new mistress sent the box.)

She has discovered that recently you have had a mistress and she is indignant—not because you have loved somebody else (for she no longer loves you) but because of the ridiculous situation in which it places her, especially before other women. She says, "I would rather a million times over be a mistress than a wife!"

A few weeks later she is no longer jealous, and with terrifying calm, she meets your erstwhile mistress, and treats her as a comrade and an *equal.*

The love-letters she sends you from such a distance have a curious and familiar sound. Suddenly you remember. You look in the drawer in which you kept her love-letters of ten years ago and find that they have disappeared. She has taken them along with her and is copying them over again . . . she no longer has the love or the emotional warmth towards you to write you real love letters and is taking this easy way out. Moreover it provides her with more time for her concerns of the moment.



Jean (whom you suspect) is coming over to your home tonight, so you send your mistress anonymously a large bunch of red roses. This should not alarm her, for this is the custom of a visting gentleman. Upon receiving them, however, she is visibly flustered and somewhat alarmed. ("Jean . . . the big sweet idiot . . . doesn't he know this is dangerous!" . . .) and then she remembers. However, she will take the opportunity this evening (for which you will watch, Mr. Husband) of telling him to *do* be careful.

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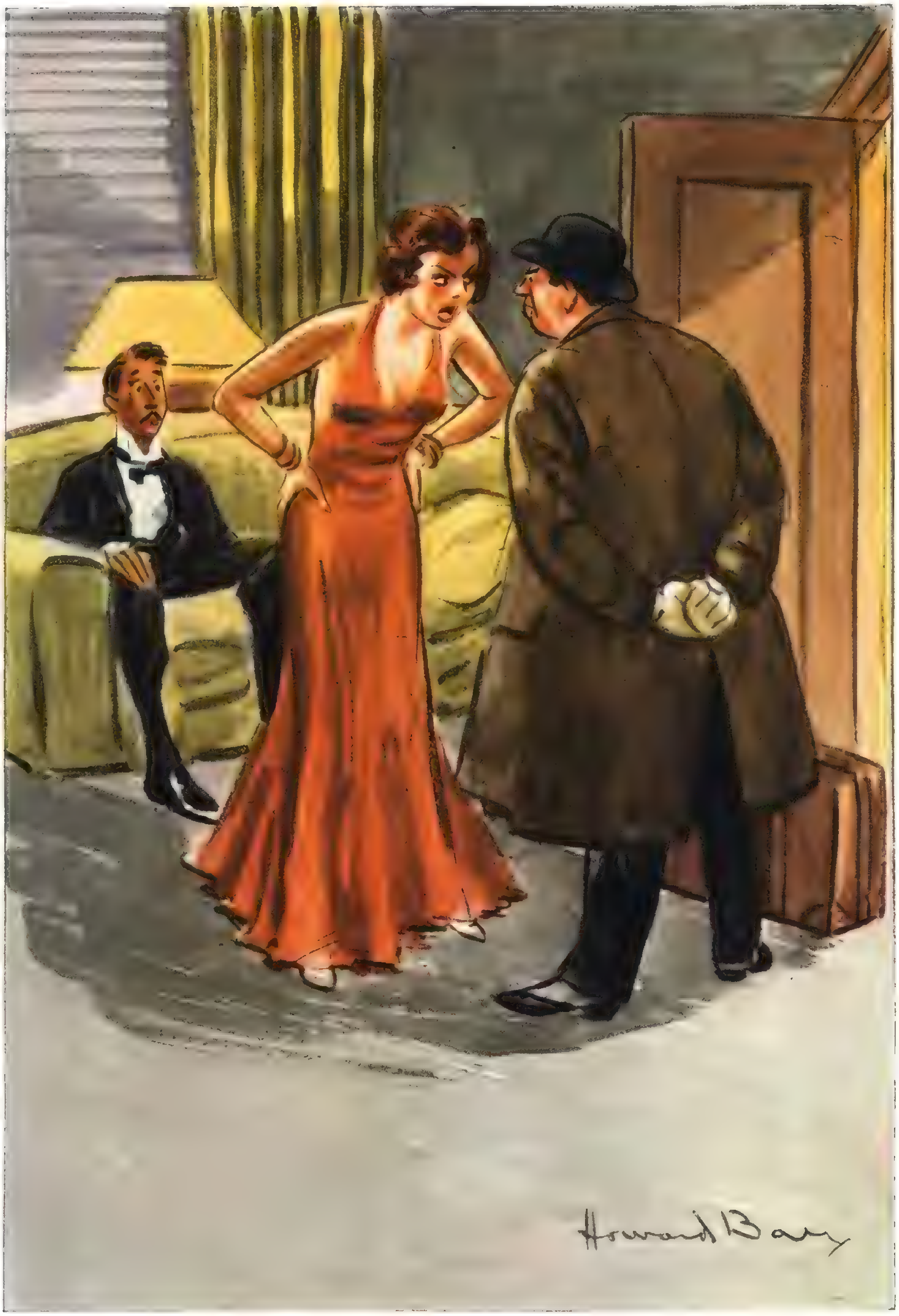
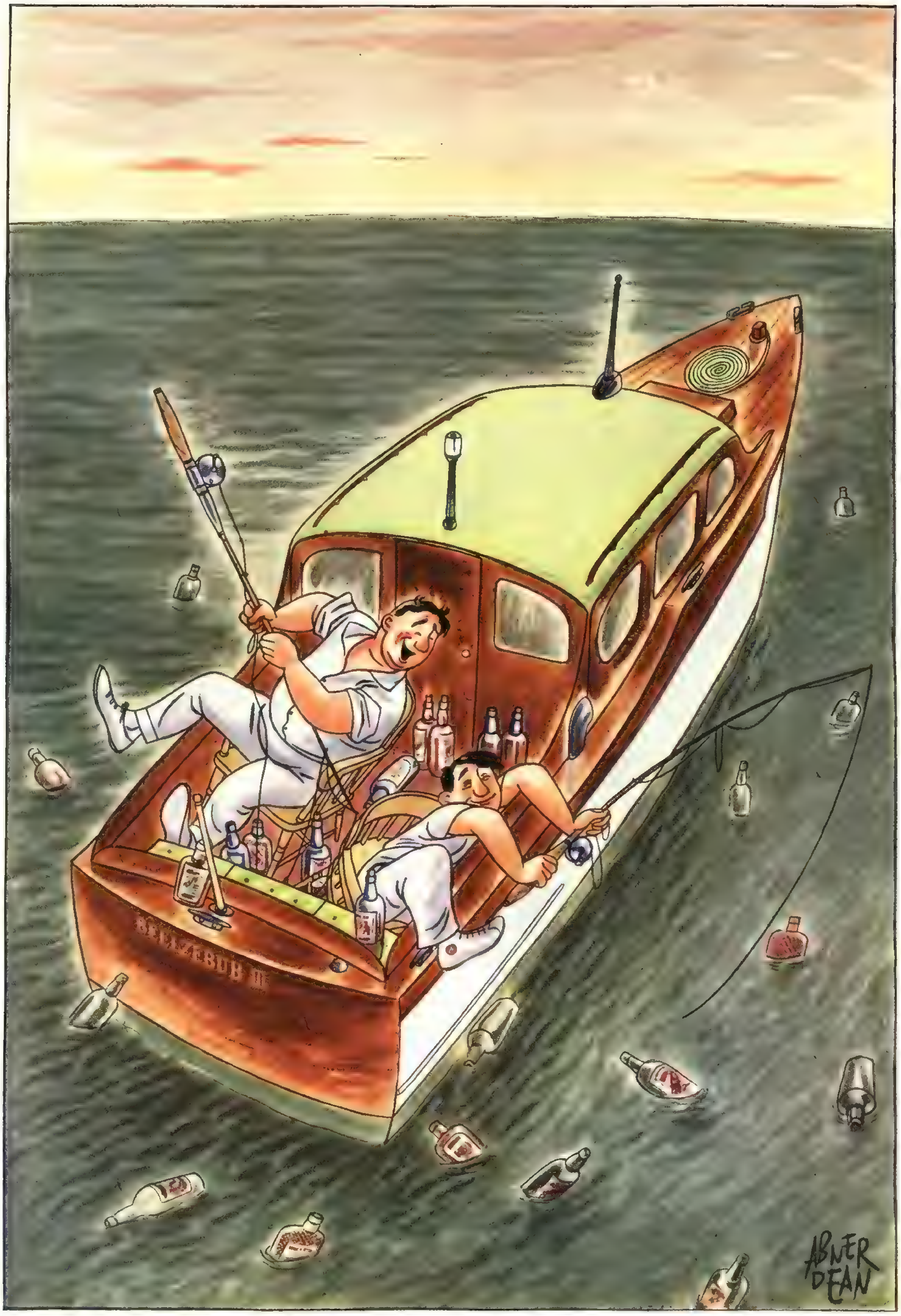

Howard Baer

"I have not been indiscreet every time your back is turned!"


BEELZEBUB II
ABNER DEAN

"Great sport, fishing!"

Why Men Go Fishing

Now it turns out that fishing trips not only end with a lie but begin with one as well

by EDMUND WARE

• ARTICLE •

Yesterday the black ice above the bridge was littered with stones flung by boys seeking to perfect their aim or project their power. Today the ice is gone. So are the stones. There is open water—blue, sparkling, full of probabilities and fish. Tomorrow the chatter of the lawn mower and the sound of the peep-frog will be heard in the land. Ten million men will say: "Let's go fishing!" Seven million of them will actually go, and I will be one of them.

Why?

What is there about fishing which makes them blow an annual total of about thirty million bucks for tackle, gear, and fees?

To the question, "Why do you go fishing?" there appear to be three standard rejoinders, all of them emphatic.

First: "None of your business." (This is probably true.)

Second: "To catch fish." (This is probably false.)

The third rejoinder, "For the fun of it," is everything and nothing. *Why* is it fun to go fishing?

To explain the fun of baseball, bullfighting, or marbles is comparatively simple. These sports have not only an obvious purpose, but a literature which is honest. The purpose of sport-fishing is obscure, and its literature is fundamentally untruthful. You don't have to search long in the pages of outdoor magazines, or in *Rod & Gun* columns to find a ten-inch trout putting up "a terrific battle." Presumably, in subduing such a trout, the two hundred pound angler takes unto himself a certain glory.

The practice known as "giving the fish a chance" is another accepted tripe phrase. This, in the face of the fact that all the fisherman stands to lose is a fish, when there are more where this one came from; and all the fish stands to lose is a life, the only life available to him, barring his afterlife—a thing of which he is doubtless as uncertain as any human skeptic. The exception to the above birdie is the big game fisherman. Big game fish actually get better than an even break. The marlin or sailfish that comes alongside is frequently less dead than the athlete who has been working him on rod and reel for several hours.

The user of "light tackle," of leaders tapering to .005 of an inch, of tiny dry flies, has been accorded the ennobling term "fine sportsman" because in using such refined gear he is said to be "giving the fish a chance." Actually his motive is to prolong the fun of playing—or catching—the fish. The chance awarded the trout is incidental. In my own case, I will give any trout all the breaks in the world as long as I can remain practically certain he won't get away. This kind of patronage makes me feel superior to the fish—something I suppose I could do most any time, if I put my mind to it. But the feeling is somehow more convincing when a good trout is present, and well hooked.

The fish, you see, has been written into the phony role of antagonist in fishing. He is not an antagonist at all. He is an adjunct. I have a strong tendency to take literally such phrases as "wary denizens," and "finny warriors" with which angling literature is peppered. But is there anything so very wary about the average trout, or bass? And that word "warrior" always meant to me, and all the kids on our street, nothing less than a homicidal Apache on a pinto. No three-pound smallmouth is going to sneak into my tent at night and lift my scalp, and I know it. So does every other fisherman. It becomes pretty obvious, then, that standard angling literature seeks without knowing it to assist the angler in fooling himself about the true nature of his sport. There is, of course, far more glory in catching and subsequently devouring a "warrior" than a bass. It is the word "warrior" which upholsters the fisherman's illusion of conquest. Yet, by describing some of angling's accepted lies, I do not seem to be getting at the truth of why fishing is fun.

The first fish I caught was a bluegill. We also called them "kivvies" or "punkin seeds." I was seven years old, and the bluegill perhaps one. I have tried very hard to remember accurately what my sensations were—and not what, as a sportsman or fisherman, they ought to have been. But I know that real and imagined memories are apt to be as snarled as an individual's own definitions of himself, and the self he would like to be thought of as!

Here's what I think I remember: (1) An unexpected and highly exciting tug. (Surprise.) (2) As I derricked the bluegill onto the bank, there was a pleasing but easily conquered resistance. (Achievement without personal risk.) (3) The thought: this fish came up out of the water, but to look at the water you wouldn't know there was anything down there. (Mystery and fascination of a sphere alien and unknown to myself.) (4) The fish is fine to look at. Nice colors. He is alive. He is flopping. (Joy of bossing completely a life not my own, without getting socked for it.) (5) He might flop back into the water. But I want him up here on earth where I can touch him, and look at him. So now I will kill him. (Possession.) (6) There! I have killed him! Once he flopped, but now he's dead and just quivering. Alone, I have killed him. (Valor, and fine feeling of savagery in killing.) (7) Is he good to eat? (Hunger.)

Right after number six, the kill, I am bound to think I remember a waning of elation. That was a climax, and its moment must have been great stuff, for I wanted an immediate repetition—a second drink. I recaptured the sensation in some degree by exhibiting the bluegill to my father, and describing its catching. Thus, bragging became an important element in the fun of the whole episode. I am inclined to believe the bragging should be done during the eating of the fish. The fried fish is there on your plate, evidence of the great truths you are telling, and by which your ego is prospering and your belly fattening.

In the catching of that bluegill are most—but not all—of the reasons why fishing is fun. The control beyond arm's reach of something alive and wild is fun. It gives you a sense of projecting your own power. This is very flattering, even when the object controlled is only a rubber ball on an elastic, or a ten-ounce trout on thirty feet of line. The fact that such a trout actually requires very little power to control adds nothing to the fun. Therefore, the fact is submerged. Any fact which adds nothing to the fun of fishing is similarly submerged. I am all for the process, too.

This far-reaching of power is fine stuff. It is why boys and their fathers throw stones. To connect with a stray cat from a distance of twenty yards is sheer perfection in delight. Think of the enormous lift the hunter gets when the mountain goat tumbles off the

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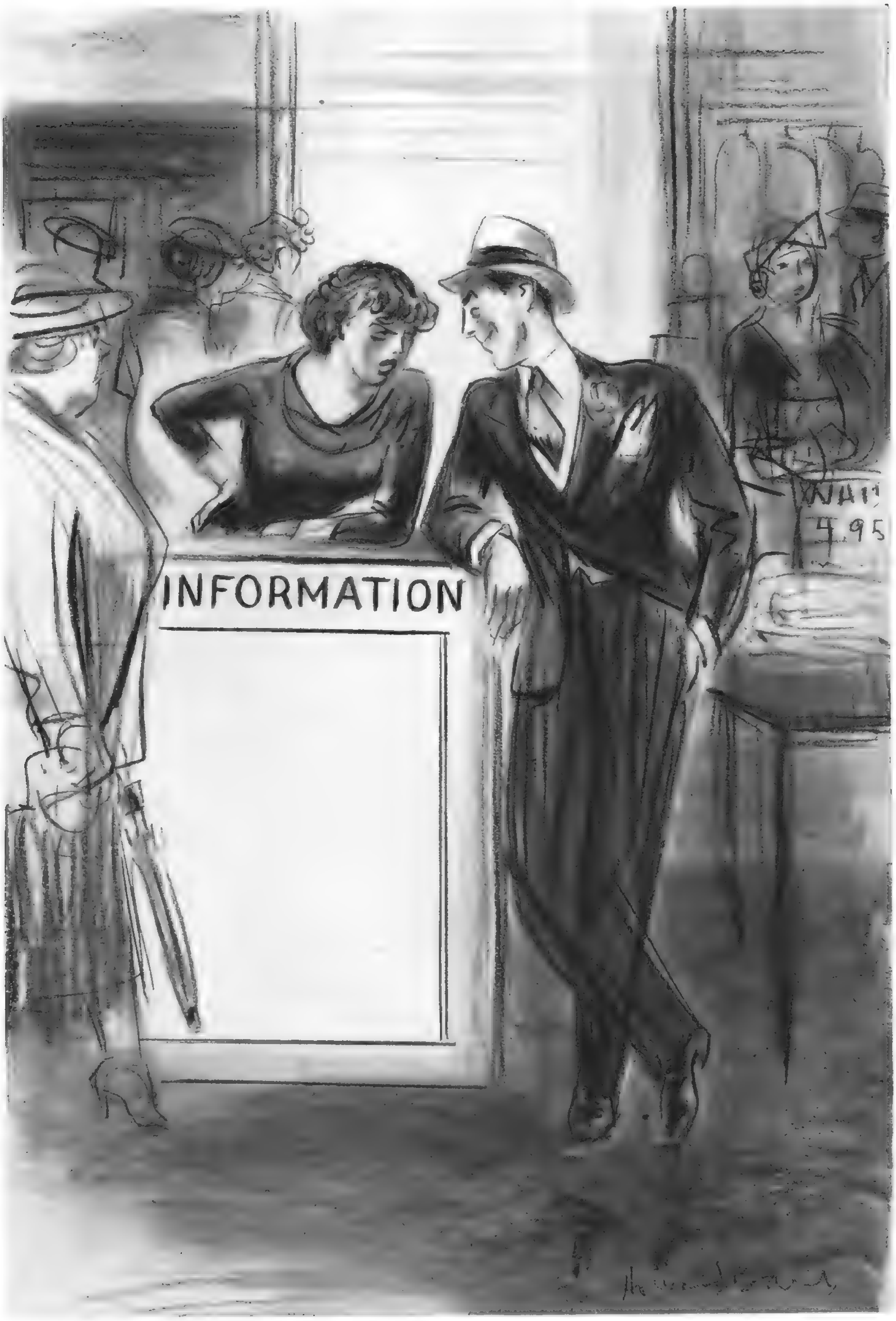
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"No!"

I Felt the Beacons

Each thought their love was still alive but when they met, ghosts kissed and dissolved

by JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

FICTION

He looked at her and looking felt the unbelievable relief of one who has suddenly recovered from a black disease. Is it possible, he asked himself, that this is she and my heart has not stopped beating?

She had come down the stairs into the little bar as she had always come and sitting there at the usual table, his heart pounding with terror, he had looked up to see her draw near as she had often drawn near to him in dreams. For the first split second of looking he saw only her legs, but he would have known those lovely, nervous, race-horse legs anywhere in the world. ("They're like a chorus girl's," she had used to say with her terribly intimate smile that was both happy and shy because he knew her legs so well.) And since she seemed to come down the stairs with such slowness in that half minute of time, her legs were one separate impression from her face. He saw her face and it was impossible to believe that something which had lived so long only in his heart was outside too and that this was she coming down into the little café where they had always met.

Amazedly as Pygmalion when the statue he had dreamed began to move, he watched her descend the steps with the slowness of centuries and the speed of light. She paused, looking out over the café as she had always done, and he saw her tighten the lids round her huge, near-sighted eyes to focus them better that she might find him there among the other men in the room. And when he saw this gesture that was only hers and that he had loved with all the rest of her so blindly, his nerves tightened, waiting for the stab of pain that was sure to follow. And then he knew with the most terrible relief that he was well again, that in these two years the fever had left his blood, and suddenly, so great was the joy of his discovery, he was close to tears sitting there at the little table where he had waited for her with dry-eyed anguish so many unforgettable hours.

She had seen him now and her eyes widened again and on her lips appeared a frightened little smile. She is very pale, he thought. And then, in an unbelievable instant of time, she was standing before him with her hands outstretched. As he stood up to receive her, he looked into her face, and they stared at each other before either spoke or he took her hands. In that first deep look he did not know what he saw—there was meaning there to be pondered long and never really known—he only knew that she was grave and remembered that her gravity, although it clouded the prettiness of her face, had always been his favorite of her moods.

Finally he reached out with terror towards her hands. What will happen, he wondered, when I touch this flesh again? Trembling, he took her slim fingers, and then once more he was overcome by such relief that he felt weak and dizzy. Joyously he lifted his eyes to see that the mournful expression of her eyes had not changed although her lips had softened into the mischievous smile with which she had so often teased him. He dropped her hands and stood there, still looking at her.

"May I sit down?" she demanded, affectionately mocking his clumsiness that he had not asked her.

"Please." He pulled out her chair and when as she sat her cheek passed close to his, he wanted to kiss her there in the crowded room, to hug her out of thankfulness that he loved her no longer. "That's a new dress," he said.

"Do you expect to know all my clothes after two years, you idiot?" Her laughter fitted in his mind over the laughter he remembered.

"Do you come here often now?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment. "No, I haven't been here since — since you ran away." In the melancholy depths of her eyes there dawned a timorous smile that as she talked grew gradually stronger. "For it was flight, wasn't it? Or do you still like to think that you left me in righteous anger. Putting the hussy in her place, was that it?"

Hypnotized by the changing expression in her eyes, he said nothing. She shook her head quickly, and her eyes became opaque. "Well," she said, "it's been a long time hasn't it, and now you've come back, and here we are again. It's a funny world. And as for me, I'm a staid married woman. Why," she cried, "I've been married a year!"

"Yes. I'd almost forgotten you were married."

She looked at him sharply, her lips tightening. "You mustn't forget!" Then she smiled. "But come; what sort of a host are you? You haven't even ordered me a drink."

After he had beckoned to a waiter, she asked for a Tom Collins. "You mean a John Collins," he corrected. "Will you Americans never learn how to speak the English language?"

"Don't be so out of date," she replied gayly. "The English language went out of date twenty years ago. It's the American language now."

Miraculously, they were launched on one of their old subjects of laughing argument, one of the few subjects they had ever been able to discuss lightly, and as they made the ridiculous points that they had made so often, time ran backward until all the hatred and anguish had not been. They spoke lightly, as if he had never fled across three thousand miles of ocean from her and called her every evil name he could think of, as if she had never torn up his letters unread.

How long they argued thus he did not know, for this moment and the moments that were gone fused into an unbroken reality that was as long and yet as instantaneous as the meaning of their lives. Finally she said, "You English have a frightful nerve to assume that your dialect must be correct. The only people who still speak Elizabethan English are the hill-billies in the Ozark Mountains, so perhaps our modification is better than yours. As my husband says—" She paused but then went bravely on. "My husband says only the Americans now have the vitality to coin new speech."

But it was useless to go on. Her words had invoked the years between them and again they were strangers sitting in a familiar bar where they had been very much in love. And because he had forgotten that those years had ever been, their surging return restored the jealousy he had hoped he was immune from now.

"Your husband? Tell me, what sort of a fellow is he anyway?" He heard the tightness in his voice and cursed himself, as he had often done, that he could not keep it from her. But when he looked up he saw that she was too absorbed by her own sensations to notice his. She stared at the drink she stirred. Her face had become haggard as it sometimes did in an instant and its one blemish, her over-large mouth, was evident.

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Byrd's Bad Boy

Bert Acosta, the original of the dare-devil pilot legend, gets a new beginner's license

by J. D. RATCLIFF

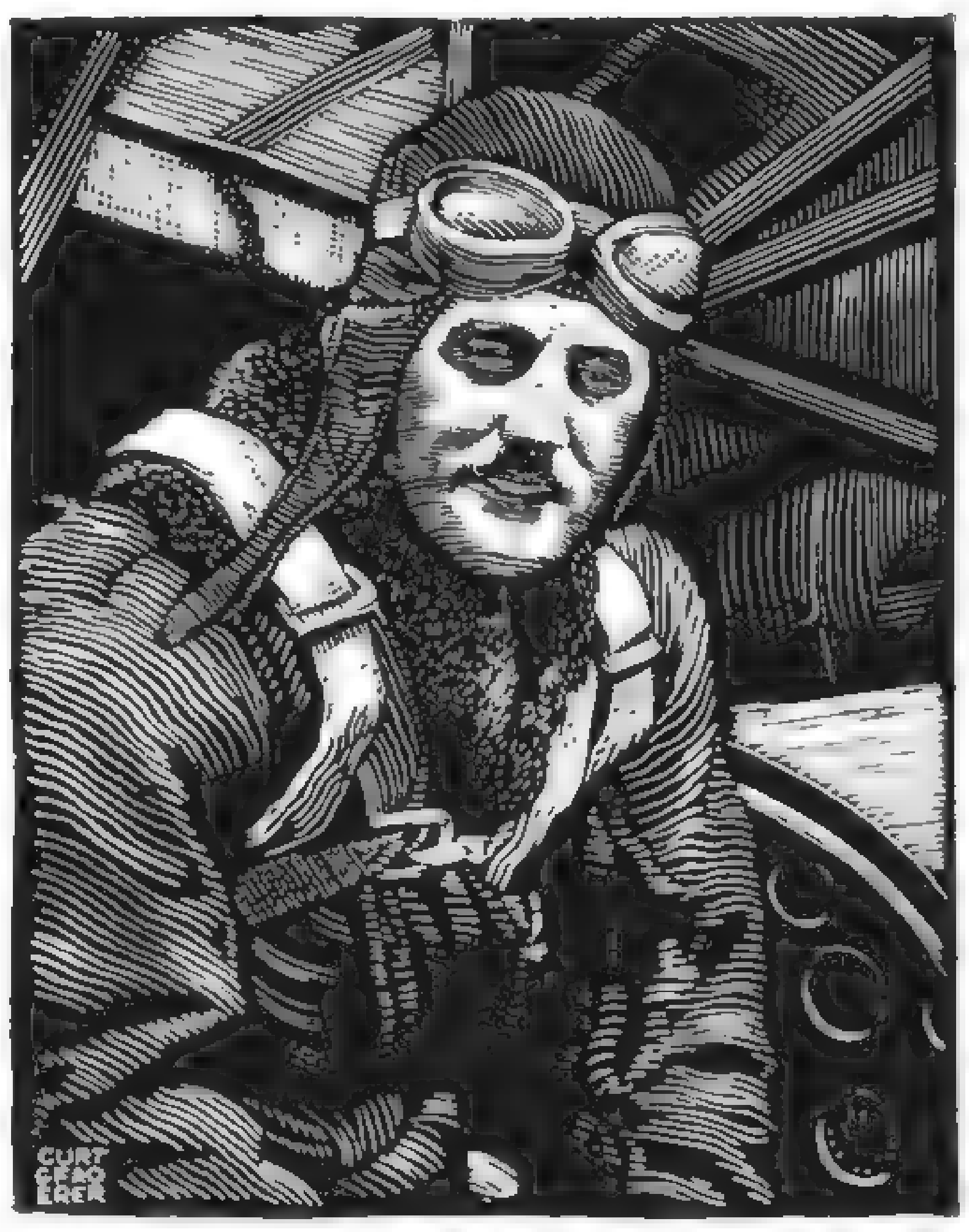
▪ ARTICLE ▪

A FEW months ago Department of Commerce inspectors had a tough job at Roosevelt Field, Long Island. They were giving a beginner's test to a 41-year-old man who had the physique of a bull. The inspectors—they're a humorless bunch—looked gravely on while the six-foot pilot whipped a little Travelair off the ground. He pushed it through the easiest of all figures—an eight—then put the plane down in a perfect three point landing.

They gave the technical points of the performance solemn consideration. Then they decided the pilot—a man who had flown the Atlantic, who had taught 300 Canadians to fly wartime planes, whose log book once had more hours in it than any other and who once held the non-refueling endurance record—should have a beginner's license. The man was Bert—Bertrand Blanchard—Acosta.

Any old time aviator could have saved the inspectors' time; could have told them that they were watching the greatest natural born flyer to ever step into a plane. And they could have told enough stories about the "bad boy of aviation" to fill a couple of *Anthony Adverses*.

Bert Acosta, big, breezy and friendly, was flying before Charles A. Lindbergh reached the sixth grade, before the late Wiley Post left his oilwell roustabout's job in the Oklahoma fields and before most of today's crop of commercial pilots had their final tenderfoot rating in the Boy Scouts. The husky giant was born in San Diego, New Year's Day, 1895. His Castillian blood made him daring, restless and precocious.



By the time he was thirteen he was driving big wheeled racing automobiles with leather straps over their bonnets on California dirt tracks. When he was fourteen he started building a plane—a copy of one of Glen Curtiss' ancient crates.

Three other kids helped Bert plaster silk on fragile wooden wings, helped him set a little 30 H. P. engine in place. But once the job was finished they very largely lost their enthusiasm. Let the Castillian bull take it up if he wanted to. And Bert Acosta did want to. He climbed in, warmed up the motor and got the home-made contraption up in the air. What's more he had never had a flying lesson. He just figured out how the things should run. That he got the plane down again indicates that his figuring was quite good.

By the time the United States had a few dozen pilots, flying was ancient stuff for the bull-headed kid. Had it been possible to copyright stunts Acosta would own most of them. For he was probably the world's first acrobatic pilot. It wasn't all foolishness either.

Acosta learned, for example, how to get a plane out of a spin. Other flyers who hadn't learned crashed and died. But Bert lived to tell pilots that all they had to do was sit peacefully back and let them spin until they got up plenty of earthward speed. Then pulling them out was a set-up.

These were the palmy days of the pioneer aviator whose groundwork contributed more than a fair share to the success of the vast airlines that cobweb the country now. And it might be worth mentioning in passing that Acosta couldn't possibly get a job on one of them.

He's "unstable," . . . "undependable." He isn't a trained pilot. But any of the lines would give out a good chunk of their stock if they could hire pilots every day who had Acosta's natural born ability.

In these early days Glen Curtiss spotted the wild-eyed San Diego kid. He saw in him the qualities aviation needed in those days: infinite nerve, a cool head and flying instinct. So he took Bert under his wing. For eight months a year Curtiss had the youngster test planes, tinker with motors, and give lessons. The other four he made him go to Throop Polytechnic Institute in Pasadena.

The result was that Bert was one of the few finished aviators on hand in 1914. The Canadians snatched him and set him to training Army and Navy pilots. In all about 300 went through his hands—"most of them are dead now, shot down at the front."

When we got in Bert checked out of the Canadian army and joined the American army. His service wasn't spectacular. He was too valuable a man for that. They set him to training men at Roosevelt Field. He pushed hundreds through and took time out to nurse four consignments of planes overseas.

Once in France he wanted to see what the war he had been hearing of was all about. So he flew up front. A covey of Germans took after him and "I got Hell scared out of me."

Mustered out of the army after the war he did what hundreds of other pilots did: took up barnstorming. But Bert did it better—he's still living. The big loping pilot did wild-eyed stunts for those days; there was hardly anything in the catalogue he'd helped compile that he wouldn't do. But he always got his plane down. The reason probably rests on the rule he laid down for himself in those days: "When I fly junk I treat it like junk."

Probably his best known exploit came in 1928. Richard Evelyn Byrd was planning a trans-Atlantic flight and wanted the two best pilots he could find to take him over. Acosta was a natural. Level-headed old Bernt Balchen was a good foil for Acosta's unstable brilliance. Byrd hired both of them.

Before the flight was over Byrd was wishing he had stuck to exploring. Trouble started first with Anthony—"Wild Tony"—Fokker. Fokker knew the best publicity in the world for the planes he was building would be a trans-Atlantic flight. He sold Byrd one and got the flight squared off. Then delay followed delay. There was bad weather. But one day perfect weather came. By this time Fokker was jittery. There was on the field a newcomer who said he also was going to fly to Europe—Charles A. Lindbergh.

Fokker raged. Why couldn't they get going? Acosta was willing. Balchen didn't give a damn. Then Byrd explained that things would have to be held up a bit longer—that he had to attend a farewell dinner given by Rodman Wannamaker, one of the flight's backers. Fokker exploded. A piece of that explosion, one of his big, knotted fists—sent Byrd sprawling. That was mishap No. 1.

Mishap No. 2 never came off. It would have been pretty funny if it had worked.

One night, a couple of weeks before the flight was finally made, Acosta was having a wrestling bout with a bottle of Scotch in a speakeasy. Thought of the flight fought its way through the haze in his head. "I'm going to fly the thing sometime and we might as well get started now," he announced. His friends solemnly seconded the idea.

They got to the field, swung hanger doors open and pulled chucks out from under the plane's wheels. They were going to Paris that night, Byrd or no Byrd. Sleepy field hands talked and wrestled them out of it. If it had worked it would have been one of the most magnificent gestures in aviation history.

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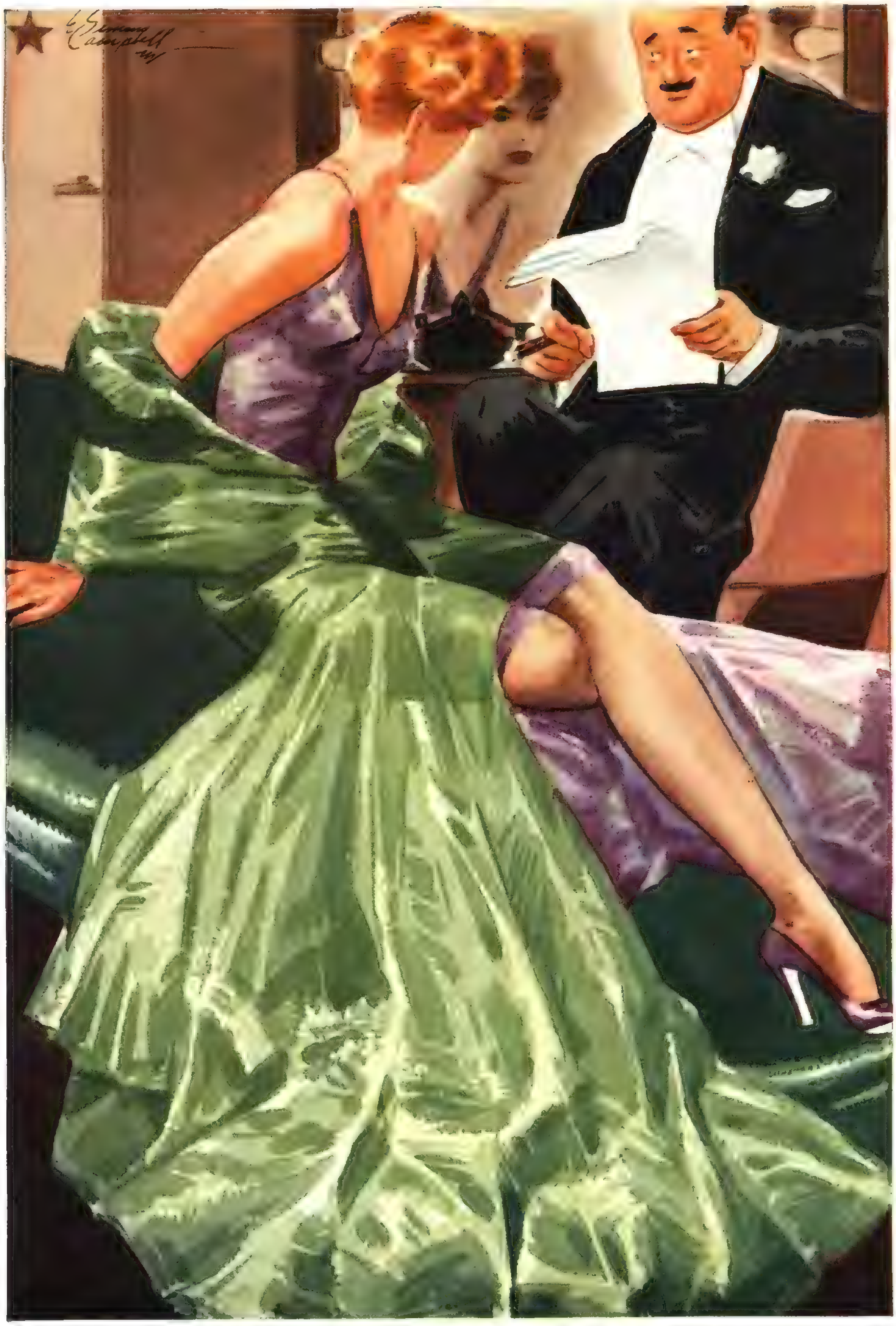
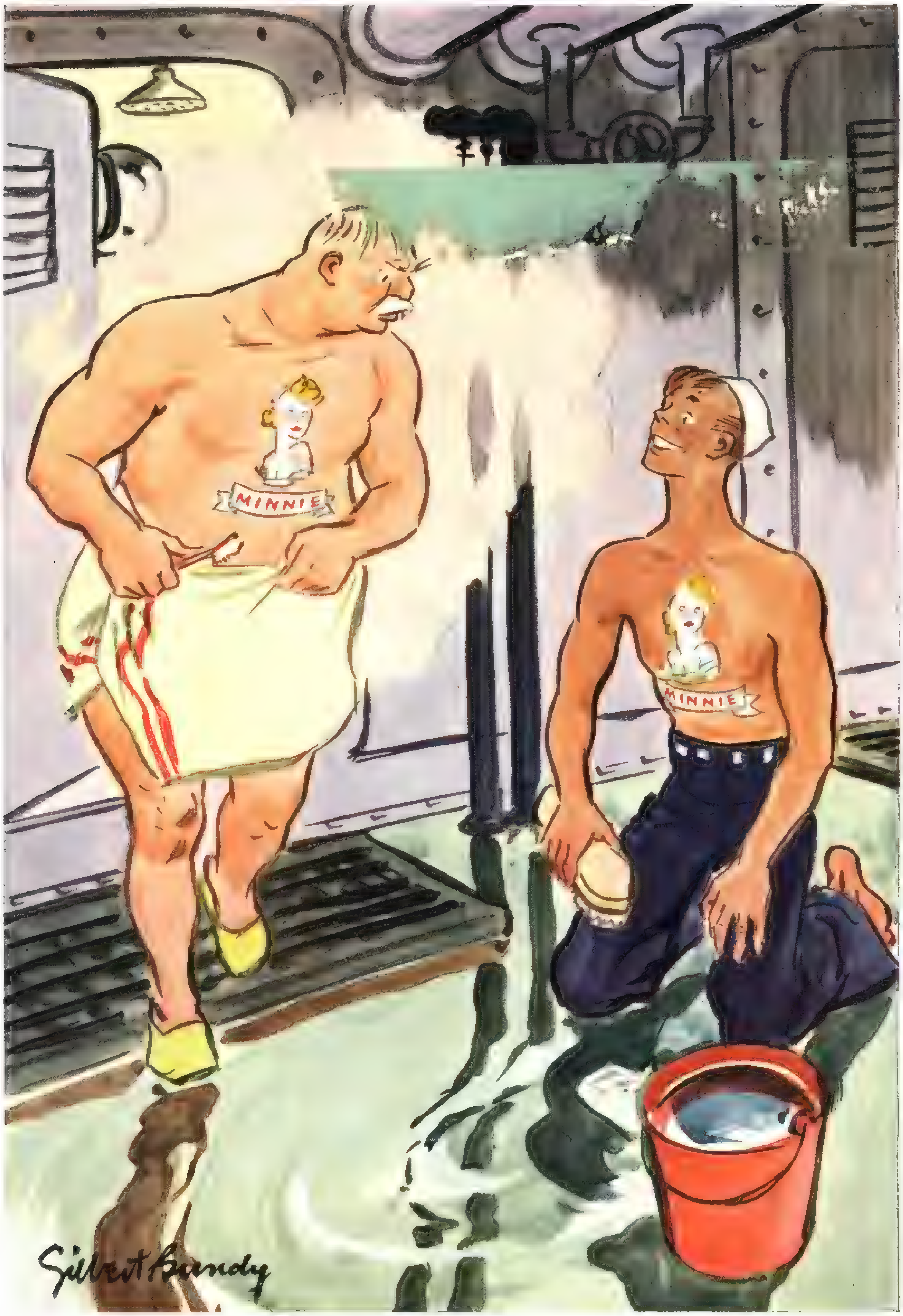


"Is it necessary to put ***that*** *part of our agreement in the contract?"*


MINNIE
MINNIE
Gilbert Bundy

"Well! Sort of a coincidence, eh Admiral?"

"Don't Call Me Doggie!"

At last a man arose and obeyed that impulse to deal with his hearty, good-natured, kidders

by ARTHUR SHUMWAY

FICTION

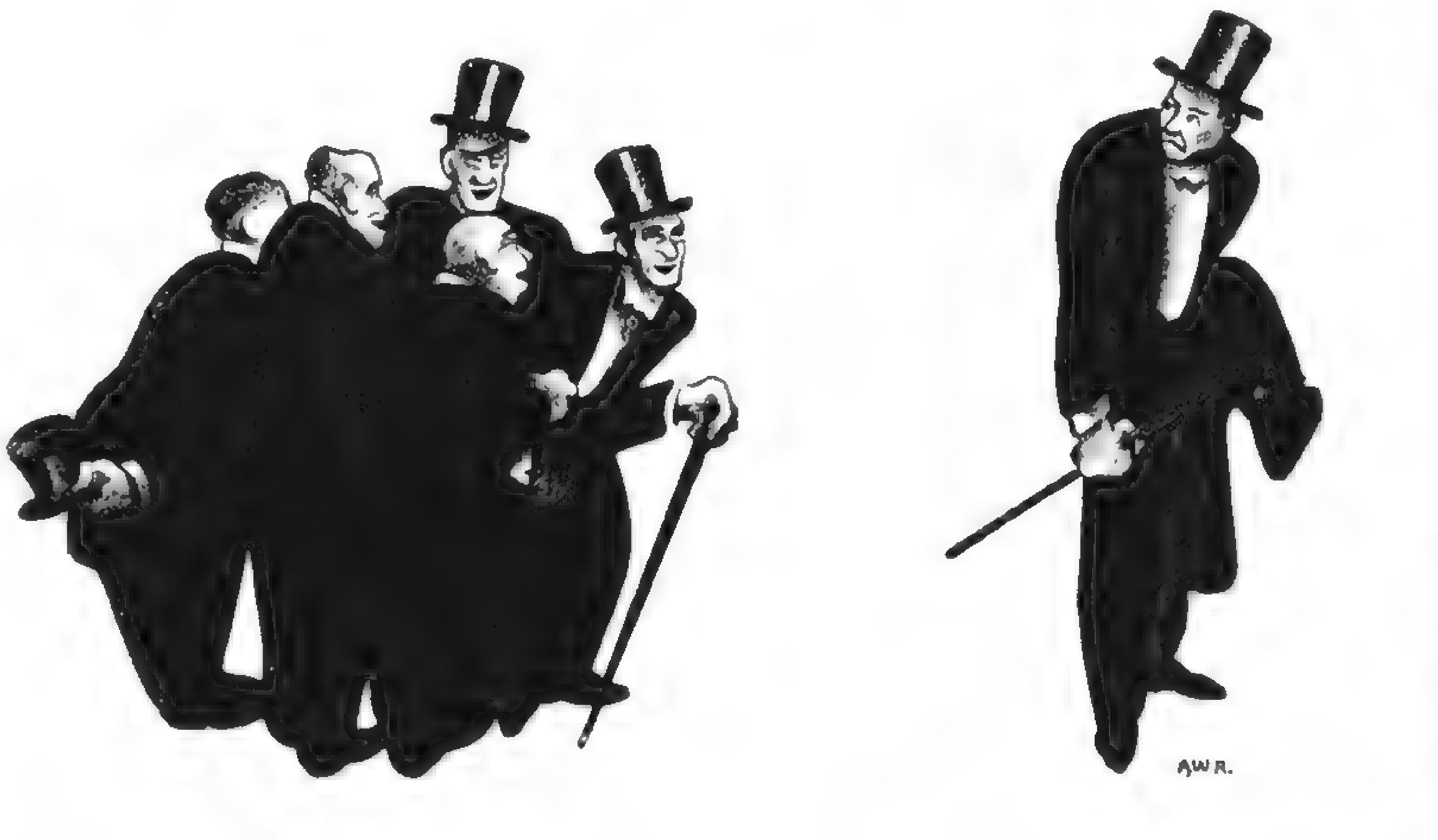
I AM walking up the stairs with the rest of them just as if I wanted to. I am smiling at them and speaking to them. "Hello, Doggie," they say. "Well—Doggie! Where *you* been? I thought maybe the sheriff finally caught up to you." This is Al Peeples having his joke. I laugh with him, of course, but his fat face, like lobster-meat where it has been pinked by the shell, is more loathsome now than ever, and his bray never was more offensive. He is a popular man in this man's town—most fat pink men are popular for some reason, probably because they know they are expected to be jolly—and he sells a lot of printing, belongs to everything and was alderman one term, but he is a blatant ass with a head full of lard and not sense enough to be a real son-of-a-bitch. "Hi, Doggie," they say. Hi, fellows, hi, and I smile at them all. They aren't bad fellows, anyway, most of them; they are pitiful, really.

The same old hall, the same old long tables and uncomfortable folding chairs, the same pretentious shield on the wall, "Service Club," and probably the same old chicken croquets and peas. The same seat between Hank McElligott and Flem Proesch. "Well, hello, Doggie." "Glad to see you back, Doggie." "How'd the election suit you, Doggie?"

Pete Lorimer, the Y. M. C. A. secretary, jumps up as usual to lead the opening song. "Come on now, fellows, the old pepper." Dick Mifflin looks up from the piano. Pete nods and lifts his hand. "Come on, fellows!" And we sing. "Sing a song of Service, pockets full of smiles . . ." I don't sing; I just open and close my mouth like a goldfish and mumble the words to myself. I'll bet Hank McElligott who is standing right beside me can't even hear my voice. If a man who couldn't sing and didn't like to try had any courage he would just stand and keep his mouth shut till everybody got through, and when Pete Lorimer pointed at him and yelled, "Come on now, Doggie. The old pepper. Let's hear that golden tenor now!" he would just laugh and let Pete like it. It is the sort of thing that would make Pete ridiculous. But I just stand and keep pretending. Like people keep going to church on Sunday morning and keep asking each other how they are, as if they give a damn, and laugh at the right times, look sympathetic at the right times, wear the kind of clothes the clerks push at them, try to look fed when they're starving to death, and vote for any Democrat no matter if he's no better than a nigger. And for that matter, there is many a nigger I wouldn't swap for ten white bastards I could name in this man's town.

We all bow while Tom Andrus says grace. A fine lot of strong, hungry men standing around a table waiting while one flannel-mouth who steals more legally in a week than many an honest burglar does in a year bows his head and asks God to bless the chicken croquets and peas we're going to burn in our stomachs and bowels.

And now when we sit down the voices start all at once. It is as if somebody suddenly opened a henhouse door. They talk about bedlam; there is no crazier sound on God's earth than the clacking, clucking and braying of a mess of people. If you just close your eyes and *try* to listen to it, to just the mass sound without trying to catch the words, it makes your ears dizzy. They strain and hope for some kind of a rhythm in all that babble, but there isn't any rhythm; that is what makes your nerves furious till they all want to scream for regularity.



The funny part is I don't have to be sitting here. I stayed away three weeks and I could stay away three more, or three years, if I felt like it, only I come just to hear it all again, just as you keep worrying at a tooth that has a dull ache.

I am going to hear more about it; I know I am; more than just the name Doggie; and I find myself waiting for it, wanting to hear it, when I could just as well be staying away. I know what it is all right and if I have sense enough to know it and to tell myself about it, then I can't be crazy, can I?

I know that I will always hear about it as long as I stay in this man's town and I don't intend to move so I guess I will always hear about it all right. When you get a few of your friends to put some money into something and it doesn't make them anything you will always hear about it. Especially if it happens to be dog biscuit. That Al Peeples, I can hear him now the first time I came to Service after it was announced in the paper with my picture and a little editorial about another industry for South Florida.

Barking like a dog, "Arf, arf, arf, ARF!" when I came in, then giving the signal to that whole crowd of hoodlums at his table who always help him play his little stunts, and all of them rising and sticking their fingers at their heads to imitate dog ears and baying and howling like a pack of hounds.

That was the day he gave me the name. "Mr. President, I make a motion that we change the nickname of one of our members, Walt Gorham. In view of Walt's remarkable discovery I move we adopt the more appropriate and fitting name of Doggie." And the next week when I took my name badge down off the rack as I came in I found that they had sent off and got a new one with the name, Doggie. *Hi, Doggie. How's Doggie? How's the dog biscuit king? Do you take those things yourself, Doggie? Will they cure a cold? Pete was asking me if they'd grow hair on a bald head. Will they, Doggie?*

That is what a man gets for inventing a medicated, balanced dog biscuit, I guess, and trying to put it on the market, not to make a lot of money, but to do some good. They would be on sale all over the country today, too, if those fellows had stayed behind me instead of backing out when they found they were not going to be millionaires. All we needed was advertising in the right magazines, the pet and dog magazines, and hunting and sportsmen's magazines, and ones like *Vanity Fair* and *Spur* and the best newspapers. You can't just expect to send cases of the stuff around to drug stores and pet shops and expect it to sell like Smith Brothers Cough Drops overnight.

And they should have thought of the people they put out of work here in town. All they talk about now is the unemployment problem and yet they walked out and threw six men and twelve girls out of the jobs I had made for them.

But I guess I had it coming for going into something because of idealism. The dirty part of it is, though, that the Dog's Friend Biscuit really works. It furnishes just the right balanced nourishment for the dog's

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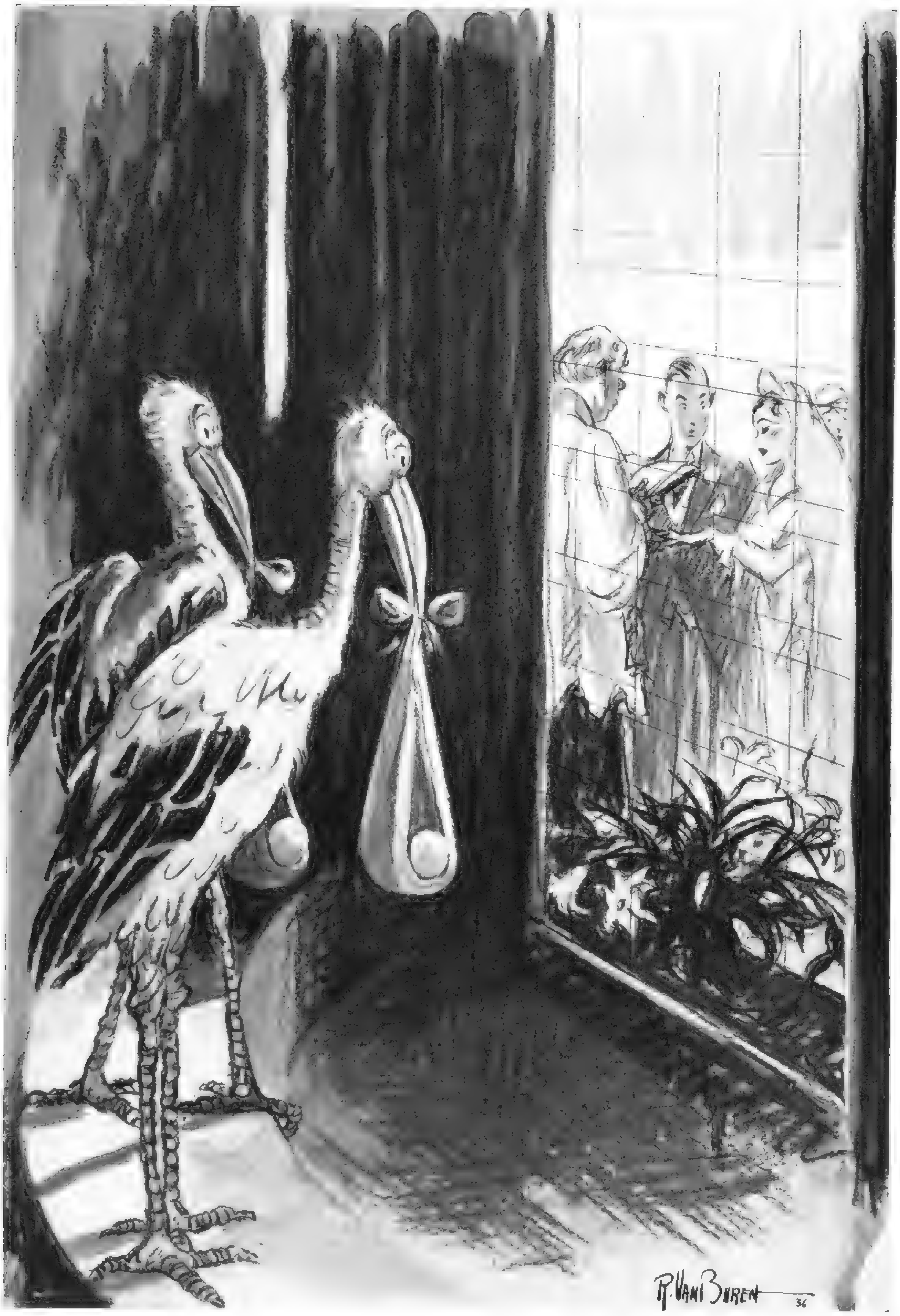

R. VAN BUREN 36

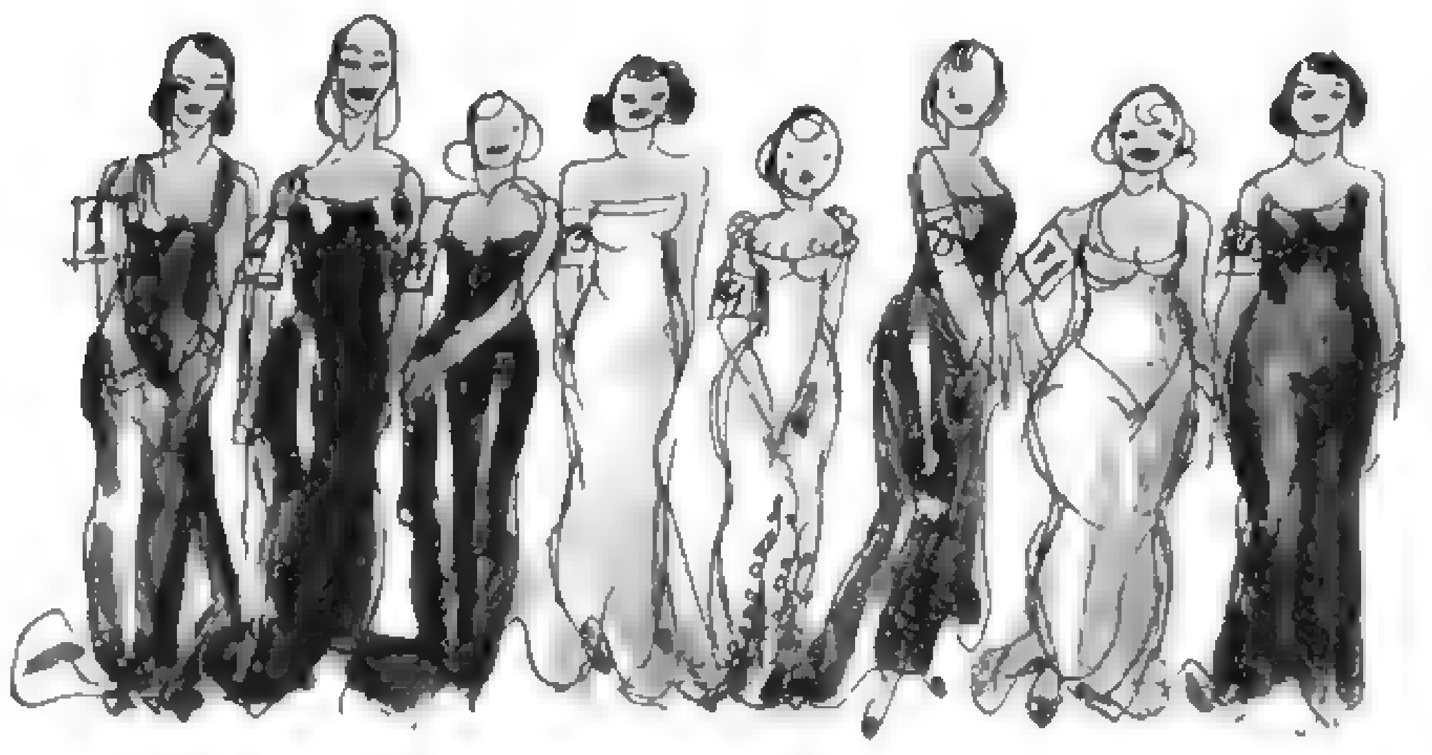
"Are you sure this is the right address?"

Without Benefit of Ethics

It's hard to know what to think when two business men vote for the same girl as Miss Elkville

by GEORGE B. ANDERSON

▪ SATIRE ▪



Dear Mr. Contest Editor:

My entry in your competition for essays on *Ethics of the Modern American Business Man* isn't going to cover the side of the story you want, I'm afraid, but I've been itching to get this off my chest ever since the contest to name Miss Elkville, Iowa. So even if my article doesn't win the Grand International Service Club First Prize Silver Loving Cup, I'll be satisfied if certain parties see my letter in print. I'm in a position to know plenty about business men, being a former secretary of the Elkville Chamber of Commerce.

I want to say right at the outset that I've never promoted a special event for the good of Elkville but what some chiseling business man didn't try to make things work out better for himself than for his brother merchants. Despite all the literature I've distributed on The Golden Rule in Business and Pulling Together Lifts the Load, it seems that as soon as a storekeeper sees a chance to cut his competitor's throat he's out to do it.

To show you how bad this state of affairs can be, we had to call off our Free Pancake Day altogether, because every merchant in Elkville who sold pancake flour threatened to drop out of the Chamber unless I featured his brand.

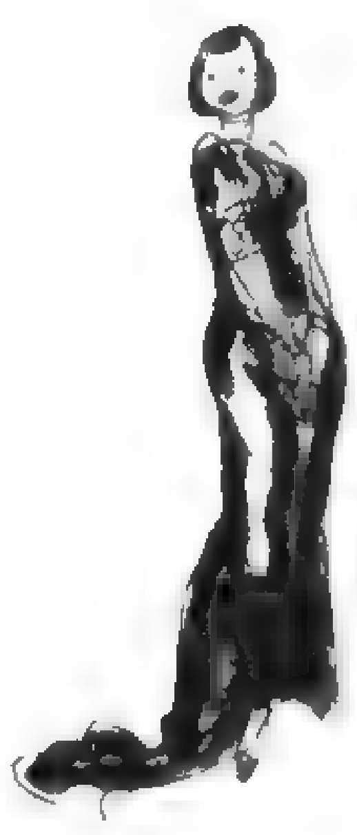
But I never knew how low-down mean and actually immoral the Modern American Business Man was until the contest to name Miss Elkville.

The contest was my own idea and something different from the general run of good will stunts. I got an inspiration to select Elkville's most perfect bathing beauty and give her a free all-expense trip to California, furnishing her with a letter of recommendation to the moving picture studios and giving her exploitation which would undoubtedly result in her being able to make a good deal of money as well as a name for herself and Elkville.

Never in the history of our little city had so much enthusiasm been generated as was stirred up by this contest. After I had outlined my plan to the Chamber board of directors, they saw with unusual foresight for them that the contest would be a really metropolitan stunt, one not usually attempted by organizations in cities our size. Several directors thought it would put us in line for the Grand International Silver Cup for the Best Civic Promotion of the Year.

Right at the outset, I was disappointed by the class of entries who registered for the event.

Most of them were waitresses of rather coarse nature, store clerks and girls with out the refinement and class I had expected.



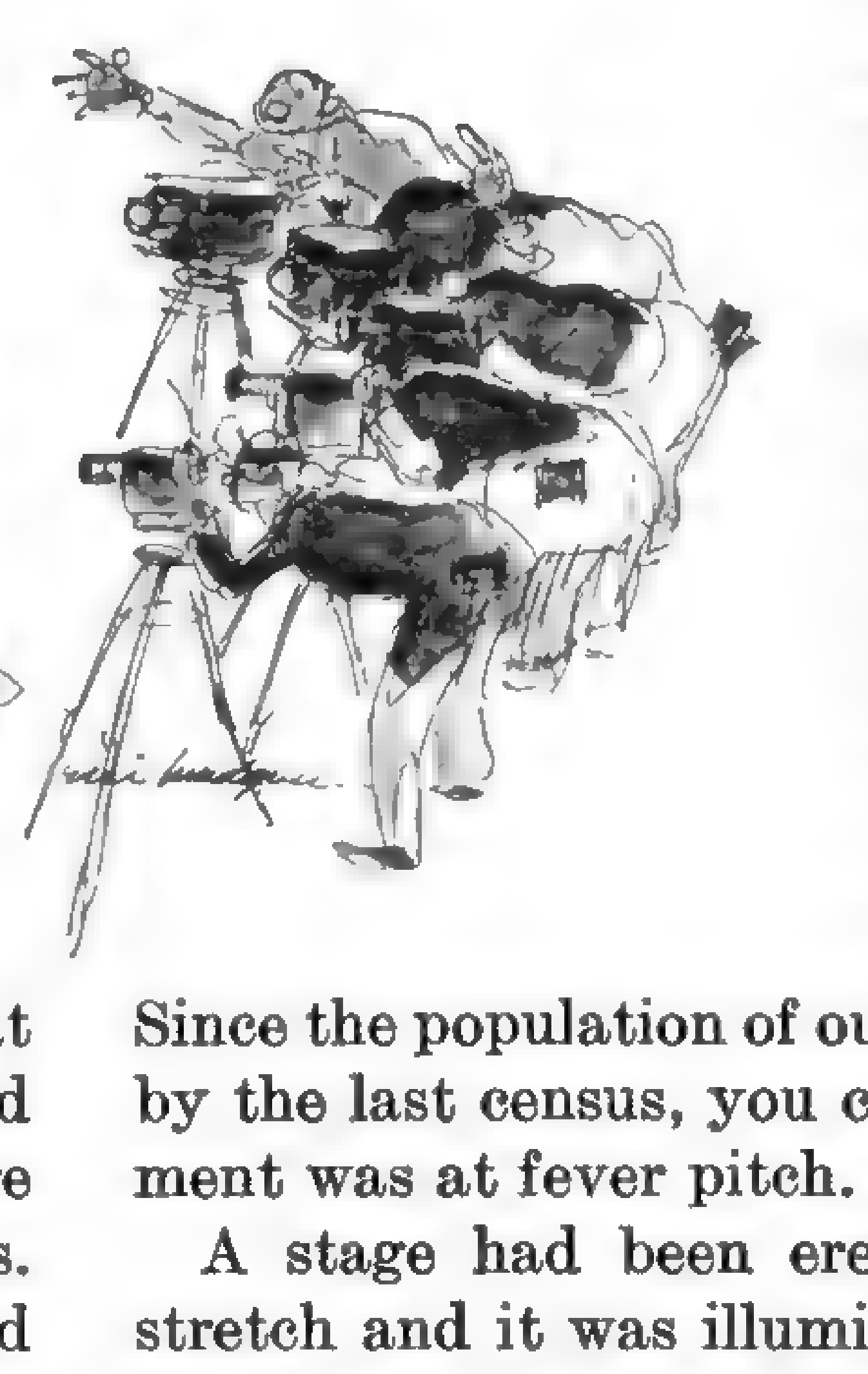
My first difficulty came with the registration of a young woman who was absolutely notorious. Her name had been bandied about the Elkville Pool Hall many times and she was not a girl we would want to be known to the world as Miss Elkville.

I called the directors together and broached the subject of her entrance into the contest to them.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I hesitate to besmirch the name of any woman, but I do not feel that Miss Keeney is the type of girl we want to choose to carry the colors of Elkville across the continent. It seems to me that she should be barred from the Choose Miss Elkville contest."

Instead of the agreement which I had expected, I met an uneasy silence.

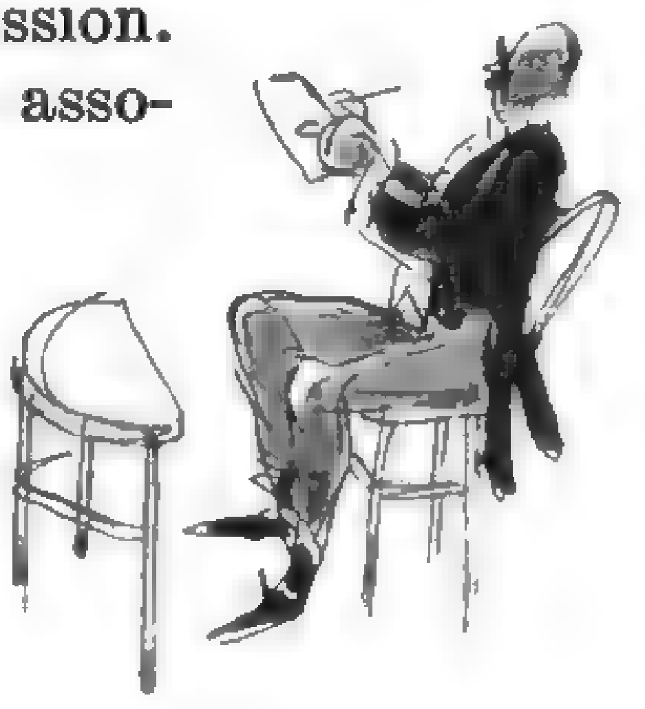
"She's a hellcat, that girl," Oscar Klandrud, a lumber and coal merchant, finally said. "There's no telling what she might say or do if we was to throw her out. Not that anybody would believe anything she said, you understand, but I always say there's no need to stir up a lot of gossip when there's too much of it floating around already."



I had heard vague rumors linking the names of Miss Keeney and Mr. Klandrud, so I was not too surprised at his statement—but I was really shocked when the other members of the board were unanimous in approving his sentiments.

It was decided that Miss Keeney should be permitted to enter the contest. The men agreed, however, that no board member would vote for her when the time came to choose the winner.

Fortunately, it seemed, one young lady of remarkable physical charms and high intellectual attainments entered the competition. Miss Alice Holverstad, teacher in the third grade of Edgar A. Guest Public School, was a woman with the beauty necessary to win the contest and the ability to make her mark in the theatrical profession.



Naturally, she hesitated to associate herself with the type of young women who had entered the contest. When she discussed the matter with me, I could see that she would have cause for deep humiliation were she to be defeated by some of the very common girls who were competing for the title of Miss Elkville and the trip to California.

Without the slightest intention of being unfair and only because I saw it would be for the best interests of our community, I assured her in confidence that I would do everything within my power to see that she won first place. I realized that for any one of the other entries to win would mean a serious possibility of our fair city's being made a laughing stock or having its name dragged in the dust. I say with pride that I exerted every possible influence to persuade her to enter. Since I was secretary of the sponsoring organization, Miss Holverstad could see that my endorsement of her candidacy would virtually mean her selection.

The preliminary campaign in connection with the contest was an extraordinarily successful event. We held a Miss Elkville Sales Day that resulted in a terrific volume of trade, and when the time came for the Gala Parade of Elkville Pulchritude the crowd at the fairgrounds numbered close to three thousand. Since the population of our city is only 3,126 by the last census, you can see that excitement was at fever pitch.

A stage had been erected in the home stretch and it was illuminated by powerful floodlights borrowed from three gasoline

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My Brother and I

A showoff knows he's breaking the one thing that he wants to keep, and yet can't stop himself

by GERALD BRECKENRIDGE

▪ FICTION ▪

"SET point!" He said it at last, in the half-laughing, mocking drawl he'd been using throughout the match, but I didn't care, I was so glad it was over. Then he served and I managed to get my racket on the ball, knowing it was going into the net before I hit it—just as I'd been knowing every ball I swung at was going in the net or over the backline.

I ran to the middle of the court and held out my hand, and while I waited for him to come up, I kept holding onto myself, keeping a fixed smile and thinking that in one moment more I could go somewhere out of sight and lie down on the grass or be sick if I had to.

"Nice game," I said, "sorry I couldn't give you some competition."

He didn't smile, and as he turned away to the three girls who had come with him, he tossed over his shoulder, "What was it, three love sets? I'll tell the scorer."

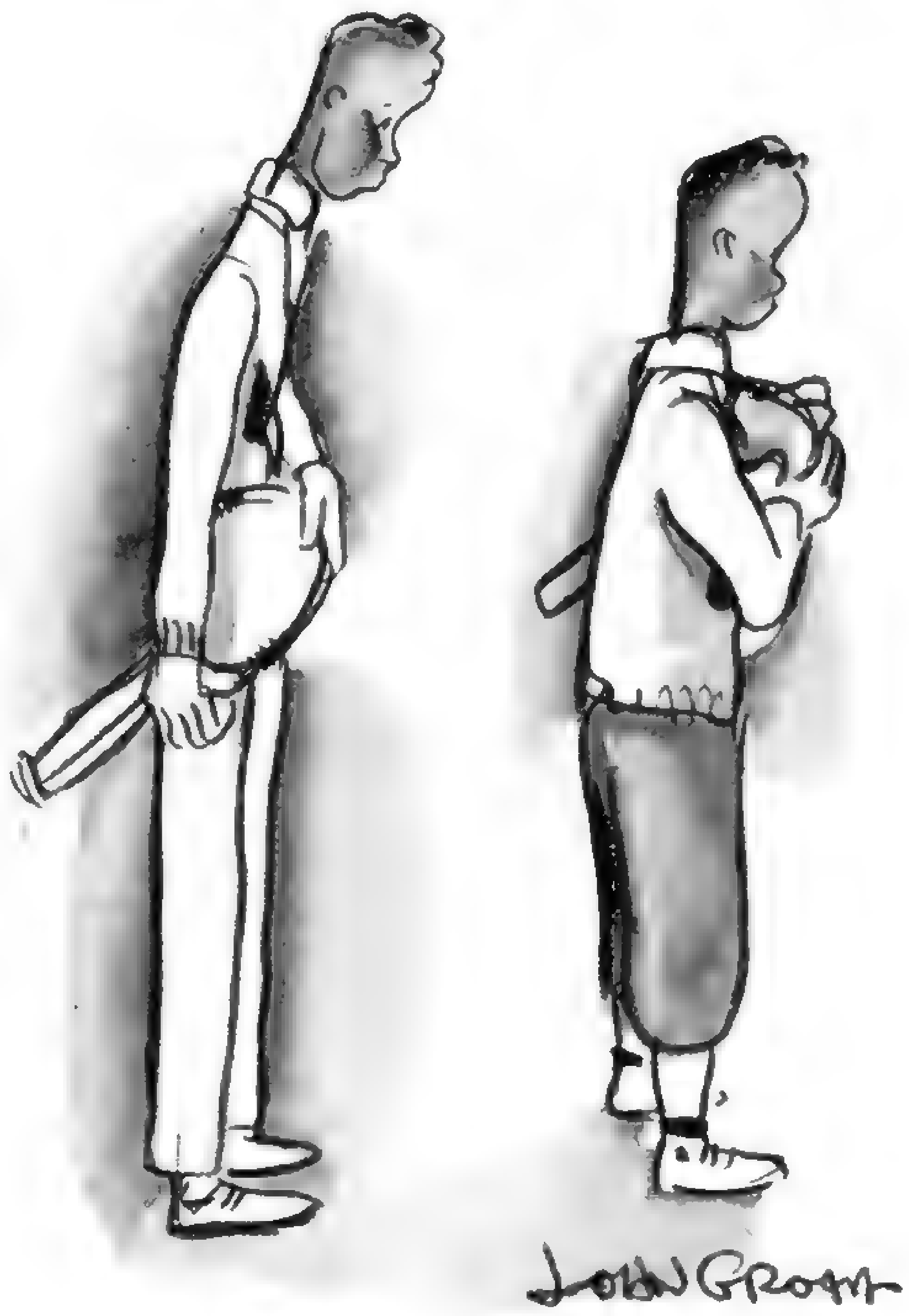
I started to say, "There were those two games I won in the second set," but I remembered at once that he had *given* me those games and so I said aloud, "Yes, three love sets."

I went across the court and found the three almost-new balls I had brought and that he had tossed aside while we were warming up—spilling out a whole boxful of his own brand new ones. When I turned, he already was moving across the lawn toward the clubhouse. He was tall but he didn't seem skinny in his flannels, and he went away with a careless swing of his shoulders, moving above the girls who kept looking into his face and smiling.

When they got beyond several courts, so that there were other players in between, I began to stop quivering inside, but I was still weak. I lay in the grass with my face in my hands, shutting out the bright, un-physical fall morning. There was nobody on the far court to see me, and I had to have a minute to think out what had happened.

Of course, I really knew what it was, because it had taken hold of me quite a few times that summer. You came on the court with your nerves and muscles set to win, but some girls appeared and right away you started watching covertly to see if at least one of them wouldn't look at you. And when the other fellow started warming up with a sweeping stroke that made the ball go "bop!" against his racket, why you started using the stroke, too, even though you knew you couldn't. And when the game started, instead of trying to get the ball back any way you could, you tried to imitate his form. In that way you finally missed one shot completely and one of the girls giggled, and you knew you looked silly and you were lost.

I stood up and started toward the clubhouse, framing what to say to my little brother Tad and Courtney and Snake, the others on the team. "After all, the man I played was seeded third this year, you know. After all, he must be eighteen or nineteen, and that's three or four years older than I am. Besides, he had one of those swell rackets with green gut and my old bat hasn't even been restrung this year."



It sounded like something I'd said before, and I told myself absolutely I wouldn't say it this time—only that he'd licked me. But I knew I would not keep that promise; that was a year when I couldn't do anything I should have. I seemed to be watching myself making an endless series of mistakes, doing and saying things that sickened me.

On the third court, near the clubhouse, there was a match that was attracting the gallery, some university students and a handful of sports reporters who had come out for the opening round of the state high school tournament. Over someone's shoulder I saw it was Tad, playing a thick-eyebrowed brute of a fellow, about twice his size.

Tad always drew the gallery, he was such a little fellow. He was only twelve, or maybe thirteen, and he hadn't shot up skinnily yet, as I had, and he still had to wear knickerbockers. When he wore his red school sweater with the big C on the front, about all you could see was the sweater topped by his large well-formed head—his chunky legs and childlike hands weren't in the picture. You also saw his grin, everybody knew his grin, his wide mouth always ready to laugh. I envied him his mouth. Mine was normal enough, I guess, but it seemed forever shut. They used to kid me and call me "sour puss," and I guess they were right.

Anyway, there was Tad, his short legs twinkling all over the court as he went after the balls. Most of the shots were 'way out of his reach but he went after them anyhow, and quite often he got them back and the gallery applauded and someone yelled, "Go get 'em, little feller." When the return came on his backhand, Tad didn't take a chance by swinging at it but ran clear around the ball and sort of shovelled it up on his forehand.

The beetly fellow wasn't very good, but he'd found the way to beat Tad. He'd draw him up to the net with "cuts" and then pop one over his head and Tad would race back for it, but usually his legs couldn't quite make it. That was the way I'd beaten Tad a hundred times myself, but when I saw this fellow doing it, it made me mad. Once he got Tad up to the net, and instead of knocking the ball over his head, swung down on it with a vicious set to his mouth, banging the ball against Tad's knee. I would have gone out on the court then and hit him with my racket or anything else I had in my hand, but Tad turned back from the net, still grinning, and said the traditional thing Father always made us say, "Nice shot."

In another minute the set was over and everyone was clapping, and you knew they were clapping for Tad, though he'd lost the match. I met him as he came off the court and said, "You put up a swell fight," and he looked as though he'd been wanting to see me and asked, "How'd you make out?" I didn't mind telling him I'd lost—because he'd just lost too. I was glad he couldn't guess that I felt that way, though.

As we started back to the Sig Nu house, where our team was quartered, I was thinking how the fraternity brothers had kidded Tad and me, and how we had disappointed them. When we started out that morning, one of the brothers had called after us, "You shavers better not come back if you don't clean 'em up." You could tell from

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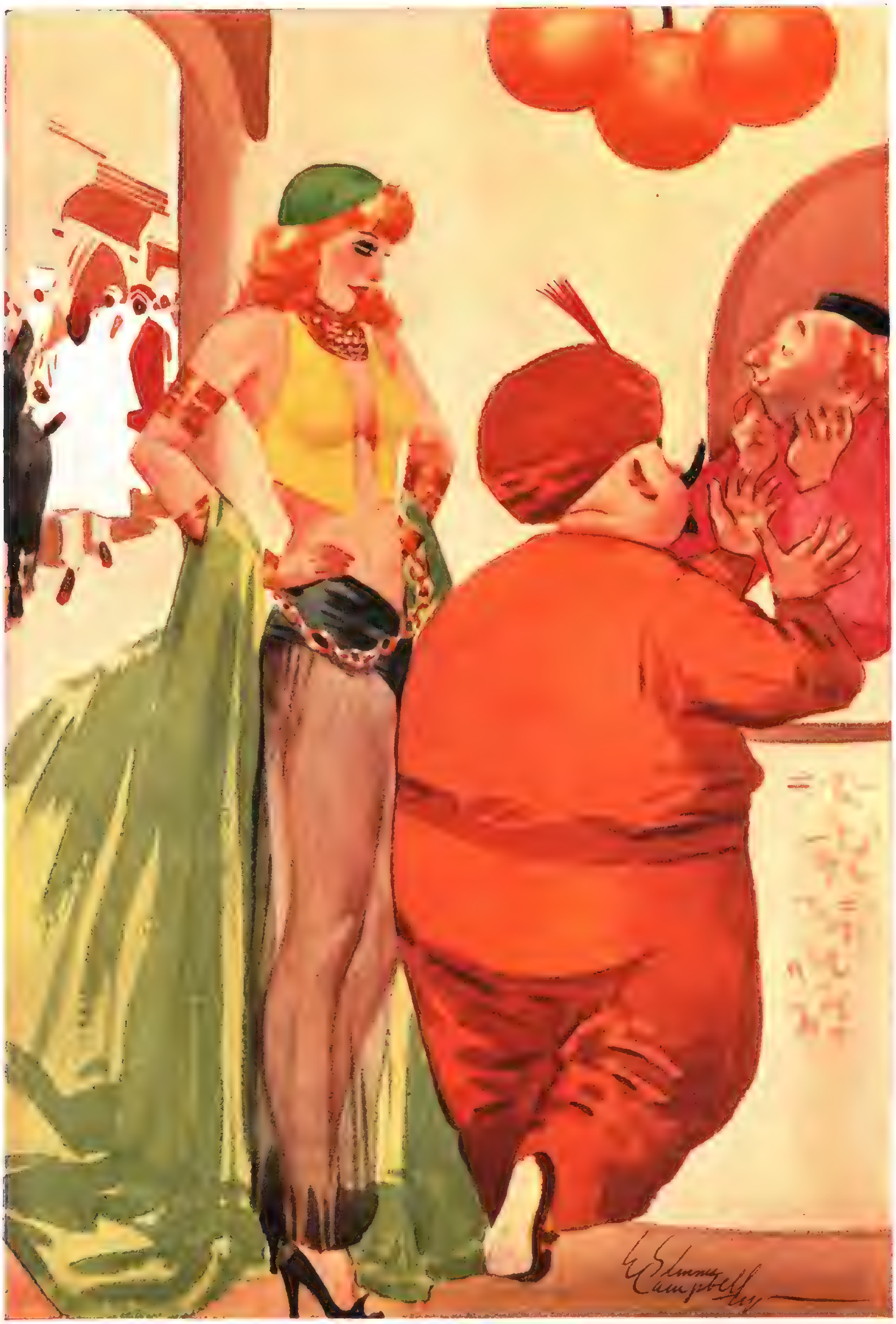
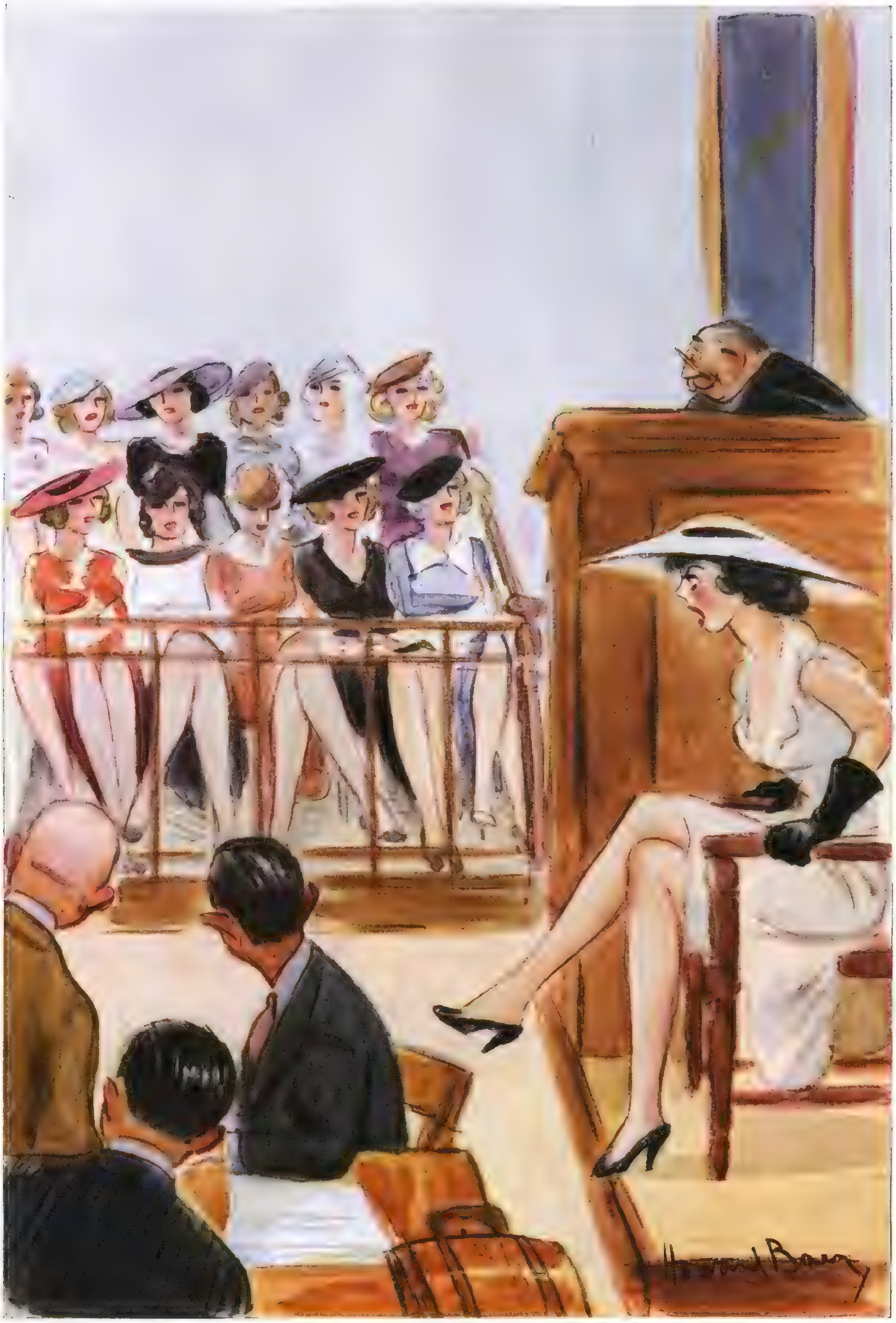

E. Simms Campbell

"Make it ten!"


Howard Baer

"Say, whose trial is this, anyway?"

Women in Court

The wise lawyer would rather be bitten by a rattlesnake than cross-examine a woman

by L. HERMAN & M. GOLDBERG

• ARTICLE •

According to Josephus, Moses is supposed to have said, "Let the testimony of women not be received on account of the levity and audacity of their sex." The same warning has been sounded through the ages, and to this day, women remain the immovable object and the cross-examiner, the irresistible force. In fact, many lawyers refuse to cross-examine a woman, and justly so, if we are to believe Rufus Choate, who once said, "Let me give you my dying advice—never cross-examine a woman. It is of no use. They cannot disintegrate the story they have once told; they cannot eliminate the part that is for you from that which is against you. They can neither combine, nor shade, nor qualify. They go for the whole thing; and the moment you begin to cross-examine one of them, instead of being bitten by a single rattlesnake, you are bitten by a whole barrelful. I never, excepting in a case absolutely desperate, dare to cross-examine a woman."

Men operate by reasoning. Women's minds work on intuition. Women have the same power of observation as men, but they will always swear positively to things regardless of what they have actually witnessed. They are constantly confusing what actually happened with what they think should have happened, and with what happened in the past.

Police officials in New York once recovered a batch of loose stones from a jewel robber. Various women were asked to identify the gems they had lost in recent burglaries. None of the stones was set, and they had no distinguishing marks. It was humanly impossible to tell one from the other. Yet, after an inspection of them many women were positive that they could select their own property. A questioning disclosed the illogical basis on which they acted:

Q. Can you identify that diamond?

A. I am quite sure it is mine.

Q. How do you know?

A. It looks exactly like it.

Q. But may it not be a similar one and not your own?

A. No, it is mine.

Q. But how, it has no marks?

A. I don't care, I know it is mine, I swear it is mine!

Women have many weapons which they use, intentionally and otherwise, to the ruination of a cross-examiner. They are mentally quick, they are positive in their statements, they operate on the shifting basis of intuition, they will change their minds elusively, and skip from one conclusion to another without warning.

One of the favorite anecdotes of Judge W. S. Greer concerns an old shrew who, after having failed to return a borrowed set of dishes, had been haled into court. On being asked to state her case, she blurted out, without stopping for breath, "Your Honor, in the first place, I never borrowed her old dishes. In the second place, they were all cracked up when I got them. And what's more, if you knew how carefully I always handle my things, you'd also know that when I returned them they were as good as new."

Women answer inaccurately. Their reasoning has great gaps of inference. A woman can answer a question with a smile, a shrug, a crying spell, by saying "just because" or, as a last resort, by fainting. Even when taking the witness stand, an innocent smile or the display of a shapely limb can do wonders with a goggle-eyed judge or jury, and woe betide the hapless cross-examiner who brings such a creature to tears by his brutal questioning.

In addition to this, women are tenacious. Once they are given an idea, they hang to it as stubbornly as though it were a broken-down chair, even if it must be stored in the attic. The lawyer has merely to give his women witnesses the one material fact which he wishes to bring out, and they will lose no opportunity of parading it before the jury, and of tossing it up to the cross-examiner, whether he asks for it or not. An elderly woman was the complaining witness in a prosecution for a confidence game. The district attorney impressed upon her, before the trial, that the material point which she must bring out was that she gave money to the defendant which he promised to invest in real estate. Sad to relate, counsel for the defense felt it necessary to examine her, with this result:

Q. Madam, you say you gave the defendant money?

A. I told him to put it into real estate and he said he would.

Q. I did not ask you that. How much did you give him?

A. I told him to put it into real estate and he said he would.

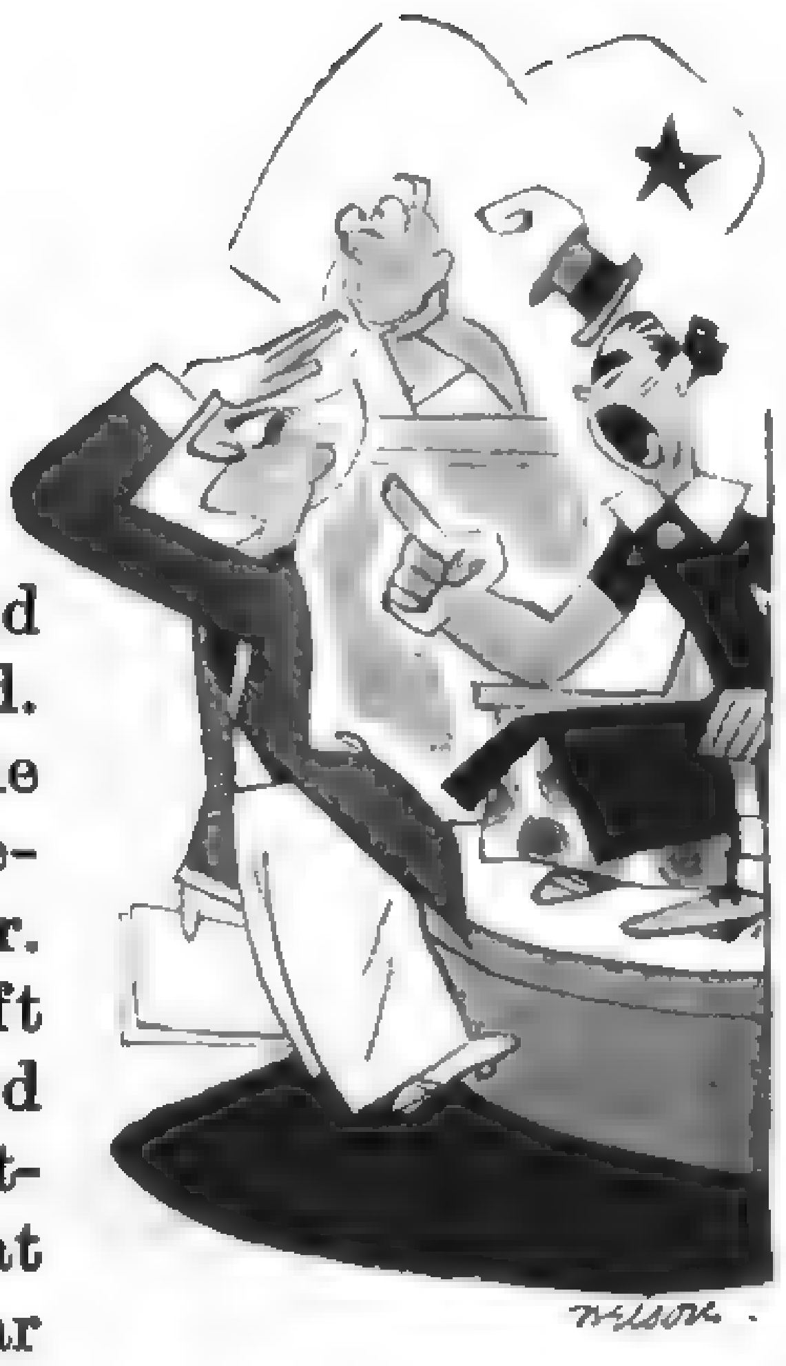
Q. But madam, you do not answer my question. How much did you give him?

A. I told him to put it into real . . .

Q. Yes, yes, we know that, answer the question?

A. . . . estate and he said he would.

But this time, the cross-examiner decided to run to cover. As the witness left the stand and moved to her seat, she muttered audibly, so that the jury could hear her, "I told him to put it into real estate and he said he would."



As a rule, women are quick to take sides and remain extremely partisan. Also, they usually are vindictive, and lose no opportunity of taking a slap at the opposition. If a woman is asked on cross-examination, "Do you know the defendant?" She will answer, "Yes, to my cost." Or, answering a simple question, "How old are you?" she will tell the cross-examiner her age, with the proverbial deductions, and add, "Old enough to have known better than to trust the defendant."

One lawyer, who realized these shortcomings in women, had occasion to question a very flashily dressed elaborately enameled demimonde. He eyed her speculatively and, with some trepidation, asked:

Q. What do you do for a living?

A. I am a lady of leisure.

Realizing that he had scored his point, the lawyer nodded his head, looked over to the jury knowingly and replied, "That will do, thank you. You may step down."

Later, the same lawyer was involved in a case in which another woman was to be cross-examined by him. Heartened by his previous success with the insidious sex, the poor barrister asked the same question of her and got this answer thrown at him in contemptuous wrath, with all the withering scorn that the witness could muster into her voice:

A. I am a respectable, married woman with seven children. I do nothing for a living except cook, wash, scrub, make beds, clean windows, mend my children's clothes, mind the baby, teach the four oldest their lessons, take care of my husband, and try to get enough sleep to be up by five in the morning. I guess if some lawyers worked as hard as I do, they would have sense enough not to ask impertinent questions.

The flabbergasted lawyer could do nothing at this outburst but, like the Arab, fold up his tent, and silently steal away.

It is a truism perhaps to say that women are talkative. As the vaudevillians have it, they seem to have been vaccinated with a phonograph needle. Sometimes, an innocent question, put by an unsuspecting lawyer as a

Continued on page 137

I Am Going Home

Anton Dimi went from the fat lands to Paris, where learning and love come in small packages

by KONRAD BERCOVICI

▪ FICTION ▪

Anton was raised in a home built of roughly hewn stone by one of his ancestors, some six hundred years ago. That Dimi, for whom the village was eventually named, had brought his family down the Danube river, on a raft, with only an ax, a loom and a bag of flour, early in the spring and before the first snow had fallen his young wife and children were under a roof of split timber, the house was stocked with food, the shed with wood, and there were two huge fireplaces in which were burning man size tree trunks. That Dimi, the legend of the family said, had burned down his house on the upper part of the river, when the Turks had profanated it by crossing its door, and had turned his back on the rest of the country to begin life anew on virgin territory. In time, other peasants, hardy and adventurous, came to live in the same region, but the village of Dimi has remained an island of refuge for those who hated the Turks.

The generations following Dimi have added to the house, a room to the right, a room to the left, the barns have been enlarged and a few shacks have come up here and there about the courtyard but the place is still very much as it had been six hundred years ago, even to the hook in the wall, to which he had moored the raft on which he had poled the family down from the upper regions of the river.

Anton Dimi's parents had many relatives, aunts, cousins and every other kind of kin, spread over a hundred miles. All the Dimis, no matter how distant the relationship, were bright and intelligent, though few of them could read or write. The "House on the River" was considered more like a root house, father and mother of everything and everybody, than the home of the main branch of the family.

They were a numerous family, Anton's. They lived off the land and the river and the sea. They grew their own food, raised cattle, sheep, fowl, draft horses, riding horses, fished, hunted, cleared land, and there wasn't one in the family who couldn't turn his hand at a hundred things. Shoeing a horse, skin a steer, make rope, boil down lard and lye for soap, build a chimney or tan a calf skin soft enough to make baby shoes and gloves out of it, were only a few things any member of the Dimi family was expected to do well.

From early spring to late in the fall they were a peasant family, and out the whole day long in the fields and the barns, but when the winter drove them within doors they changed into a different species. The people in the "House on the River" were the aristocracy of the clan. They read books in different languages. Anton's mother played the guitar and had a beautiful voice. Anton played the violin his grandfather had given him and taught him how to play. His father was interested in the writing of the ancient Greeks. The six months of winter were six months of school with the older people teaching all they knew to the younger ones. It had been like that for six hundred years.

The chores were on the servants. The cellar was stocked with the best wines of the country. From the rafters of the kitchen hung dried strips of lamb and beef and whole carcasses of smoked and spiced wild geese and grouse, and shoulders and hindquarters of deer. From under the rafters of an adjoining room, hung smoked sturgeons and salmons fished out of the Danube at the best time, when their bellies were white and fat, and the best parts of other fishes dried and preserved according to a formula that belonged to the house.

The Dimis never entered the winter without a dozen small barrels of the best caviar for their late night suppers. At midnight those who were still up gathered in the main room lit by a kerosene lamp hanging from the ceiling, and there after a last log was thrown in the fireplace they ate caviar with wooden soup spoons, drank mulled red wine and discussed the latest book or listened to their father's interpretation of a passage from Socrates or Plato.

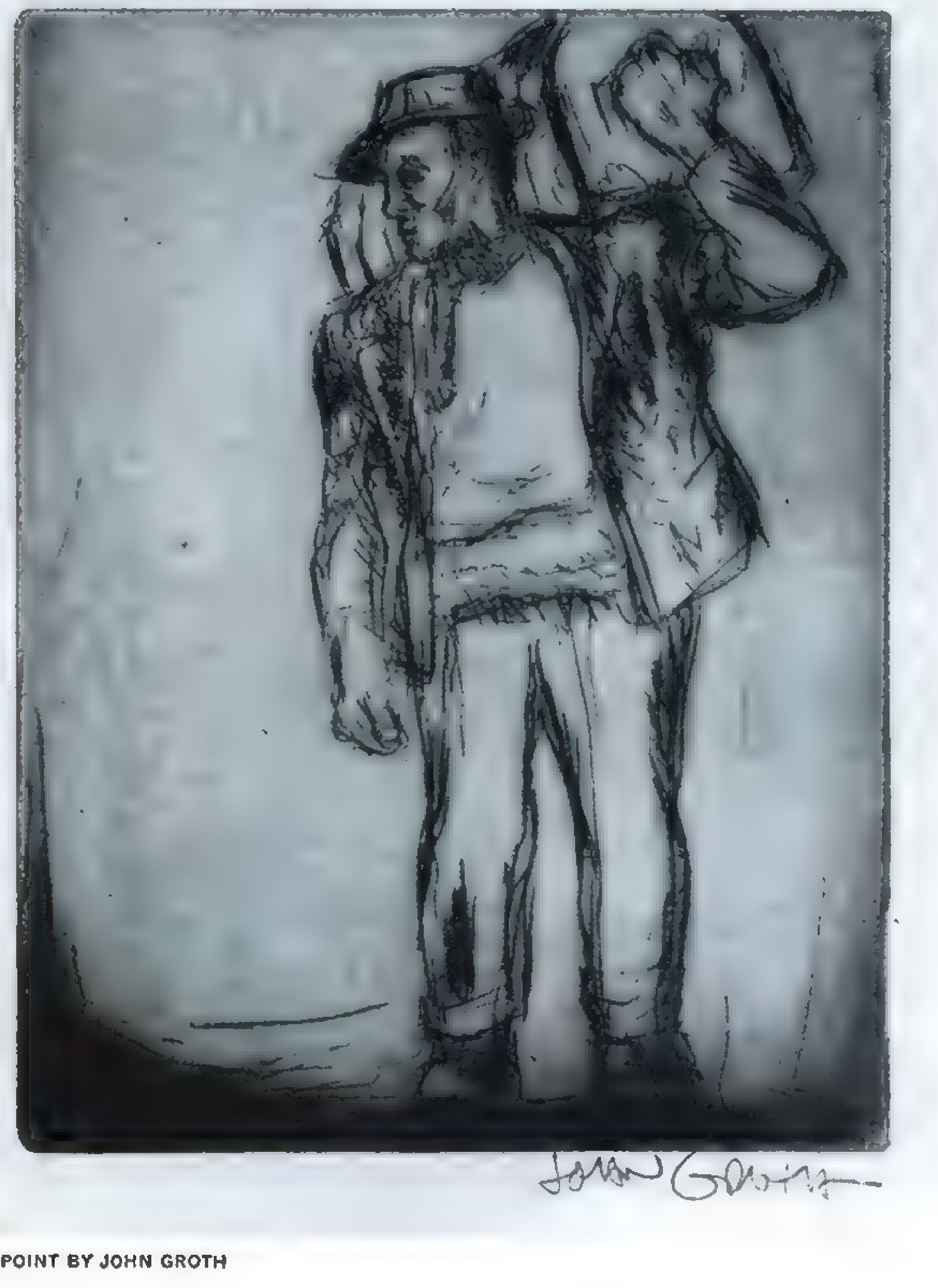
When the spring rains had thawed the ground for ploughing and the ewes were lambing and the cattle had to be set out for early grazing, they stored away their books, dropped all discussion on Socrates or Plato and were in the fields again. By then the caviar barrels were empty, the rafters were denuded of fish and smoked meat and the women folk were beginning to wash and card the wool that had been shorn off the backs of the lambs the previous fall.

* * *

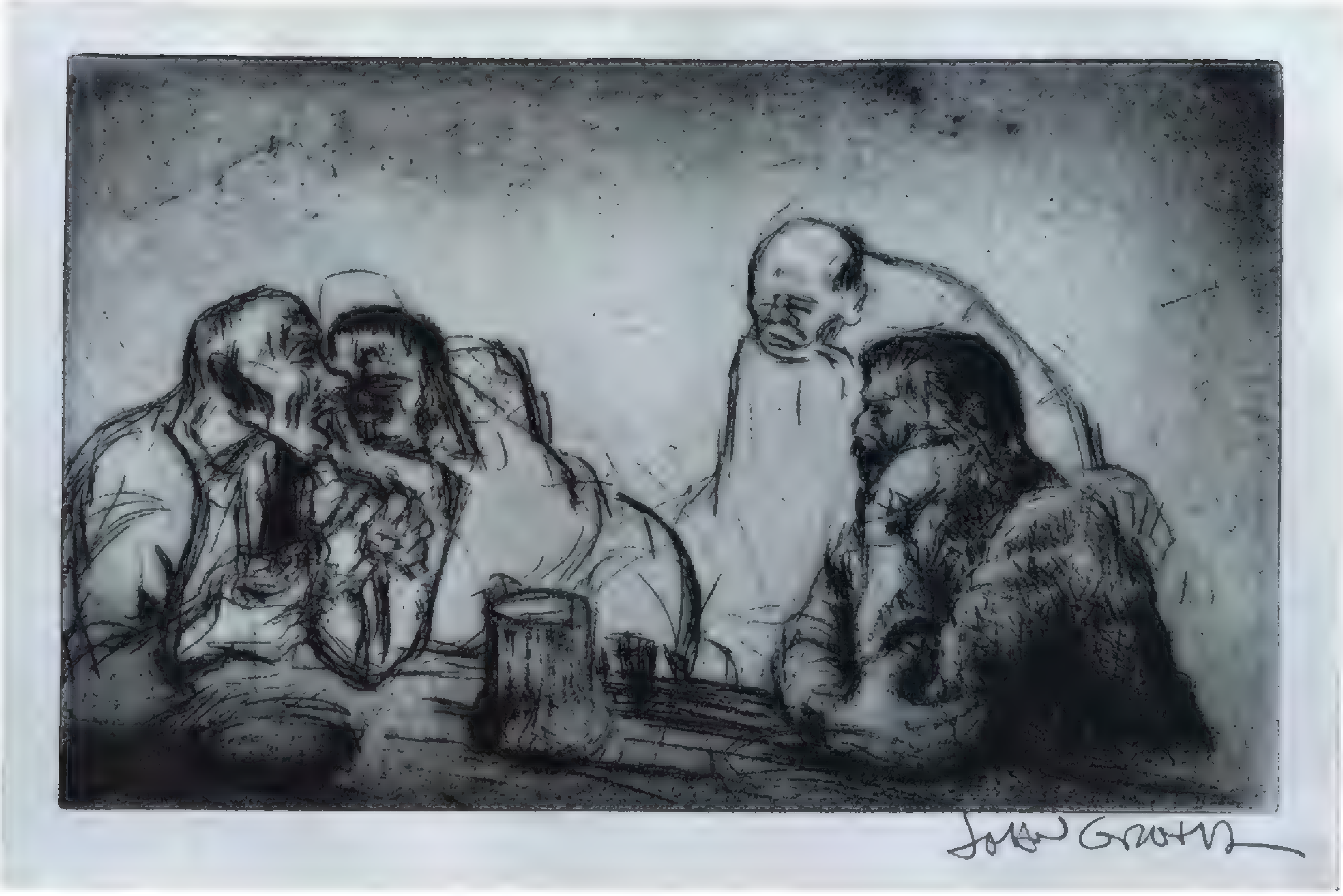
And suddenly Anton, the oldest of the young Dimis, was twenty; with the neck of a wrestler and the shoulders of a coal heaver and a mind that wasn't satisfied with the nourishment it received at home. He wanted to go to the sources from whence came all the learning in his home. His father listened. In his youth he, too, had had similar desires but hadn't been able to satisfy them. He had become the head of the house too soon.

If Anton were to go anywhere he must go to Paris. Paris was the main source of learning, and of the several languages Anton knew well, but spoke imperfectly, he knew French best. In Paris there were schools of philosophy and there also one could learn more of the origin of things than one could from books. Whatever Anton would bring back would go down the Dimi line and would be like the seed they kept from every harvest.

That was early in the spring. Was it because they all worked harder or was it because luck was with Anton? But they had never had better fishing nights than that summer. The bees never gave more or better honey. The butter and the lambs they carried to the market brought excellent prices. In one month Anton killed four wolves and got the township bounty, and there wasn't a Sunday that he didn't take a few braces of grouse and wild ducks to town. His brothers helped along and even the servants, half freemen, half serfs, and the most



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

distant relatives felled trees and split logs and loaded them on the ox-cart for Anton to take to the market on Thursdays, when fire wood was sold to the town dwellers. At the end of the summer Anton did feel a little twinge somewhere when he noticed that his father had put aside only half as many caviar barrels for the winter and sold the rest. The rafters of the kitchen didn't seem as plentifully hung with meat as in other years.

Before the first snow had fallen the Dimis counted up their money. After paying transportation both ways, to Paris and back, Anton would have enough to live on for six months, if he did live on a hundred francs (twenty dollars) a month. Anton assured his father, and the rest of the family, that it was surely twice more than necessary but the older people insisted that living was rather expensive in the City of Light and that Anton would need all of it.

"With your appetite!" And then they all laughed.

The local carpenter built Anton a specially fashioned trunk and it was packed to the brim with homespun shirts and embroidered vests and knitted socks. Besides the clothes on his back, new ones of homespun, he had an extra suit made for him of "bought" cloth and tailored by the Russian deserter. When the suit was brought home from the tailor Anton's grandmother did her best embroidery work on the cuffs and about the pockets of the coat and the trousers. The shoes on his feet fitted a little too well and pinched here and there but the "chiobotar," the local shoemaker, assured him that they were made out of the finest calf leather, tanned by himself, and would in time stretch to fit like a glove. The extra pair of shoes in the trunk were even a little tighter than that.

There wasn't a human being left at work in the village when Anton's father took his place on the driver's seat to take his son to the railroad station, some fifteen miles away from Dimi. They had all come to say goodbye. The nearest and remotest kin and all their serfs and servants. And there wasn't a dry eye in a woman as they passed by to shake hands with the one about to leave. And there was one pair of eyes, of beautiful young eyes, the eyes of Ileana, a neighbor's daughter, that were red from many night's weeping.

Before the train left his father told him.

"I am as happy as if I, myself, were going. Don't forget to laugh. Nothing worth while is learned in sadness. Most people die from the poison sadness deposits in their blood."

It was his father's sincere belief; one on which he based his life and philosophy. He was a smiling, laughing, cynic.

The third class car looked like a traveling paradise to the young peasant; even if the other travelers looked more like swine than angels. The hard wooden bench on which he sat the whole day and on which he stretched out to sleep at night was softer than the soft couch on which he had slept at home. He had plenty of food; a box full of preserved cold meat and another one with jars of jams and homemade bread and cakes, and also a jug of the best wine from his father's cellar to wash it down with.

The train rolled on through the fields and towns of Austria, Italy and Germany. When it reached the French border, on the fifth night, Anton was almost drunk with joy. In the morning he was in Paris. He had the address of a little hotel, on the left bank, given him by the conductor of the train, and asked the policeman to direct him when he came out of the station, his brightly painted home made trunk on his left shoulder and a heavy carpet bag on his right arm.

"Where is the Rue Rochereau?"

"You can't get there on foot," the policeman said.

"And why not?"

"It would take you more than two hours."

Anton laughed. Two hours! Two hours through the streets of Paris. The trunk wasn't heavier than a feather. Ever since he had been ten he had carried hundred pound sacks of wheat from the mouth of the thresher to the granary. And the policeman said that two hours with that trunk were too much through the streets of Paris! As he walked down the Boulevard, he was seeing women the like of which he had never seen before; incredibly light on their feet and walking so rhythmically they seemed to dance. The women of his village were at least as beautiful but they were heavy on their feet. The show windows were an unending delight and there were mirrors in front of every cafe and every shop and people decked out as on a holiday, though it was the middle of the week. He was at the Hotel de Geneve before he knew it and was sorry he had gotten there so soon.

The room at the hotel was his first disappointment. Its price was the third of his monthly allowance, wasn't one third the size of the room he had slept in at home, and was dark and musty and not overclean. He hadn't expected anything like that in Paris. Still . . . he was in Paris. There were courses at the Sorbonne and courses at the Ecole de Philosophie, and he hoped to get to see the inside of the conservatory of music. He played the fiddle not well, but passionately

Continued on page 144

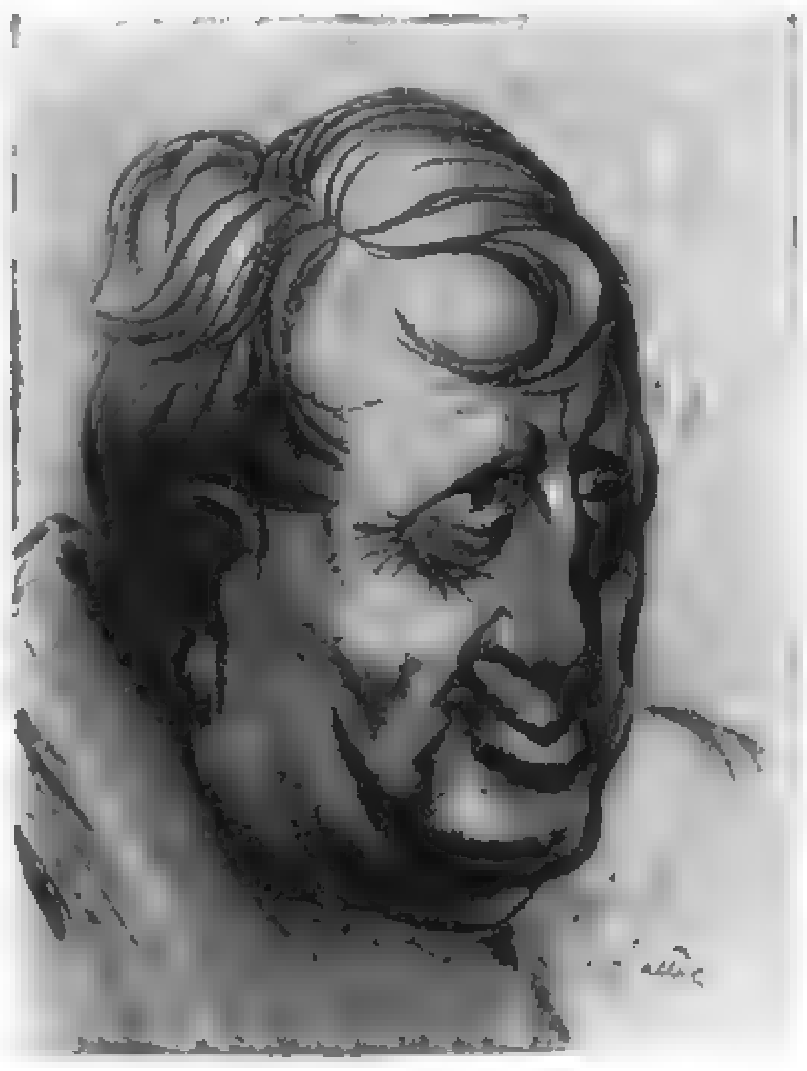
The Hearst-Pulitzer War

First they battled with checks, buying Brisbane back and forth, then they started an actual war

by SAMUEL MERWIN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The life-and-death struggle between Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst, which broke out late in 1895 and was fought on, with varying intensity, until Pulitzer's death in 1911, was not unlike a war. A war of conquest on the part of Hearst, of self protection on the part of Pulitzer. New York had to be the arena for this conflict because it was our only cosmopolitan city. And even New York was hardly roomy enough to give two such vigorous journalistic leaders full play for their almost boundless energies and ambitions. The conflict became so bold, so bitter, and so widely advertised that it stirred the whole country to a measurable degree. The two varieties of "yellow kid" came to symbolize the new blatant sort of newspaper influence and led directly to the coined phrase, "yellow journalism." And however different these two strange and strong and gifted men may have been, they seem to have left a sort of blended imprint on the mind and imagination of all America.



We have got to try and take these two men apart and see if we can find out what made them tick.

Pulitzer first. Because he *was* first.

At the age of eighteen, in the Autumn of 1865, Joe Pulitzer, tall, gangling, with a witch's profile, stood on the eastern bank of the Mississippi River, trying in very broken English to explain to the boatman of the Wiggins Ferry that he wanted to get across the river to Saint Louis. He had run away from his home in Mako, Hungary, about a year earlier, because he was uncongenial with his stepfather. After commissions had been refused him in the Austrian army and the French Foreign Legion because of his extremely poor eyesight, he had crossed the Atlantic and enlisted in the First New York Lincoln Cavalry, a regiment organized by Carl Schurz.

And now it was night, it was raining, and Joe Pulitzer, without money and tired to the bone after ten days of pre-automobile hitch-hiking from New York, wanted to cross the river to Saint Louis in restless pursuit of his destiny.

He got across by stoking the fire box on the open deck of the ferry in the rain and reached the city in time for no breakfast. He picked up a job tending army mules out at Benton Barracks—didn't like it; went back to the ferry as gateman; went down the river as a stevedore; built up his own stevedore business (it failed quickly); drove a hack; worked with a building contractor; in a lumber yard; and at last got a chance to read in a law office. Opportunity fell his way. A new railroad, with the resounding name of the Atlantic and Pacific, was building west across the state. The charter had to be recorded in each county crossed by the line. Pulitzer performed this task well and thoroughly. Then he went back to law and put through the matter of citizenship. He became an American citizen at twenty. Then he became a notary public and, in 1867, was admitted to the bar.

And yet, throughout this period of astonishing activity, Joe found time to brush up his chess and look about for amiable competition. One of his fellow players at this time was no less a personage than Carl Schurz. Many a game they fought out together, the mature German idealist and American leader of Northern troops on one side of the table, the intense young Hungarian on the other. Schurz, one of the owners of the German-language daily newspaper, the *Westliche Post*, watched the development of the highly-strung, brilliant young Pulitzer, and in 1868 offered him a job as a reporter. From this moment Joe's life ran straight and successful to its end. Apparently he was born to be a newspaperman. His career, his entire adult life, was settled then and there.

Joe Pulitzer was capable. He was honest. He feared nothing. And there was something about the raw crudeness of American political corruption that brought him out of his corner fighting.

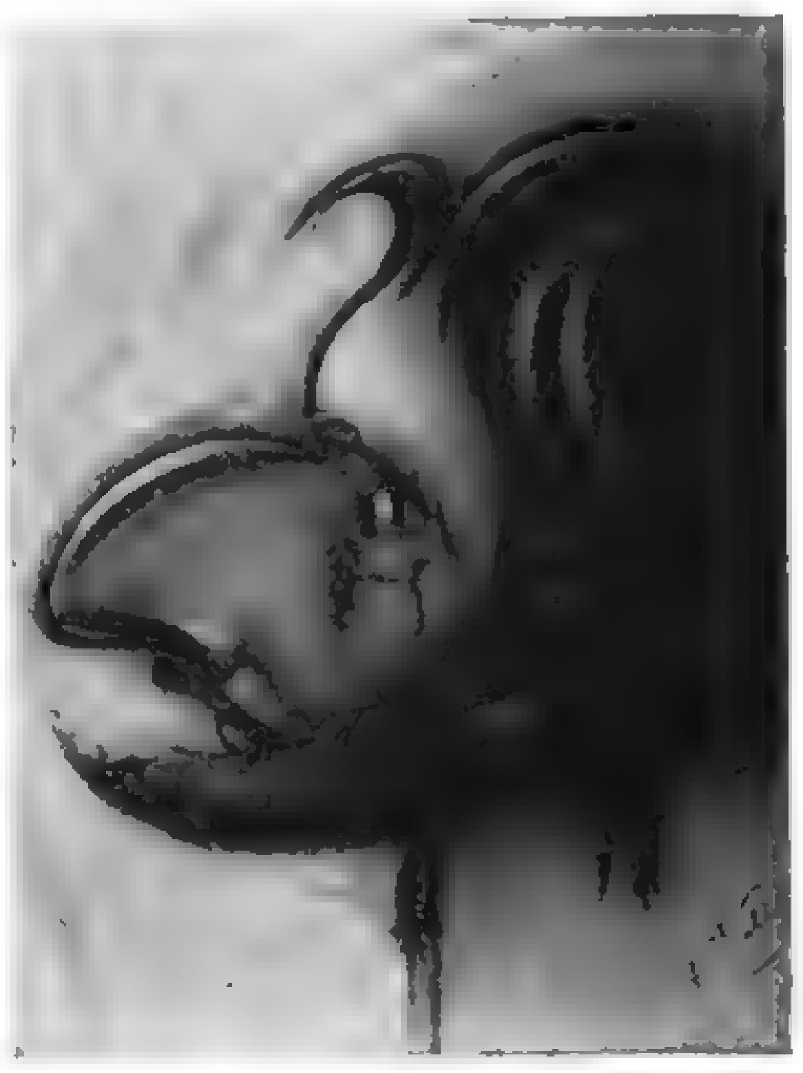
Through his new work he was thrown into almost daily contact with this ugly side of our national life, and promptly became a combustion engine, explosively "rooting out public abuses and exposing evildoers," "fighting for honesty against the sale of law," and coming to roost at twenty-two, four years after his arrival in Saint Louis, in the State Legislature on a reform ticket.

With his trenchant and tireless power for a weapon, and with the *Post* to back him, he had become the storm-center of the state.

The ultimate butt at whom the fiery young crusader's relentless attacks were directed was one Captain Ed Augustine, Czar of Missouri gang politics. Eventually goaded into speech by the continued attacks, he referred publicly to Pulitzer one day as a "damned liar." Pulitzer went to the boss' hotel and shot him in the leg.

Pandemonium shook Saint Louis; but the political setup was such that no one dared prosecute the young Hungarian. Eventually he was fined four hundred dollars. He was not yet twenty-three.

Then came Grant's inaugural in 1869 with its orgy of corruption and Horace Greeley's desperate crusade for political reform.



The *Post* swung into line behind the great New York editor with Pulitzer as the spearhead of the attack. But the campaign failed. Grant was re-elected. The little war was lost.

Schurz and his associates, worn out by the struggle, sold their paper to Pulitzer on extremely easy terms.

He was not yet twenty-five, but he was unquestionably a personage, and the older men wanted a rest.

Restlessly eager to carry on with the cleansing of American politics, young Pulitzer continued his ferocious attacks on the stench spots of Saint Louis and state politics.

But the public imagination was as tired of the crusade as were Schurz and the other former owners. They failed to respond, and though circulation rose steadily, the youthful publisher grew increasingly unhappy.

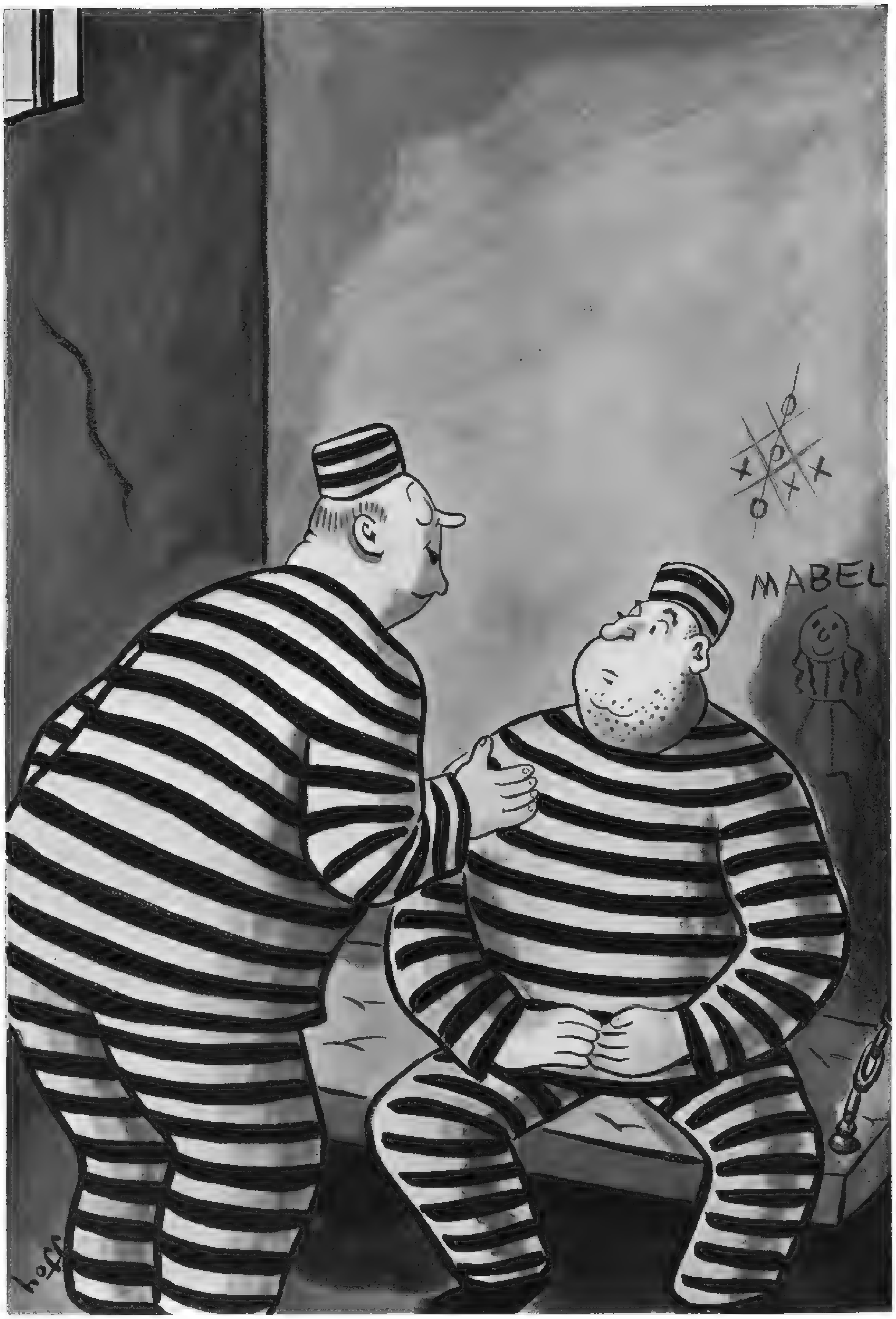
He couldn't just build up a property; he had to be out in the arena, dealing at first hand with vital dangerous issues. And so, within the year, he sold the paper back to its former owners for $30,000. He had begun to make money; from this time on he was going to find that he couldn't help making it.

The next six or seven years were spent in travel, here and abroad; marriage; more travel.

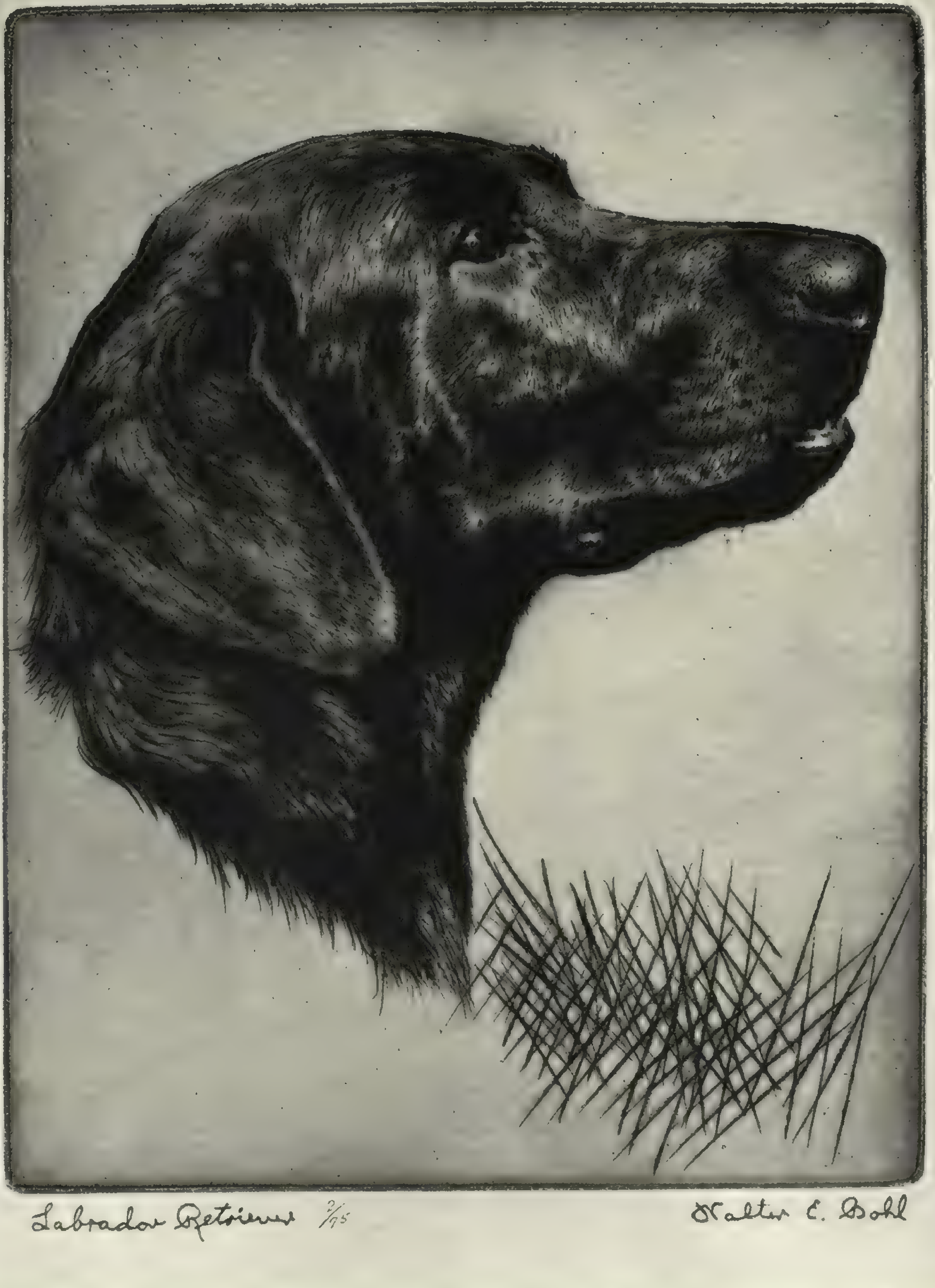
Apparently Pulitzer was lying fallow, replenishing his forces. He went in for social life, and became quite a figure at dinners and dances in Saint Louis. On December 9, 1878, he bought the good-will and property of the *Saint Louis Dispatch* from the sheriff on the Court House steps—for two thousand five hundred dollars.

Then again he bought the *Westliche Post*, the *Post-Dispatch* was born, and by February, 1879, he was hot-footing it after crime

Continued on page 128



"So you robbed the bank—well, glad to meecha, I'm its founder!"



Labrador Retriever 2/75

Walter E. Bohl

Dogs—a Sport and a Business

A million members are listed in this society register and they all have fancy ancestries

by REGINALD M. CLEVELAND

▪ SPORTS ▪

ETCHING BY WALTER E. BOHL

MILLIONS of dogs in homes of the United States are just dogs; Pete, Towser, Nellie and Bess. But nearly 1,000,000 have been registered as purebred animals in the stud book of the American Kennel Club, a national, non-profit institution which reached its fiftieth anniversary of existence last September and in the half century has derived a gross revenue of about $2,000,000 merely from its functions as record keeper and arbiter of dogs and dog shows.

The more than 950,000 dogs on its roster do not have simple names. When a dog is registered duplications of name are obviously undesirable and, with the exception of a comparative handful which were differentiated by the addition of Roman numerals in the early days, repetitions will not be found save in those cases where kennel names—also registered—are used as prefix or suffix.

Thus you may call the family pet "Jock," but you cannot register him with the American Kennel Club as "Jock." You must choose a name, in all probability a multiple one like "Rough Diamond," "Seven Up," or "King of the Fern," which does not conflict with one already spread upon the records, unless you are the owner of a kennel name.

There are some 5,000 registered kennel names. It requires a little ingenuity and the payment of a $25 fee to secure one. Again conflicts or even close approximations are not allowed. I recall that when I sought nearly twenty years ago to register the name "Cleveden," made up of a composite of family names, it was refused on the ground that it was too close to "Cliveden," the registered name of Baron Astor in the stud book of the British Kennel Club with which the American Kennel Club has reciprocal agreements. The name "Rexden" finally was allowed.

All this may sound rather alarming to the owner of a purebred dog who wishes, quite properly, to register his animal. But it is really not so complicated as it seems except to the staff of the American Kennel Club, now amounting to more than ninety persons, who are busily engaged in checking and rechecking records in the large and sumptuous offices which it occupies on an entire floor of the building at 221 Fourth Avenue, New York.

As a matter of fact, when you purchase a puppy of pure lineage and pay a suitable price for it, it is usually already entitled to the privileges of a kennel name which is the property of its breeder. With his consent, in writing, this name can be used by you as a prefix or suffix, as the case may be, and your problem of selecting a name that will be eligible for registry is much simplified.

Let us assume, for example, that the puppy is entitled to the use of the kennel name "Seven Oaks." You can then register him as "Seven Oaks Bill" if you wish, provided of course there is no exact duplicate already on file, although there may be a "Bill" already registered in connection with each of the other 5,000 registered kennel names.

Why all this fuss about the name of a dog, you may ask. Because, in dogs, as in other purebred animals, pedigree is of vital importance in the improvement of the breed and no chance of error or confusion in pedigree must be permitted by the body responsible for the records; in this case, the A. K. C.

During its fifty years of existence the Kennel Club has taken many forward steps to throw further protection around the accuracy and sancity of its records. Time was when, if you were the breeder of a dog, all you had to do was to declare that the pedigree as you furnished it for three generations on the blank provided by the Club was accurate and you would then receive your registration certificate.

So easy a method was obviously open to abuse by the careless or the dishonest dog fancier. There have been stud dogs in several breeds which have changed hands for as much a $10,000. The fee for their services has run as high as $200. It is patent that for a breeder to declare the puppies he was offering were sired by a dog of renown and high value would enhance the value of those puppies.

While this system of simple declaration by the breeder—defined as the owner of the dam at the time of service—was in vogue, the directors of the A. K. C. were shocked, one day, to have one of their number point out the weakness of the system and offer to go home and register a purebred hog in the dog stud book. But the shock had a good effect and nowadays much more stringent rules apply. Of prime importance is the requirement that the signature of the owner of sire as well as that of the breeder must be upon every application for registry. Today the purchaser of a dog which is registered or eligible to registration in the A. K. C. can be well assured that its lineage is pure and as it is purported to be.

The questions "Is it registered in the American Kennel Club?" or "Is it eligible for registration?" should always be asked by the prospective purchaser of a dog of any breed which is described as purebred. If the answer is "yes" to the first question, his troubles are over. If it is "yes" to the second, he need only apply to the Club's offices for a registration blank, secure the necessary data and signatures from the breeder or kennel from which he purchased, and send it in with the proper fee; in normal circumstances, $2. Any reputable breeder will cheerfully cooperate.

This is not a discussion of whether a dog should be registered. Defenders of the mongrel are always to be found. But no man who has had experience with a purebred dog will admit that he is exceeded by the cur in intelligence, in willingness to serve, in unending devotion or in any of the qualities which have rightly bestowed upon the dog the title of "man's best friend."

Moreover, only registered dogs may be entered at dog shows, except under restrictions which preclude any extensive showing. And dog shows are a keen sport to those who like

Continued on page 114

A String of Beads

Even the most intellectual of women retain a certain trait of the uncivilized

by JOHN HERRMANN

▪ FICTION ▪

"THOSE beads are different anyway. You've got to admit that," Phillip Crawford said.

"They're lovely, dear. Thanks so much," Beth said. "They look nice with this dress, don't they?" She walked across the room and stood before a long mirror. Then she held the string of crudely cut Mexican jadeite beads up to her neck.

Phillip stood back a few paces and smiled at the girl he was in love with. He thought the beads were beautiful against the yellow wool of her dress. The primitive, irregular, heavy stones of the necklace seemed to him to belong with her strongly chiseled features, with the thick auburn hair and the braid running across the top of her head, the strong chin and the curled upper lip with its suggestion of down.

"You look like an Aztec princess," Phillip said.

The girl walked over to him, taking the beads from her neck. She looked at him thoughtfully for a minute. "They weren't hers, were they?" Beth asked.

"No, I bought them myself," Phillip said. He was silent a moment, then spoke again, hesitantly, "But she'll probably make a fuss about them. She has about everything else. But I'd rather you had them than anybody in the world, especially if you like them."

"Fasten them on for me," Beth asked, holding the beads out in her hand. He tied the heavy cord on which the beads were strung, in a bow knot at the back of her neck. He put an arm over her shoulder and kissed her lightly on the forehead.

"I don't care if she is upset, the beads are yours," he said.

She was Phillip's wife who had sailed to France when she learned that he and Beth had fallen in love. Before that time she had been apart from Phillip for over a year, seeing him at intervals, and then only for long enough to review for his benefit the ten years of their married life. Before Beth came on the scene she insisted that these ten years had been made miserable for her by Phillip's complete lack of understanding of her sensitive female temperament.

Beth loosed herself from Phillip's arm and danced back to the mirror, humming a popular song. As she looked at herself in the glass she clapped her hands together and laughed softly. "They're mine," she said.

Phillip sat down in a chair. He wondered if he had been wise to give Beth the beads. His wife might decide to claim them as her own. Several years before he had bought three feet of jadeite beads from a drunken Indian at a Mexican fiesta. The Indian had dug them up near an old pyramid. Out of his purchase his wife had made five necklaces, had given two to close friends and kept three for herself. She had left this string behind, it was no more desirable than her others, Phillip reasoned. And he had bought five strings, why shouldn't he have at least one, now that they had split up. Of course I should, he thought.

He had heard Beth say, "They're mine," but almost a minute went by before he finished his reasoning process. Then he looked up and saw her standing in front of him. He was sure no one was more beautiful than Beth and the beads did look good on her.

Three months later he got a letter from his wife, who was back in New York again. "Even though you have said the New York place is mine, I want legal papers drawn up at once. I want you to send me immediately . . ." Then followed a long list of personal and household things. The letter ended, "I want you to send me that other string of Mexican beads immediately. That is, unless your new little toy has gobbled them up. I'll expect to have them within one week. And as for a divorce, I've changed my mind. You can live with your little trollop and if you want children, you can go ahead and raise a litter for all of me. But I'll not give you a divorce. You have done nothing for me all my life, I'll do the same for you. And I warn you to send those beads immediately."

Phillip read the letter as quietly as he could. Beth stood across the room, impatient to know its contents. Phillip started putting it back in the envelope. Beth smiled at him and walked slowly across the room, one hand stretched out toward Phillip, the fingers of the other placed at her mouth.

"Let me see, please," she asked.

"It's nothing," Phillip said. "She just wants me to send the steamer rug and some linen that belongs in the house in the city. There's no reason for you to read it. Why do you want to bother, dear?"

"Well, if it's nothing, please? There's no reason I shouldn't, is there? Please? I think she said something else. There's something you don't want me to see. If there wasn't you would let me read it."

"Oh, all right, here it is." Phillip pulled the letter from the envelope, spread out the two pages and handed it to Beth.

It took her about three seconds to read the letter. "She can't have those beads, Phillip. You gave them to me." Her hand went to her neck and the outstretched fingers covered the front of the necklace. "She can't have them. She has others. I want these beads and I'm going to have them."

"All right," Phillip said. "If they're that important to you, keep them. It'll probably mean a battle with her, but that's all right with me. Only you know yourself it would be better to calm her down a little. You know how upset she gets about the least little thing. Now those beads aren't worth making a fuss about. I'll get you some beads ten times as nice as those."

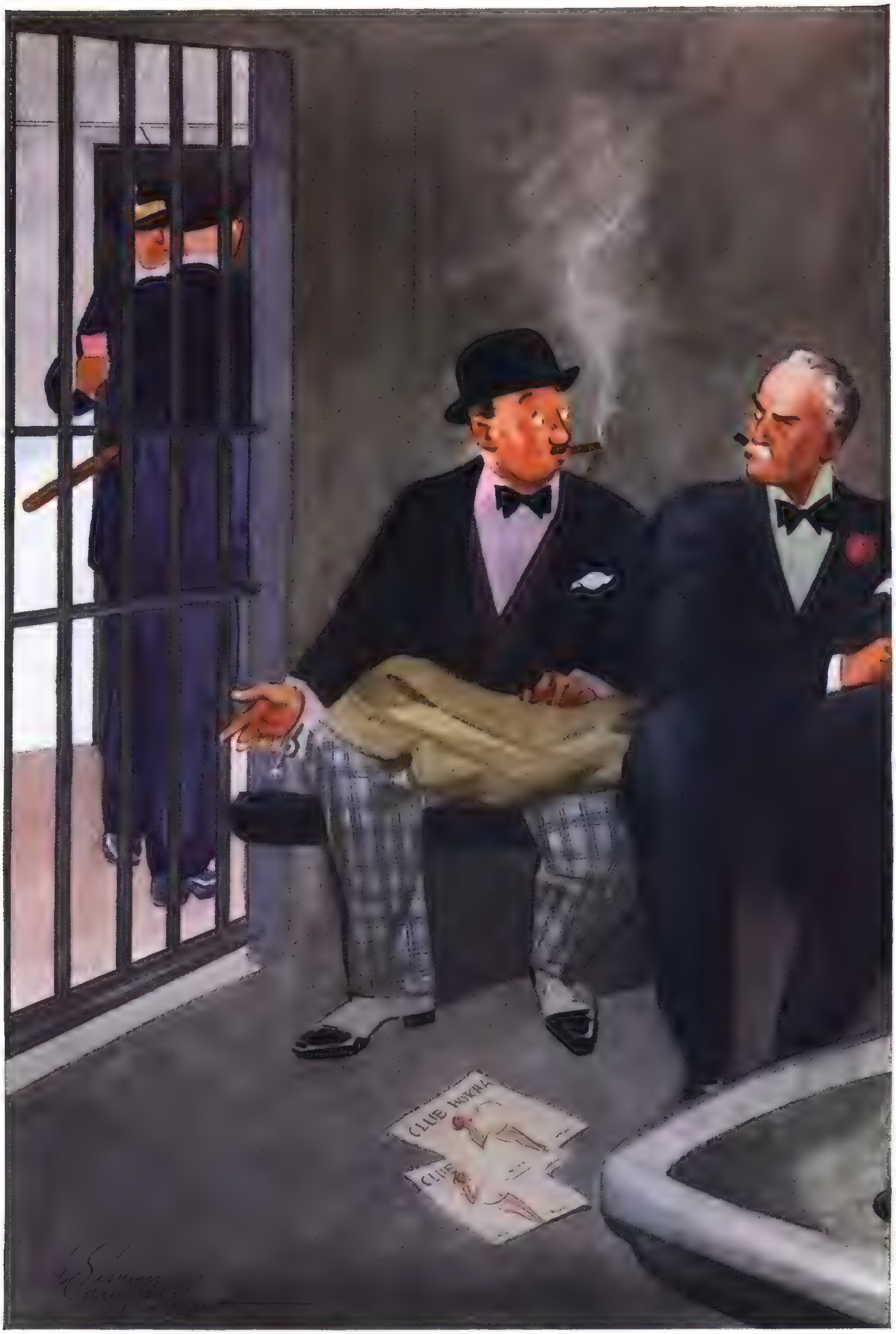
"No, Phillip, I want these beads. Let her make a fuss. She tries to make an issue out of everything she can think of. I'm going to make an issue of these beads," Beth said.

"It will just make her all the more upset. She takes it so hard anyway. You and I love each other and we've got each other, those beads don't amount to anything. Let me send them back." Phillip was pleading, quietly and earnestly.

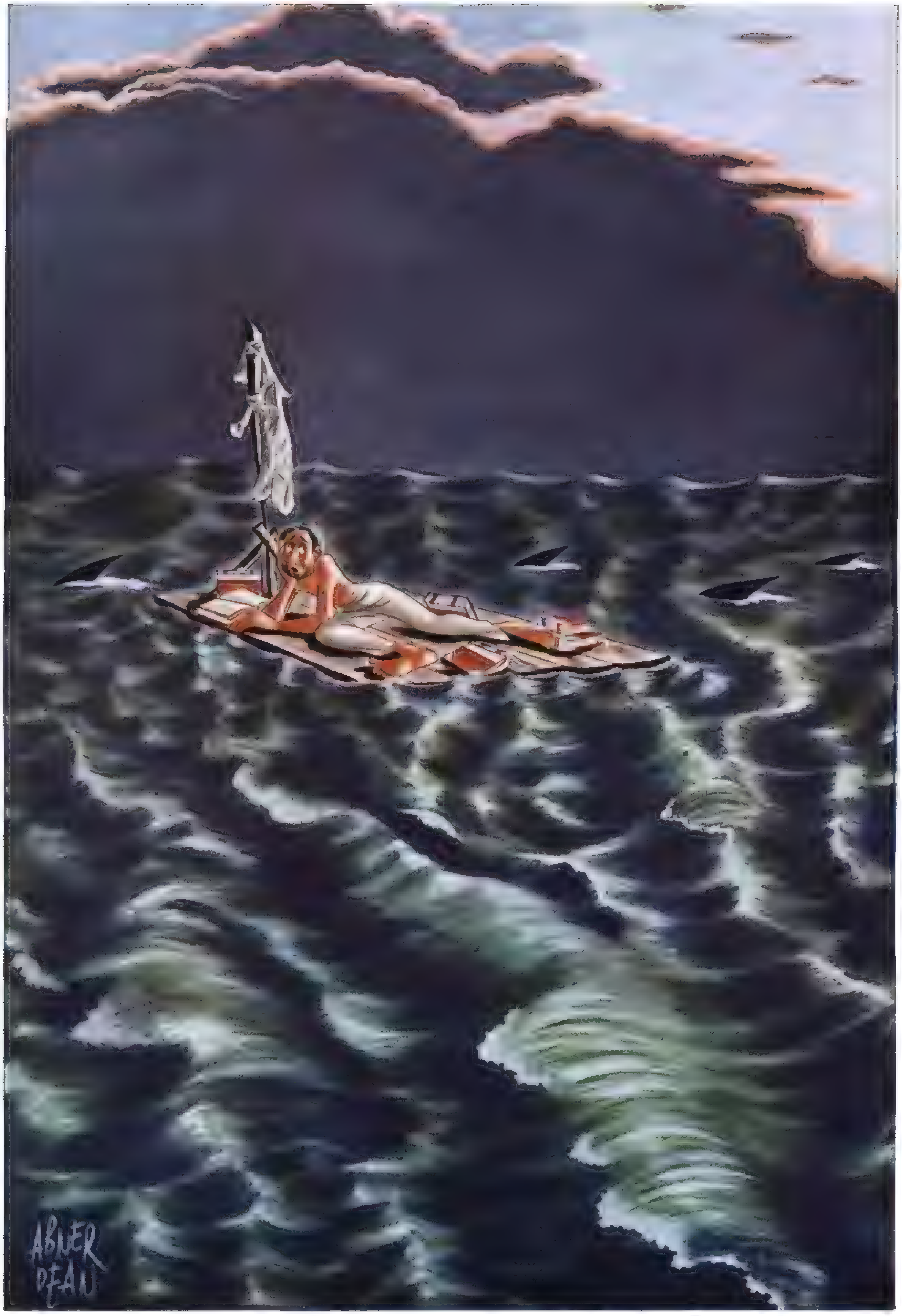
"No. They're mine," Beth said. "She's always upset. She wants everything, everything. And she won't give you a divorce. I knew she wouldn't. What's the sense of our trying to make a life together if you give in to her on everything. Every week there is another letter. She wants this, and then she wants that, and she tells you to do this and don't do that. I'm going to keep the beads myself."

Phillip lit a cigarette and stood looking out the window. "You can have the damn beads," he said. "Forget about it, Beth. They are your beads." He turned around facing her.

Continued in center of page 122


CLUB HOKUM
CLUB

"—but you gotta admit, the patrons liked the fan dancers much better without the fans"



"Sometimes I almost wish I'd rescued that blonde instead of the Harvard Classics!"

Ex-Genius

He was gifted, he worked hard, the family pinched to help him, but who said genius is scarce?

by LYON MEARSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

As usual, the Town Hall lobby was overcrowded and smoky during the intermission. I pushed my way through to the door in order to get a breath of fresh air. The piece to be played after intermission was the Beethoven *Quartet Opus 135*, his last and darkest, and I tried to get enough air into my lungs to last me through it. The quartet was a foreign one. They played without music—a rare thing for ensemble—and the first violinist was left-handed. I wished he wasn't, because it bothered me to think of the fact that all the fingering in his repertoire had had to be reversed. He sat opposite to where the first violinist usually sits, in order to present his bowing arm to the audience, I supposed, and also not to get in the way of the second violinist. If the ensemble had not been so good these things would have distracted me, in company with the fear that the cellist would forget his proper entrance in the *andante*. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and I turned.

"Hello, Louis," I said. "How do you like them?"

He shrugged his shoulders noncommitally. "Did you hear that commotion downstairs? Someone fainted in the back of the orchestra. They had to take him out."

"Not the first violinist of some other ensemble, was it?" I asked. He smiled slightly. "How you doing?" I inquired.

* * *

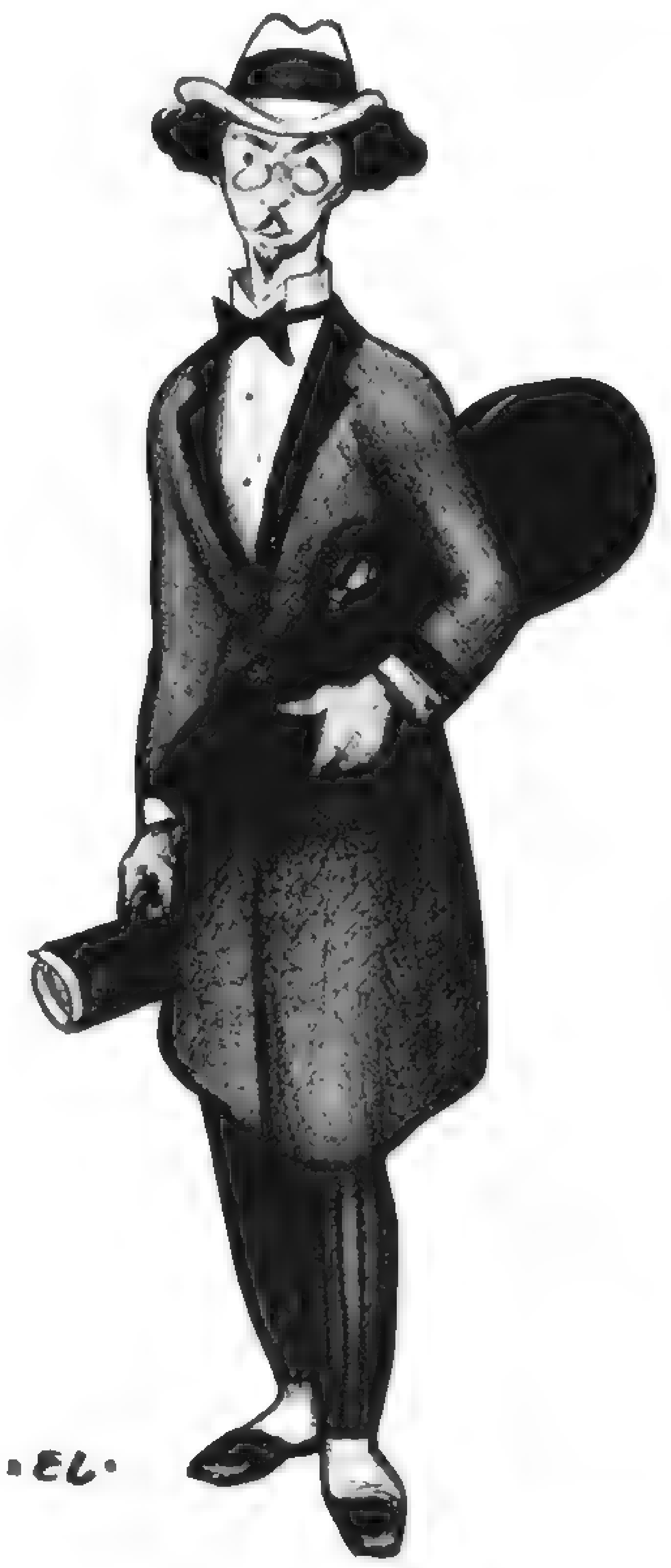
When we were kids it was common knowledge that Louis Pasten was a genius. I don't know when he started to take music lessons, but it could not have been long after he started to walk. You practically never saw him without his violin case, which was small at first and was replaced by successive sizes until Louis got a full-sized violin.

The gang soon gave up trying to get him to play football or baseball, because his family was almost fanatical with fear at the chance of Louis hurting his fingers. "Games are all right for you boys," his mother told me once, "but Louis is different. He's gifted."

I didn't know then that one ought to keep that kind of remark to himself, and it was a long time before the boys permitted Louis to be gifted in peace. Louis himself admitted that it was true about his being gifted, and it probably helped to sustain him during the four hours he had to practice every day.

I was taking piano lessons myself at the time, on an old Winterroth upright—I think they must be out of business by now—and my mother always held Louis up to me as an example when I began to ask, after ten minutes of Czerny, if my hour wasn't up. I don't think I ever did finish a complete hour, for which I now have the grace to be sorry. At any rate, it didn't help Louis' case with me very much, nor with the rest of the boys who were taking music lessons.

When he was not practising Louis was always going to concerts with his father, but only those concerts given by violinists. He heard Ysaye, Kubelik, Kreisler, the young Elman, and a great many others who have never emerged since. Louis' father must have been as familiar a figure at concerts as was the father of Mischa Elman, who was always to be found in the back of the orchestra, standing, and explaining to almost anyone that the soloist's technique was terrible and you ought to have heard Mischa do this same piece only this morning. And one day Louis' father had a long talk with Elman's father, and it appeared that Mischa had always practised six or seven hours a day. In fact, he liked practising and you couldn't keep him away from it. After that we saw Louis less than ever, but we knew that if practising could do it he would one day be packing Carnegie.



The Pastens were quite poor. There were, besides the father and mother, two older sisters. Everybody but the mother worked, and the greatest item of expense was for Louis' teacher. He took three lessons a week, and as he grew older and graduated to more famous masters, these lessons cost the family fifteen dollars each. Nobody in the family objected, though they did without many things that came to the rest of the neighborhood families as a matter of course. The entire life of the Pastens revolved about the young genius and his musical education.

When I visited the Pastens—our families were friendly—I would hear tales of what Louis' teacher had said in ordinary conversation to someone about the playing of Louis, and how surprised some visiting celebrity who happened to be there had been when Louis played one of the Paganini études. I became acquainted with names famous in violin literature, Ole Bull, Wieniawski, Sarasate, Joachim, Paganini. Louis was practising the Brahms and Beethoven concertos by this time, though I was not greatly impressed. Years later, when I heard these works played, it amazed me how much of them fell familiarly on my ear.

After awhile we all accepted Louis at his family's valuation, and it became well known on our block and in our circle that one day Louis would be the greatest violinist in the world. No one questioned it, and the family continued to work and to sacrifice that the boy's career might be furthered. There was no member of the family who could not tell you the capacity of Carnegie Hall and how much Kubelik—that faker!—took in at his last concert. It wouldn't take many concerts like that to get the family its money back.

When Louis was about thirteen he gave a concert in one of the small chamber music rooms in Carnegie Hall. The hall could seat a hundred and fifty and the throng that attended almost half filled it. We were all surprised to see how self-possessed Louis seemed. It was his father who nearly died of nervousness. The acclaim was great, and it wasn't only because there were relatives in the audience, we were told. Two of the papers the next day carried a paragraph commenting on the fact that Louis Pasten had given a recital, and one of the paragraphs said that the young violinist was very favorably received by an enthusiastic audience.

We moved from the neighborhood shortly afterwards and the families rather lost track

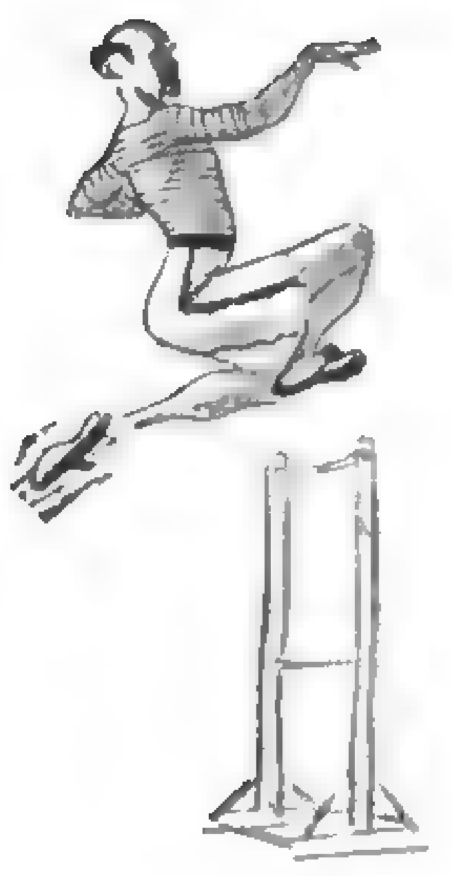
Continued at top of page 118

Five–Six–Seven–Hurdle!

Besides having to know how to count, a hurdler must show the most perfect form on the track

by HARRY VINOCK

▪ SPORTS ▪



THE last hurdle is always the highest. Figures on a steel tape do not lie, but neither do they tell all the truth in measuring that last barrier in a hot hurdle battle. If you don't believe that last one is the highest, just try running a flight and you'll see what I mean. As you approach that final obstacle, you'll find a weariness fiddling at your legs and an anxiety throttling your mind with worry whether you're going to take it too high or too low, whether you're going to takeoff too soon or too late.

If you clear the bar too much, you lose ground, and probably the race; if you wobble, you may bang into the spikes of the man in the next lane; and if you take it too low—well, that means you'll probably take home more cinders in your knees than medals on your chest for your day's racing efforts.

No wonder hurdlers are always ailing. They get "hurdler's knee" from whacking the trailing knee against the unyielding timbers. They get "shin splints" from the terrific pounding on the hard track—a combination of ache, throb and that piercing paining numbness that you get after being immersed in ice cold water for a long period. And they suffer from pains in the large muscle underneath the thigh caused by the jerk of the vicious chop of the forward leg required to bring the hurdler back to earth as quickly as possible after clearing the hurdle.

As a result of all these peculiar pains, hurdlers are known on the track as very peculiar people. Agreement that hurdlers are a little goofy is unanimous even among hurdlers. They even brag about it. But just the same to a hurdler his event is the king of the track, combining as it does the speed of the sprinter and the endurance of the middle distance runner with the coordination of the field events in an intricate form involving the utmost precision and artistry governed and controlled by the icy coolness of a surveyor.

In other days before the long straightaway chute was put on the ovals, the old 220-yard low hurdles around the bend was about the prettiest sight in a track meet. Why do I say that? Well, let's take a look and see.

There they are down around the bend at the starting line nervously jogging up and down to keep their muscles supple. All right! They're crouching in their holes, like angular caricatures. Bang! A puff of smoke, and the line churns into action like a dam breaking before a varicolored flood. It flows over the first hurdle like the waters over a rapids. It ripples across the second. It flashes over the third in still an unbroken wave. And then it begins to break as the slower runners begin to lag.

A color appears over there in the third lane, a man in blue steps out to the fore. Over the fourth timber he's leading the pack. He's striding like a machine. One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-*Hurdle!* One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-*Hurdle!* One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-*Hurdle!* His face is strained but his body is flowing as if oiled.

On the outside lane a lithe little racer in red is coming up fast to challenge. Blue and Red go over in perfect unison and rhythm, though Red seems to be stretching a little. They're coming up to the tenth. LOOK OUT! Red's trailing foot hooks the barrier and over he goes sidewise on his hands and knees! The following man barely misses him with his wicked spikes. Blue finishes with a driving, straightening-up spurt, his legs pumping like pistons. A gasp of amazement and excitement from the crowd, and Blue trots back with the loose-knee limber fox-trot of a racing horse to shake hands with the competitors he has beaten.

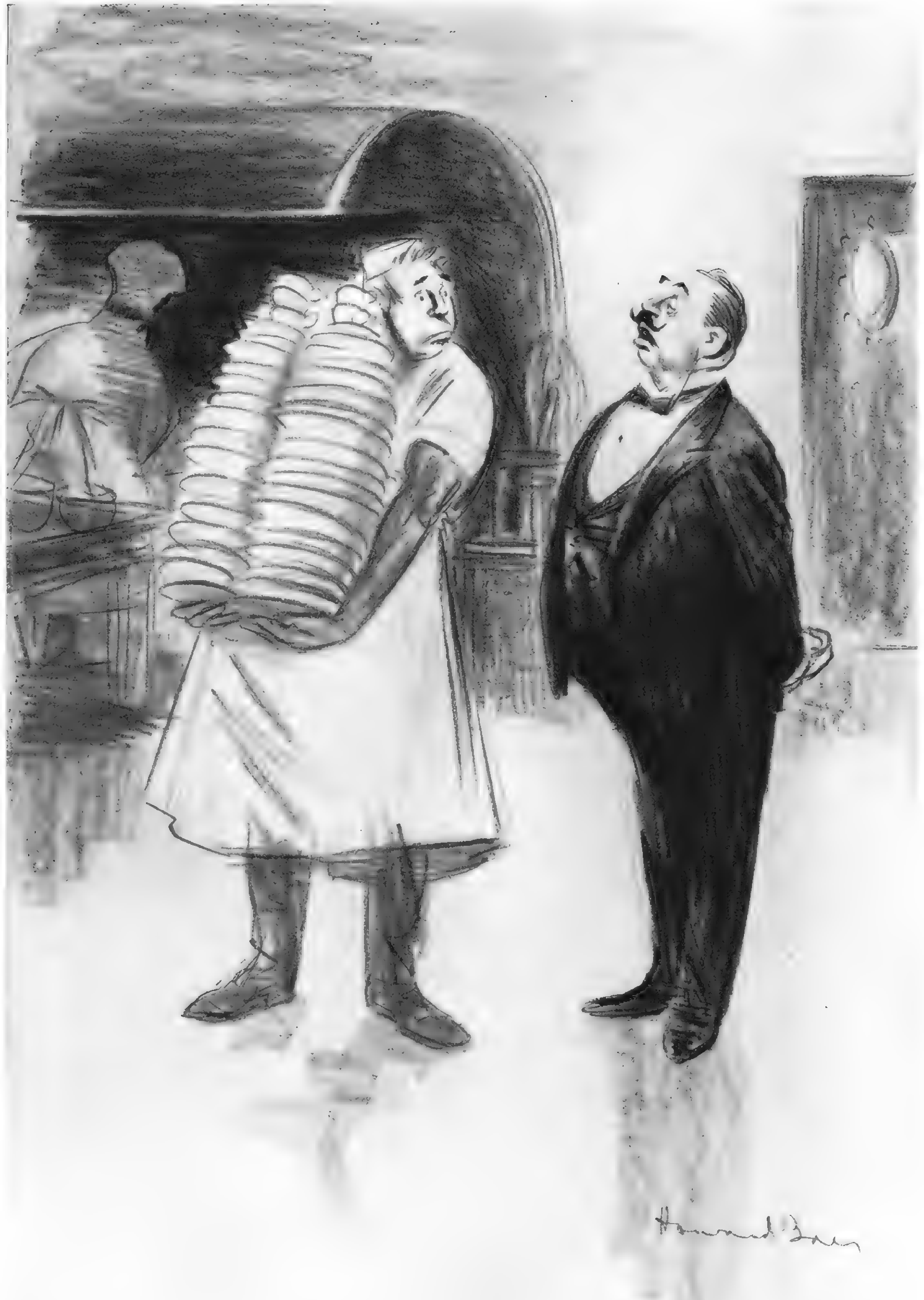
Beautiful, you agree, of course; and thrilling. But what was the idea of counting strides? Just this. Blue took exactly seven full strides between every hurdle and he'll take just exactly seven full strides in the interval in every race he'll ever run. Yes sir. If he were a high hurdler, he'd take three strides between every hurdle, and if he were goofy enough to run the 400 meters, he would probably take fifteen to seventeen strides, between hurdles—at least for the first three or four hurdles.

Now why did the little fellow in red fall? Simply because he was little. While most men who go out for the low hurdles are tall enough to take the distance between hurdles in seven strides, some are not and have to take them in eight strides which necessitates that they alternate; that is, they clear the first hurdle with the right foot leading, the next hurdle with the left foot leading, the next with the right foot leading, the next with the left, and so on down the line. This means clock-like precision on the part of the hurdler, and any break is liable to bring catastrophe. Now for the purpose of study we'll allow Red to re-run his race in slow motion for the telephoto camera. Now watch! Red has taken the first three hurdles perfectly and is on his way to the fourth when one of his feet hits a soft spot, and he loses about three inches, which means that his takeoff on the next hurdle is increased three inches; but on the next hurdle because of the increased takeoff he loses a bit of momentum and his carefully predetermined stride is shortened by another inch or half inch. If this keeps on, by the time he reaches the tenth hurdle he will have added about a foot to his normal takeoff. It's too late to chop a stride, and since Red has the stuff that hurdlers are made of, he goes right on. Up goes his left leg straight ahead; down bends his body over his left thigh; out goes his right arm; back goes his left; crooked goes his right leg at right angles to his body; over goes his left leg reaching for the ground, but his right leg never follows as his foot hits the top of the hurdle, and over goes Red on his face. After a while he eases himself off the cinders and goes to the field house where a commiserating trainer will probably wash the embedded cinders from his quivering flesh with raw alcohol or pick them out with a pair of tweezers one by one. Such is the life of the hurdler.

Of course all low hurdlers don't take either seven strides without alternation or eight strides with alternation. Some men are tall enough to take seven strides most of the way, but they continually lose ground on the take-off so about the seventh or eighth hurdle they slip in an alternation to make up lost ground. Some men have such long strides that they are continually gaining ground so they slip in an alternation to keep from taking off too close to a certain hurdle (usually the seventh) and make it in six strides for once. But any hurdler in the 120 highs and the 220 lows runs every race in exactly the same number of predetermined strides.

Modern hurdling form is a functional thing of beauty whose object is to get over the hurdle in the least possible time and with every movement considered in its connection with, and effect upon, the sprinting and striding form. That is, hurdling form is merely an elongation of the running stride. It is based on the fact that a man can travel faster running on the ground than leaping through the air.

Continued in center of page 147



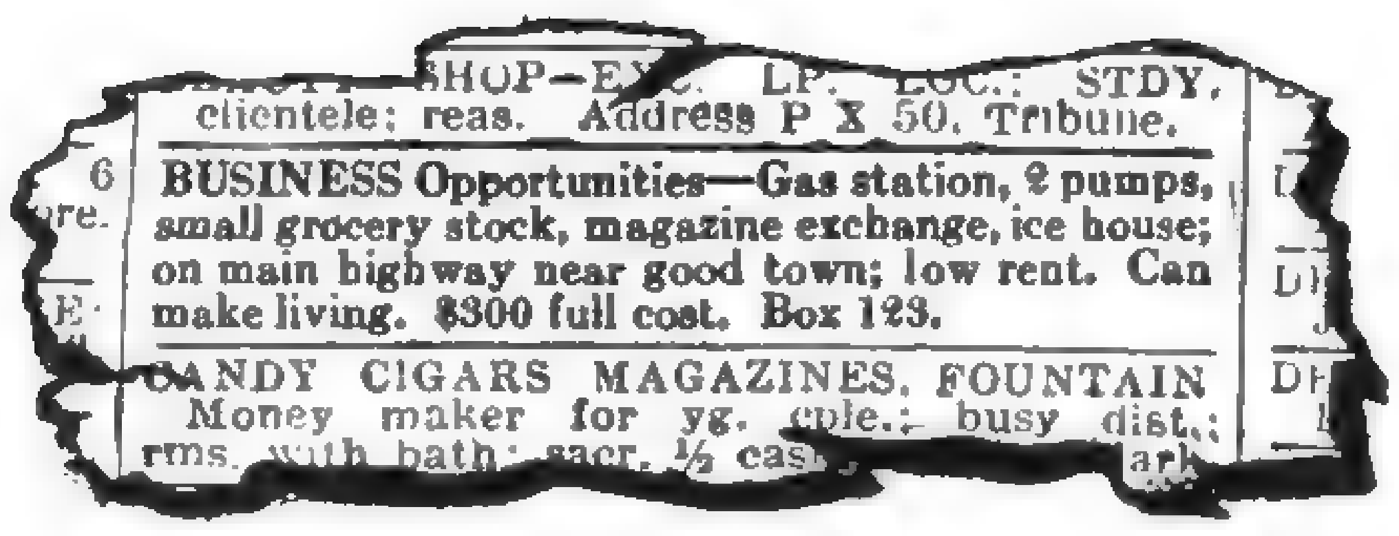
"Sorry, Herman, but I'll have to let you go"

Four Years Since Pay Day

If you've wondered what a man gets out of running a roadside gas-station, here's the answer

by ARCHIE CHADBOURNE

• ARTICLE •



SHOP—EX LP. LOC.: STDY, clientele; reas. Address P X 50, Tribune.

BUSINESS Opportunities—Gas station, 2 pumps, small grocery stock, magazine exchange, ice house; on main highway near good town; low rent. Can make living. $300 full cost. Box 123.

CANDY CIGARS MAGAZINES, FOUNTAIN Money maker for yg. cple.; busy dist.; rms. with bath; sacr. ½ cas

THE intriguing thing about an advertisement like that is "can make a living." Ione and I know just how intriguing it can be. We operate just such a place. Mostly they are frayed places with long years of service. They reach calloused signs toward the highways in lugubrious invitation and introduction to the towns which they fringe. For the most part we who run these small establishments are much like the buildings.

Life has been rather stern with us. We do not consider ourselves on the shelf but we've passed the age where we can get a job. Some of us receive a small income or have laid by a little money. But the majority of us sink our last dollar into one of these "can make a living" businesses. We have to make good. That takes courage. We've come to the last frontier. We have neither the money nor the time after that to take part in civic enterprises. Very few of us belong to any chamber of commerce. We are the outcasts of down town establishments. We appropriate some of their trade and often do not make a living doing it. We've become individualists—more or less rugged—and it is each for himself and the devil take the hindmost. We are the hindmost but still a jump ahead of his majesty.

No sir. We do not hate ourselves. Nor are we going to ask anyone to weep with us. All we'd get for crying would be a wet hanky. Nobody ever heard our forefathers cry on the last outpost. They went out to fight for a fuller life. And so do we fight. Many a big business is squawking right now louder than our little joint it sniffs at. Not saying we always enjoy it either. But we're not down and out until we are under the sod. Maybe not then.

I knew an old lady back in Colorado Springs where I drove a delivery truck for a department store. She was marked with a malignant disease. She knew the doctors had given her a rather short time in which to die. She was in considerable pain and much of the time was bedridden. The sister with whom she lived had to leave her alone one afternoon. The patient had not been up for three weeks but the sister asked me to drop in on my afternoon trip and see if she was all right.

I did. I very carefully turned the knob and let myself into the kitchen quietly lest I disturb her. To my amazement this bed patient was up and dressed. She had her sleeves rolled. Her skirt was pinned high. And she was swabbing a wicked mop across a perfectly clean kitchen floor. She glared at me so defiantly that I sat down out of reach of her mop and laughed until the tears coursed down my cheeks.

"What if your sister caught you doing this?" I asked her.

"Do as I please," she retorted with a determined swish of the mop. "I ain't dead yet." Five months later I looked into that old lady's face cold in what we call death and thought of what she had said. I'm certain purposeful spirits like hers never die.

So if you can read this, you fighting old lady, I want you to know that courage has often come to me from you. Borrowed courage. Life to a lot of us may be an eternal losing struggle. We are not born to command life, but we can learn to accommodate ourselves to it and fight on.

"Can make a living" in one of these outpost places is one way of doing just that. We'll pick up trade along with better times.

A family moved into a tiny eating place up the road a piece. There are the mother, grandmother, and two small children. "If we can just get by," the mother told me. "We've put two hundred dollars into rent and equipment. We can live in the two rooms in the rear. We'll have a little garden and a few chickens to eat the scraps from the table. I do hope folks drop in. We'll have to watch our buying though."

She's dead right there. Ione buys the grocery stock here at the wholesale house, at the big markets on their sales, or where buyers give her a break. We even run over to L. A. of a summer evening around midnight and buy at an all night market there. Ione is handicapped by having no money to buy in quantities. We have had but two cases of canned goods since we've been here. The investment is too heavy for us.

Most of these little places are proverbially short of funds. Take this entry in our day-book when all of our buying came the same day. (Usually we borrow from one department to spend for the other. This time they caught up with us.) The entry begins:

Bright and fair. (It would be—in California.)

Cash on hand		$56.82
Groceries on order	$5.06	
Candies on order	3.99	
Gasoline, ditto	49.77	
Must sell to balance the cash		$ 2.00
	$58.82	$58.82

What a beautiful outlook for the day. All I got to do is sell two dollars' worth before the merchandise arrives—and the trucks stop only once a week. But I got a chance. The grocer and the candy man came early and I paid them off, hoping the gasoline man would wait until afternoon. Fat chance. This would be the one time he would show up like a dandelion on a new lawn. Fortunately I did sell some bread and milk and our one can of beans to the neighbors so I paid the gas man. After which miracle my cash was not hard to count—exactly sixty-nine cents. That would have been a good time for some customer to fill up with gasoline and offer me a five-dollar bill. But our luck held.

Ione came over prepared to go to town on the bus to buy our supply of cigarettes and replenish the bean stock. The situation was so pathetic it was ridiculous. Believe it or not Ione actually laughed when I explained it to her. How could people be so silly as to attempt to operate a business that way. We didn't know. Nor how we could quit, nor what we would do if we did quit.

We held our breath for in came a customer. Fortunately she had no five spot. Not even a one-dollar bill. Just a tiny shopper for a red-all-day sucker. That made us seventy cents. Not so bad. Not so bad.

Would I have you believe that we have no bank account? Not even a reserve? Yes, really. The majority of us haven't. The advertisement did not read "can make a bank account." It merely said and meant, "can make a living."

Most of us in these little places have two choices. We can stay with it or

ICE CREAM
SUPER ZIP GAS
GROCERY
TOBACCO
POP

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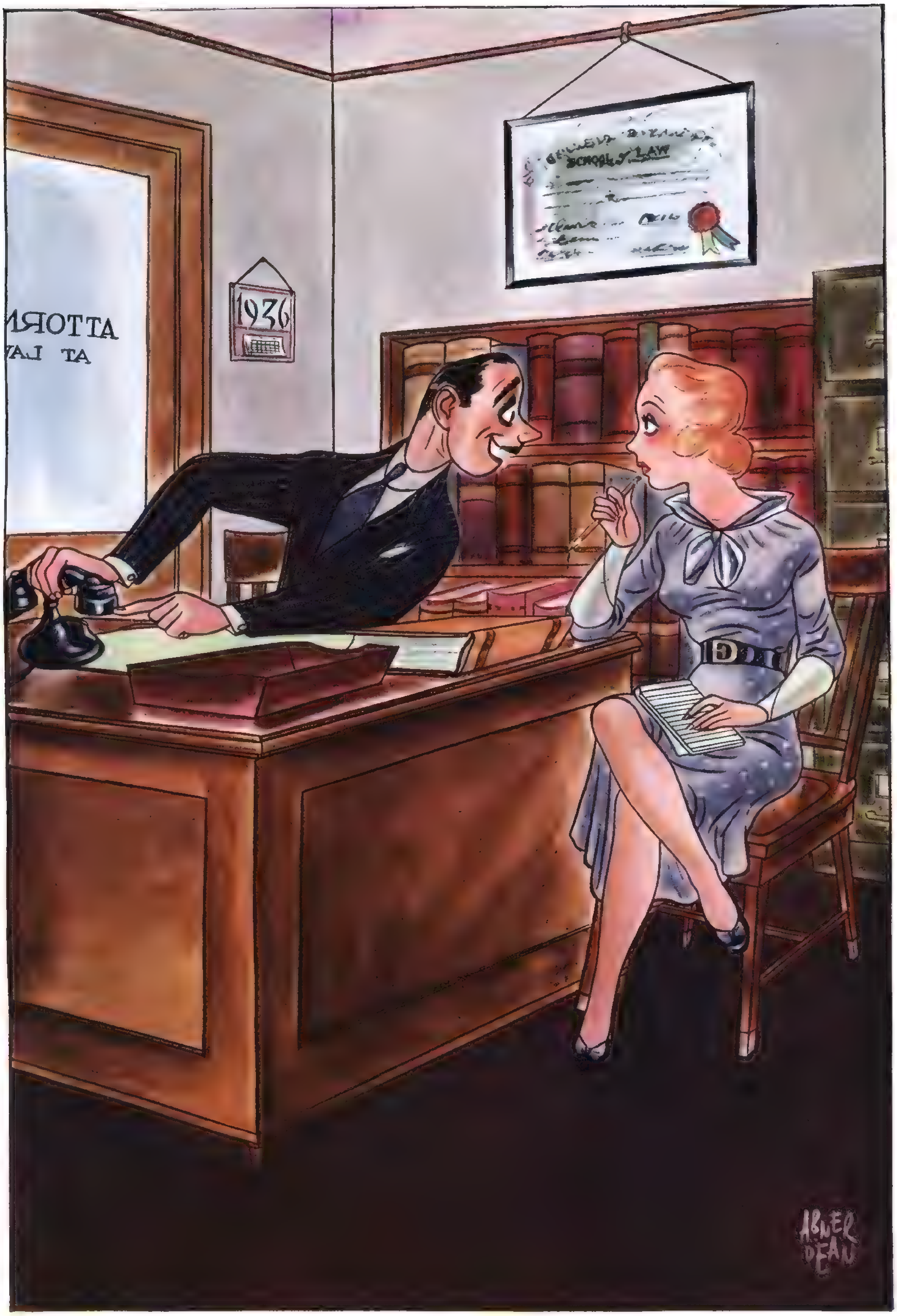
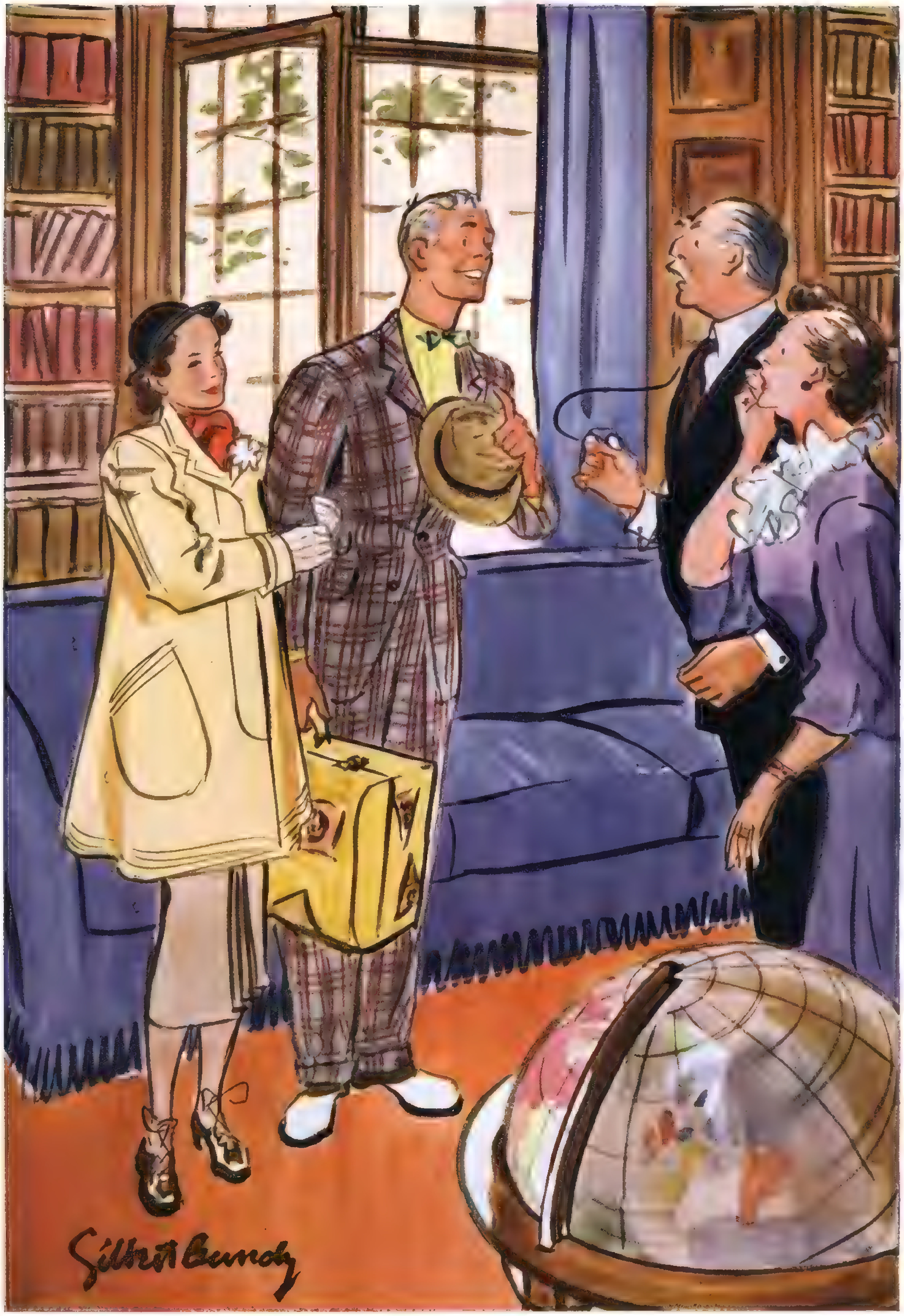

ATTORN
AT LA
1936
SCHOOL OF LAW
ABNER DEAN

"My first case—my law school is suing me for my tuition"


Gilbert Bundy

"And I woke up in the dormitory next morning, Dad—and there she was"

Puck on the Campus

Every college editor strives to adhere to tradition and get himself kicked out of school

by BACIL B. WARREN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Magazine publishing is a mad business. Even so, there are a few magazines that are unusually insane, whatever the standards of judgment. They are the quixotic periodicals commonly known as college comics, issued more or less regularly by editors and business managers who are striving (1) to fight off nervous prostration with one hand, (2) to pocket all available currency and negotiable securities with the other hand, and (3) to learn a certain amount of journalism between the hours of two and three A. M. the night before each month's copy deadline. That they actually do learn is indicated by the Robert Benchleys, Gluyas Williamses, Thurbers, and Corey Fords who have graduated from student magazines.

Almost every sizeable college in America has a newspaper, which prints facts and publicity; a literary magazine, which prints poetry and publicity; and a comic magazine, which prints cartoons and jokes, often sensational enough to bring the editor publicity. As a matter of fact, the oldest humor magazines in America are college comics. Both the Harvard *Lampoon* and the Yale *Record* boast considerable age, the latter having been founded in 1872. Since then the numbers of gray-haired deans and the numbers of college comics have increased apace.

It is a sad fact that smuttiness and circulation go together. The most widely read college magazines in the country are those that point with pride to the purity of the white spaces between their jokes. When circulation of the Missouri *Showme* had fallen almost to the vanishing point, Editor Eilert Richstein began to run the exceedingly intimate *Diary of a Co-ed*. The diary detailed the girl's first innocent date, her first seduction, and her realization that every man she met was out to "make" her. After it was suppressed, the entire issue was bootlegged at high prices.

Readers of the *Showme* were legion. As the storm of faculty protest burst over Richstein's head, papers as far afield as Chicago ran his picture beneath the caption "Editor Under Fire." Another chapter of the diary carried more details and more feminine intimacies. Richstein kept a batch of issues in his room for the dean to confiscate, and quietly sold a much larger number to eager buyers. The Associated Press sent photographers to Columbia, Missouri, to catch the face of the Co-ed when she should be revealed. Mr. Richstein was the Co-ed, but nobody knew that. The faculty clamored for the editor's dismissal, but the dean, who belonged to the same fraternity as did Richstein, said he just couldn't kick out a brother. The *Showme* was toned down, but a great many students are still reading, filled with hope.

The *Kitty Kat*, University of Arizona's humorous monthly, gains most of its circulation through its "Hollywood Contest," which sends two winners on a five-hundred mile airplane trip to Hollywood, where they live at a "class" hotel and visit the movie studios. Students refused to believe the contest was authentic the first year it was conducted. But when the girl and boy who sold the most subscriptions actually enjoyed the promised "Flight by American Airlines! Stay at the Biltmore Hotel! Ride about Los Angeles in Tanner Limousine!," the campus pricked up its ears. This year the sororities put up stiff competition. Every member of the Pi Phi house bought three and four subscriptions apiece in an effort to help their contestant. The Alpha Phis' contestant sought aid from home, with the result that her father, an employer, gave a subscription to nearly every Mexican in Morenci, Arizona, although few of them understand even spoken English.

Whether in quest of circulation or reader interest, the humor mags chart a risky course halfway between the demands of the dean and the desires of the fraternity men. Very few school administrations will allow student publications to run liquor ads, a stand which has the advertising managers crying themselves to sleep nightly when they see the golden harvest being reaped in liquor advertising. However, one enterprising ad man got around the taboo when he ran the following for a large beer garden: "When you're thirsty, come down to the Tavern for a BIG . . . COLD . . . FOAMING GLASS OF—milk."

Only in the last ten years have some schools allowed the comics to carry cigaret advertising, but since that time the tobacco companies have been the mainstays of most college magazines. They have served to make the student publications far more business-like, as well. Whereas formerly a magazine would appear now and again, when the editor happened to be sober, it now must hew to exact publication dates, because national advertisers demand carefully scheduled issues. Even now, however, college comic advertising can be weird. Advertisements are often run the wrong month. On an eastern monthly, advertising deadline came and the business manager found, to his dismay, that he had sold the back cover to two separate tobacco companies. After some thought, he put an ad on both the front cover and the back; then he had every page in the first half of the book printed upside down: hence, if you turned the book over in order to see the type right side up, you would leaf through until you apparently came to a back cover. If you held the book the correct way and skimmed the back advertising pages you would come to—the back cover. They called it a special Advertising Number, and everyone considered it a very original idea. Besides, they saved the expense of an illustration on the front.

Some years ago a *Kitty Kat* business manager received the checks which came in each month to pay for the magazine's full page national ads. Several cigaret companies and others took substantial space, so each month the payments would reach around $300. It absolutely galled the youngster to think that he had to turn all this money over to the university.

So, being able to cash the checks in the name of the *Kitty Kat*, he kept every cent. It was a wonderful year that he spent. Money from home and the business manager's salary paid his living expenses, leaving three hundred dollars a month clear spending money. He drove an expensive car, drank champagne bootlegged from Nogales, and kept the entire Theta house in candy. Then, along in the spring, when the school started balancing the books, he took a long-planned-for trip to Mexico.

After being extradited from Mexico, he finally settled the whole matter by deeding to the university several acres of desert land which had been left him by some thoughtful but dying relative. He had for a long time been worried about how to pay the taxes on the tract anyhow.

In those older days, when the country was prosperous and students carefree, the comics

Continued on page 126

The Outdoor Girl

by JED KILEY

• SATIRE •

She was an outdoor girl. Her slim boyish figure proclaimed it to all Paris. I met her at Ciro's. I don't know who introduced me. I think it was her husband. After three cocktails we fell in love at sight. Then we danced and instead of returning to the party went out together into the night.

As she was an American girl and expected it I kissed her impulsively in the taxi.

"One would think one was in New York," she said.

Later in the dark hallway of a Russian Cabaret I pressed her savagely to my breast.

"Do you love me?" I said.

"More than any man I ever married," she replied.

I pressed my suit against her. Her lips nestled in mine. Her arms encircled my neck.

"Every drop of blood in my body is calling your name," I said

"Do you know my name?" she said.

"No," I said.

Undaunted, I bit her gently and mumbled wild suggestions in her blushing ear.

"It is only two a. m.," I said. "You must come to my apartment to see my Japanese prints."

She pushed me away ever so slightly. I changed my tack.

"Or else," I said, "we will call on a female relative of mine. She has a lovely apartment near here. She would be delighted to meet you. She is discreet and would leave us quite alone."

A convulsive shuddering of her breast told me that I had gone too far. She thrust me from her. Her eyes blazed.

"Don't touch me," she said. "You're just like all the rest. Because I let you kiss me you think that I am going to run right to your apartment with you or even worse to some wretched house where you expatriates keep your *rendevous* with your horrid French girls. You think because you live in Paris that you can say and do whatever you like to every girl you meet. But you can't. Not with me. You seem to forget that I am one of your own race—an American."

And she wept large black tears on the shoulder of my new grey suit.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Shall I take you home?"

"Yes," she said. "But first take me somewhere out under the stars . . . somewhere where I can forget . . . somewhere—"

"*Au Bois,*" I told the chauffeur. He drove us there. She did not look at me en route but stared straight ahead into the night. As we passed the last lamp post she spoke.

"Dismiss the cab," she said. "Let us walk. I want to be close to nature tonight."

I paid the cab and followed her across the path. The moonlight filtering in between the leaves made fantastic designs upon the autumn grass. The dampness chilled me and I turned my coat collar up. I caught up with her beside a lilac bush and put my arm contritely about her slim waist.

"Forgive me," I said.

She swayed and fell suddenly into my arms . . . her open lips looking in that night garden like twin apples of Eden.

. . . Later, when we parted in the bright sunlight, I called her attention to a lilac leaf clinging to her dew soaked gown. She removed it with a proud gesture.

"Are you sorry for last night?" she said.

"Yes and no," I said.

"I mean for suggesting that I go to that awful place with you."

"Oh, yes," I said.

"*Au revoir,*" she said.

"Good bye," I said.

She went away. I haven't seen her since. I caught a frightful cold.

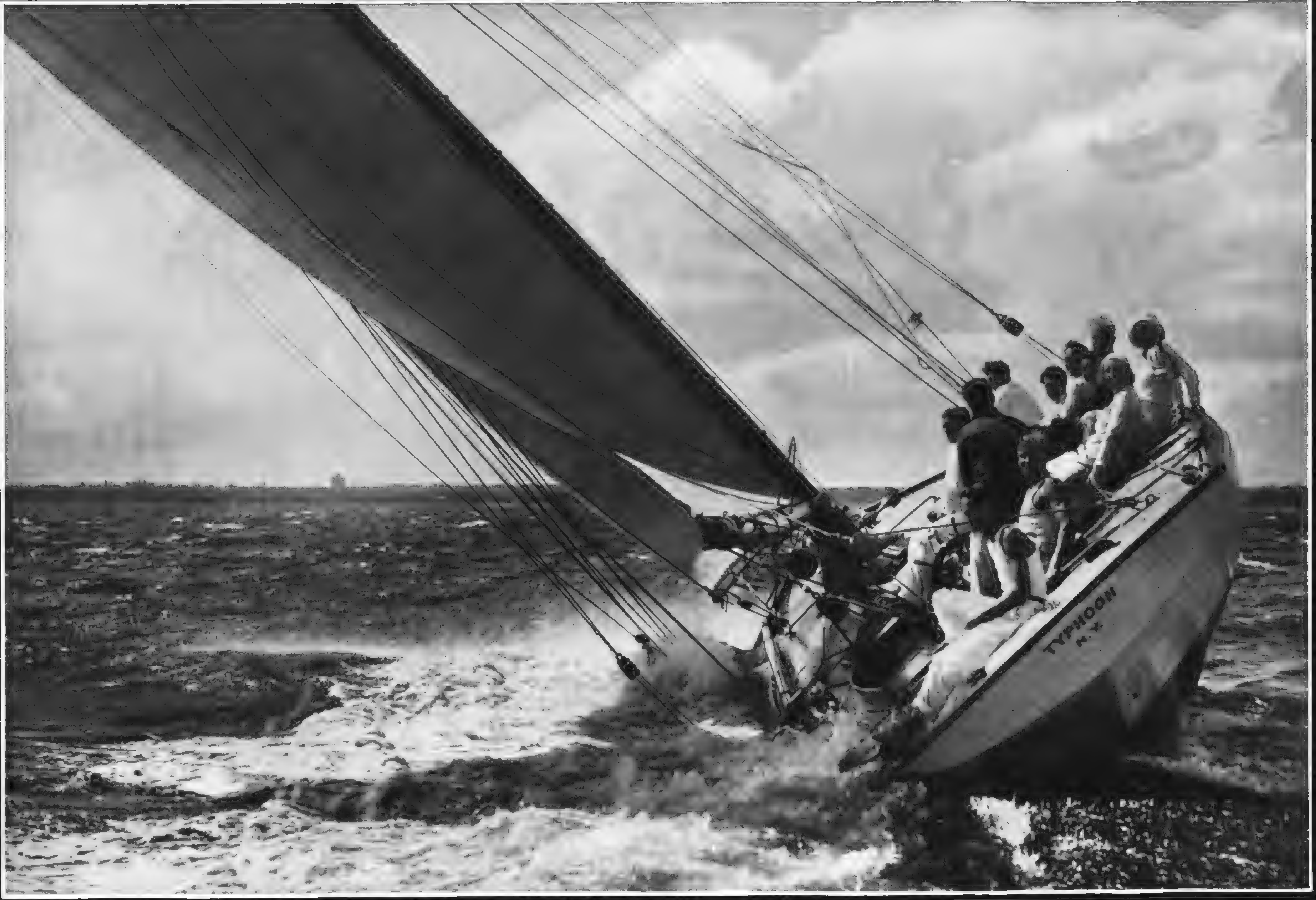
She was an outdoor girl. ⧺

PISMA BEACH

Near San Luis Obispo, California

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS ROSENFELD



LEE RAIL AWASH

"Typhoon," one of the famous New York Yacht Club 40's

Field of White Poppies

Lovely, dead looking things, the opium flowers called brides of death gave one bride life

by ERNEST POOLE

FICTION

"It was about the loveliest and the damnedest deadliest sight I ever came across outdoors," said the big lean man at my side. He was an American mining engineer who had spent years in China. I had just come through from Russia and we had met on a train in the north. Toward night it had stopped for a hot box and, getting out on a high embankment, we'd looked across a wide marshy plain—with only one distant twinkling light from a lonely monastery there and not a sound but the faint and ghostly clang of its old temple gong—and he'd told me how, while prospecting for coal up into the hills beyond, he'd come over a wooded ridge at sunset and looked into a narrow little valley.

"From end to end it was a meadow and the meadow was one long mass of gorgeous big white poppies," he said. "Lovely deadly looking things—it's from them that opium comes. I saw a little cabin down there with smoke rising out of the chimney—and although I knew damned well that nobody there would welcome a stranger sticking his nose into their little opium farm, still it was the only food and shelter within miles, and I was tired and hungry that night and I had a rifle, so I decided to take a chance. I scouted carefully down through the woods to the edge of the meadow and crept through heavy creamy poppies three and even four feet high to a side window of the hut. It was a nice clean little place, with mats on the floor, a stove, a table, a few stools and a rifle on the wall.

"In the open doorway squatted a girl in a white cotton blouse and bloomers—Chinese, of course—not stocky like some but slim and dark and quite a beauty with her big wide-slit black eyes. But what got me was the bitterness in them. You couldn't miss it—it was so plain. As she stared at those creamy gorgeous flowers, in the sunset so deathly still, God how she hated them! When I came around to the door, she jumped up and one hand made a quick scared move for the little gun at her belt. I smiled at her and shook my head—and when we had come inside the cabin, I took the rifle from the wall, laid it on the table with mine and motioned to her to do the same with the little weapon at her belt. She came slowly forward and put it down and by the way she handled it I saw she wasn't used to arms. Who the devil was she, I wondered, what was this kind of a girl doing here? I was old enough to be her father and sex appeal is not in my line. She seemed to guess what kind I was and, with her first scare over, she sat down silently, watching the door.

"When her man came in a bit later and saw me sitting close to the table with all three weapons, he stopped short. He had no gun but he didn't seem to be greatly excited. He looked at me quietly, sizing me up. Then he asked me in English:

" 'Who are you?'

"Surprised at that, I explained who I was and told him all I wanted was some supper and a bed on the floor. He spoke to the girl and she started cooking. While she was at it, nothing was said—and all through our supper, silence still. I tried talking but he barely replied, and the silence lasted on and on, though we had long finished supper now. I grew more and more curious as to this pair. How in hell had they ever got into this game? They had nothing to do with the kind I'd seen in the opium traffic out here. The man—in his early thirties perhaps, thin but husky from work out of doors—although wearing the cheap blue cotton blouse and pants of a Chink farmer, had a damned intelligent face and eyes. He seemed to belong in the student class. In the silence as I looked around, I noticed some books in English on a low shelf by my side. Who was he and why risk his life in a job like this, I asked. For opium raising up this way, beheading was the penalty. The local war lord did a lot of it, too, for he didn't want his soldier boys spoiled for him by poppy juice. And this lad and his girl must have known damned well how my government felt toward the opium trade, so why weren't they scared of me? Not at all. Hiding it? No, I could have sworn they had almost forgotten me now. They were thinking of themselves. I never saw two people so wrapped up in each other as they were that night—not talking at all but sensing each other. The girl sat without stirring but every few minutes she would shoot a look at him—just a flash from her big black eyes. Hoping for something—that was it. What was it she was hoping for? The man sat thinking—thinking hard. I'd been doing some thinking of my own—and so I spoke at last and said:

" 'I don't suppose you'll trust me not to report this farm of yours if I get away alive—and I want to get away alive, so I must take your guns when I go. But I don't like to leave you without defence against any bandits that come along, so I'll leave your two guns where you can get them, after I've got out of these hills.' "

The engineer pointed, as he spoke, out across the darkening plain.

"I named a monastery—that one out there with the twinkle of light. But when I told my Chinaman that, he gave me a queer slow smile and asked:

" 'What good are two guns if the soldiers come?'

" 'You mean you think I will report you.'

" 'I know how you Americans feel about opium,' he said.

" 'How do you feel about it yourself? How did you ever get into this trade?'

" 'I do not care to tell you that.'

"His voice was quiet as before, without any touch of bitterness. He went back to that damned silent thinking of his. And by God, he forgot me, and so did the girl, just as they had done before! All very well for them, of course, but not all so good for me! When you've tramped twenty miles or more over the hills, at my age, you are tired at night—and to sit with three guns close to your hand and keep yourself from dozing is hard! It grew harder as the night wore on. But were those two tired? Not at all! Young and in love with each other, by God, in a way I'd never seen before! Although they did not speak to each other except for a word or two now and then, the looks that he shot at her, she at him, made it feel to me as though their two minds and their whole selves were fixed on each other and something he was deciding that night. And I guessed that somehow or other it had to do with my coming there. As she sat without stirring, watching him

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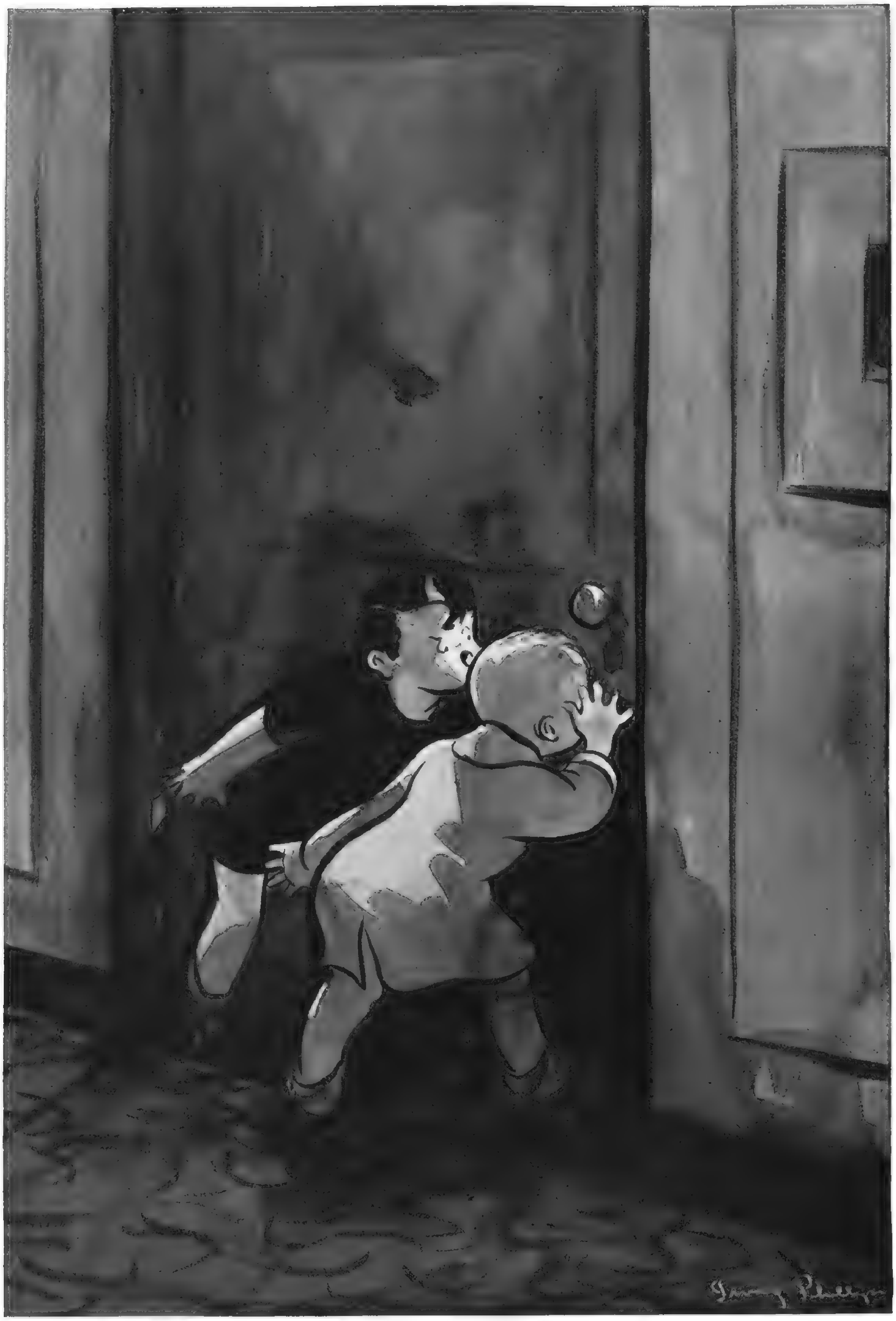


"And I got bawled out for goin' barefooted"

The Alien Menace of Sex

Critical notes upon the widely accepted foreign theory that Americans are ignorant in love

by GILBERT SELDES

THE LIVELY ARTS

> *"To leave a husband for a lover is in theory unAmerican. . . . The fact that you do not love a person is no reason at all, in American opinion, for not living as if you did."*—
> Elsie Clews Parsons

Van Wyck Brooks quotes George Cabot Lodge to the effect that the American's wife "finds him so sexually inept that she refuses to bear him children. . . . She leads a sterile stunted life," and Brooks asks, "Can this be denied?" As the French are fond of dancing and light wine, the Germans thorough, the British silent, so Americans know nothing of love. Stendhal, who had never been to America, was amazed to think of American girls returning from nocturnal sleigh rides, their virginity unimpaired; and Mrs. Parsons refers to the "constant puzzle to the European visitors—the freedom of social intercourse allowed to the youth of opposite sexes." It was, I think, de Maupassant who said that in the French provinces, no virgin is ever led to the altar, seignorial rights, apparently, devolving upon the promised husband. Definitely, one senses a difference.

A difference to be examined. Primarily to indicate that facts are wanting. Neither George Cabot Lodge nor Van Wyck Brooks had at hand the testimony of all American women as to their distaste for their husbands; both of them had at hand the statistics of declining birth rate in many other countries including, manifestly, France, the country of love, the very image of a society devoted to the consummation of physical passion. I note, superfluously, that the Seventh Commandment was not written by the Fathers of the Constitution and that in all monogamous countries to leave a husband for a lover is, in theory, incorrect.

Here, incidentally, we run into another major aspect of the intellectual attack upon America: specifying as an American weakness a universal habit. Thus, George Jean Nathan says it is an item in the American credo, "that a doctor knows so much about women that he can no longer fall in love with one of them." Set beside it the Viennese credo that patients always fall in love with their psychoanalysts and you reduce all such statements to the single one, that human beings make false generalizations, or that superstition has not vanished from the world. It is, of course, inadmissible, in this connection, to discover any virtue as peculiarly American; only vices.

To return to the miserable American and his life in love and marriage: Frenchmen have repeatedly indicated a peculiarity of their society, especially in Paris, that the relation of mistress and lover is an accepted social fact; the early plays of Maurice Donnay suggest that this relationship has its conventions and formulae no less rigid than those of the marriage relation. The basis of that relation, not always noted, is "the fact that you do not love a person is no reason at all . . . for not living as if you did," the Frenchman maintaining his marriage, maintaining even cohabitation, although in love with his mistress, the Frenchwoman likewise. (Not all French men or women do anything of the kind; there is even a suspicion that not all are adulterers. The point is that recognizing extra-marital relations is another way of living with a person whom you do not love.)

Again: is the social freedom between the sexes as unsexual, in a word, as it was in 1900? Was there no fire behind all the smoke rising over the wildness of the younger generation? Is chastity as highly prized as once it was? Our immorality has also been held as an evil symptom, but the critics cannot really have it both ways. They try hard enough. Mr. Albert Mordell assures us that "no one in America is supposed to take an afternoon off for the purposes of love," but that the machine age, dwarfing the emotional life, "forces men to casual contacts." Limited, presumably, to the evening. In the same way, the prevalence of divorce is held against America although divorce is, in essence, precisely that un-American thing, leaving a husband for a lover. The famous Puritanism of America, it is understood, makes it impossible for loose men and women to maintain their position in society, and conformity to the sexual mores is essential for business success and "a divorced man could never be elected President." A divorced man, carrying the burden of Wilson's postwar unpopularity and shackled by the League of Nations, ran a fair race for the Presidency and millions of Americans, terrified of sex, voted for him, so that a divorced man, with a popular platform, might have a fair chance. As for Hollywood, its marriages and divorces have done nothing whatever to alienate the people, and even the dull-witted must by this time understand the codewords which gossip writers use for the ancient "living in sin."

Whether Americans are or are not masters of the art of love, I do not know. Nor do I know what inquiries were made by those who are so sure. Into the clinics come the definitely maladjusted; to assume that they faithfully represent those who do not appear at the clinics is as sensible as assuming that all Americans have had a leg amputated, on a similar basis. "After all," Jung writes, "the essential thing is not the shadow, but the body which casts it," and the exception may prove the rule without becoming the rule.

The general statements about the private lives of Americans are virtually meaningless. They are fiction which may represent fact and may not. Some twenty years ago I told an English novelist who hadn't at that time ever been to America something of the life of an American woman who had cut herself off from considerable wealth and an extremely pleasant life to live with a man—either he or she was already married—whom she desperately loved. "You surprise me," the novelist said; "I understood that American women cared nothing for passion." As he probably met half a dozen visitors to England and a few expatriates, I gathered his understanding of American women must have come from American critics.

For their benefit it may be noted that the manuals of the art of love, the expositions of Oriental subtlety in producing or extending sexual pleasure, the books on frigidity and maladjustments, are familiar in Europe, and most of those circulated here were first written for the interest of Europeans. Also that Freud would have had to be far more clairvoyant than he is to have based his theories of sex entirely upon American experience. I have heard Frenchmen declare that Freud's ideas have no bearing on French life, being purely Teutonic or Jewish or a mixture of both; but I have never heard that they apply more snugly to America than any other country.

Is it possible that the real burden of this complaint is that America has no literature of love? There we arrive at a point which can be verified. The treatment of physical love in American fiction, poetry, and drama has been for the most part superficial; we have created no Isoldes, no Beatrices, no Mimis, no *garçonnes* and *prisonnières*, no Tesses; our conspicuous triumphs have been with adolescents and our literature of flirting is inexhaustible. Assuming for the moment that this utterly damns our literature, let us note only that this damnation proves nothing conclusive about our lives. Until a paternal or prurient government gives us scientific data on the sexual pleasures of a great majority of American men and women, we shall remain ignorant of their skill and of their happiness. #

Prop Boys on Parade

Theirs not to ask how or why but to find flowers on a desert if the director calls for them

by CARROLL CASE

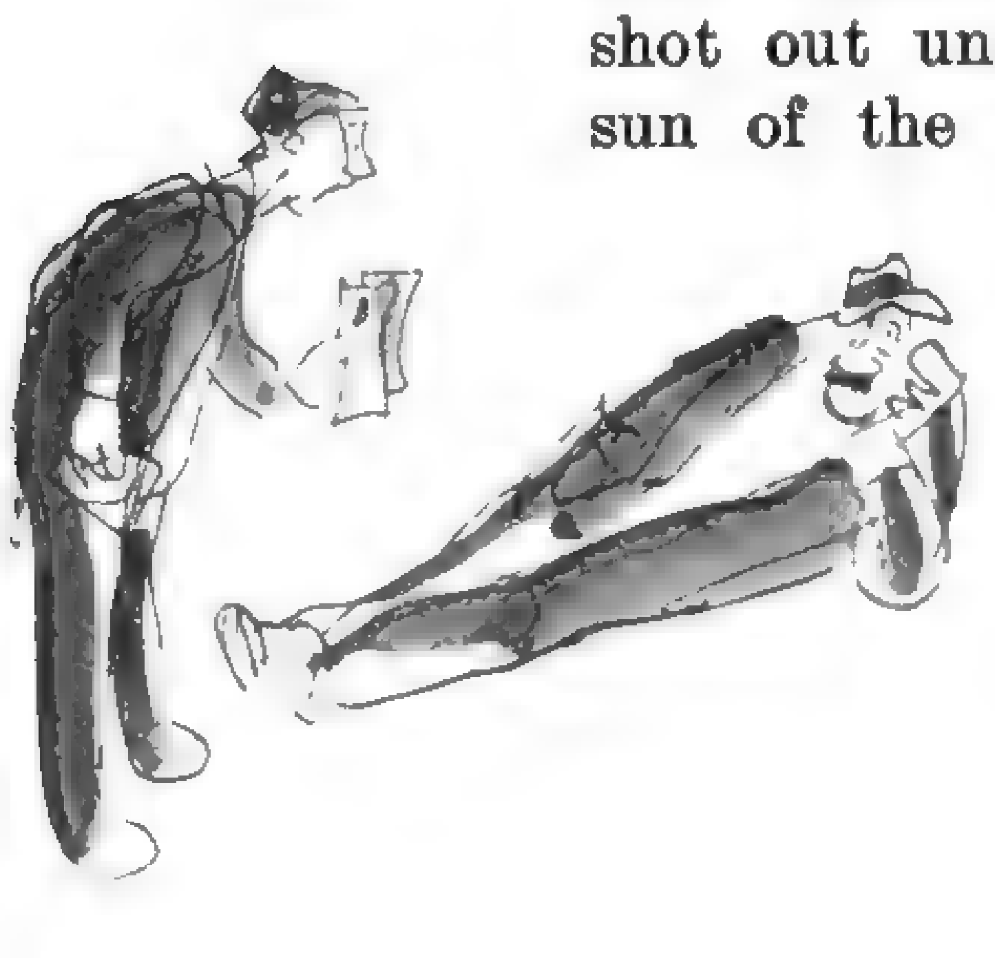
• ARTICLE •

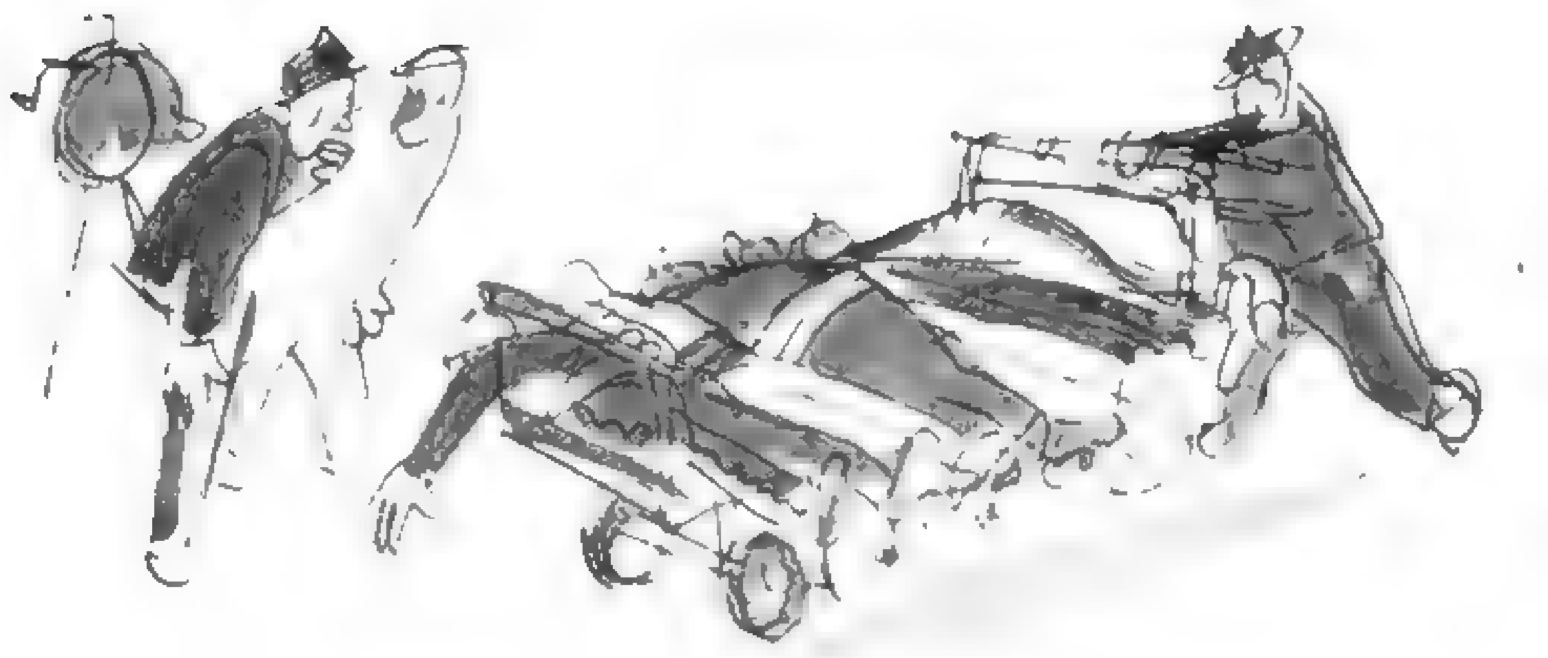
Writers for fan magazines seem to be incurably addicted to the habit of presenting property men to their readers as animated nervous breakdowns. One who has been a prop boy himself can only believe that the fault lies entirely with the writers. Certainly it does not lie with the property men. They do not, in spite of what innumerable writers may tell you, totter around with wrinkled brow and haggard mien when they are the recipients of a rush order that an ordinary mortal could only fulfill with the help of Aladdin's Lamp. To the contrary, they relish such unreasonable orders . . . they wax fat on them and prefer nothing more than to be told to produce the unproduceable, unless it be the lack of a reasonable amount of time in which to do the producing.

Nor are prop men the only whole-hearted devotees of this rush-order game. A director having found a prop man who can produce anything and everything at a moment's notice will do all in his power to keep such a fellow on his staff. He will go to the mat in the front office, he will try to have this genius included in his contract, he will even go so far as to postpone the starting date of a picture if by waiting he can get the particular prop man he wants. Then, having got him, the director will go all about the town boasting to all about *his* prop man.

The prop man has relatively few troubles when working in the studio which is equipped to handle all emergencies. His troubles start, and never let up, when his troupe goes on location hundreds of miles away from property rooms, rental agencies, storehouses and stores, and he suddenly finds that a surprise sequence has been written into the script which calls for something that he hasn't got and stands small chance of getting.

For instance: when Hal Rosson (one of Jean Harlow's ex-husbands) was propping for Douglas Fairbanks, back in the days of the good old "Westerns," they were together on a picture called *The Good Bad Man.* Most of the picture was shot out under the broiling sun of the Mojave Desert, generally conceded to be the hottest spot in North America. A motion picture camp was established ninety miles from the nearest town exactly in the center of this sunscorched expanse.





Fairbanks spent all his spare moments in eulogizing Hal who, he said, was the most marvelous prop man in the business. Never had Hal been asked for anything that he hadn't been able to produce . . . never was he asleep on the job . . . never did he grow weary, short-tempered or flustered.

It wasn't long until this insistent praise had made Hal the most unpopular man in camp. Everyone was getting pretty damned tired of hearing about what a sterling fellow he was, and they resolved to do something about it. They did.

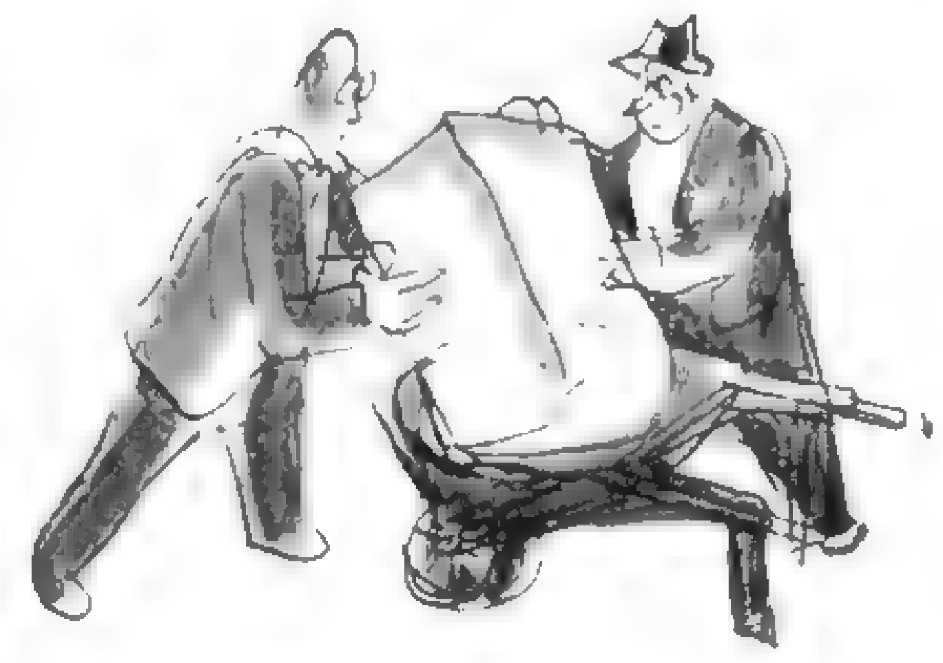
They deliberately led Fairbanks into more flowery eulogisms about his prop man and, when he was past all reneging, they blandly said that since Hal was such a swell guy he probably wouldn't have any trouble at all in doing something they'd thought up in order to test him.

Of course, Fairbanks had to agree that Hal Rosson would probably do it with the greatest of ease. The troupe simply wanted him to produce a dozen fresh flowers after lunch. It was then ten in the morning, lunch was at noon, and they were but a mere ninety miles from the nearest town. Hal was called and told that a sequence had suddenly been written into the script which called for a dozen fresh flowers. Rosson said nothing; he merely nodded his head and walked off.

For the next two hours everyone around the camp was kept busy telling everyone else how Rosson had been stumped at last, but their chortling was short lived. Someone happened to look off across the desert and saw Hal approaching on horseback, cascades of flowers tumbling from his arms at every jog . . . nice, dewy, fresh flowers. When they had finally regained sufficient breath, they asked Hal where he had managed to get fresh flowers in the middle of the Mojave Desert.

Rosson explained that he had gotten them over by the Sante Fe railroad tracks. This remark appeared to be rather cryptic until he explained that there was a watering stop by the tracks, five miles away, and when the first passenger train had pulled up there to take on water, he had jumped aboard and gone through the dining car, lifted all of the flowers out of the vases on the tables, and . . . well, there they were ready for the first set-up after lunch.

Another prop man who was caught in the surprise sequence trap is Jack Wright, who is prop man for Edward Blatt at Paramount. Wright's company had gone on location to a remote spot on the edge of the Florida Everglades and the first day there Jack was called upon to produce a blue steel service revolver. Looking in his prop box he only verified what he already knew . . . there was no such thing as a blue steel service revolver in the box. Taking a company car Wright drove fifty miles to the nearest town only to discover that there was no store that sold guns and not a single inhabitant who possessed such a thing as a revolver. He was on his way back to the set when he met the local sheriff. Strapped to the sheriff's side was a beautiful service revolver of glittering blue steel.



Wright walked up to the sheriff and complimented him on the gun. This led to further conversation which, in turn, led to practically nothing until, through a chance remark, Wright learned that the sheriff was quite proud of his reputation as a gambling man; while he refused to lend his gun outright he was perfectly willing to gamble the use of the revolver against five dollars.

Taking a pair of dice from his trouser pocket, Wright soon won the gun and returned with it to the set. The sheriff doesn't know to this day that the dice were props . . . and that they were loaded.

The worries of prop men, however, do not always end with mere props. For instance, when Ben Hecht was in Mexico, filming the scenes for *Viva Villa,* the

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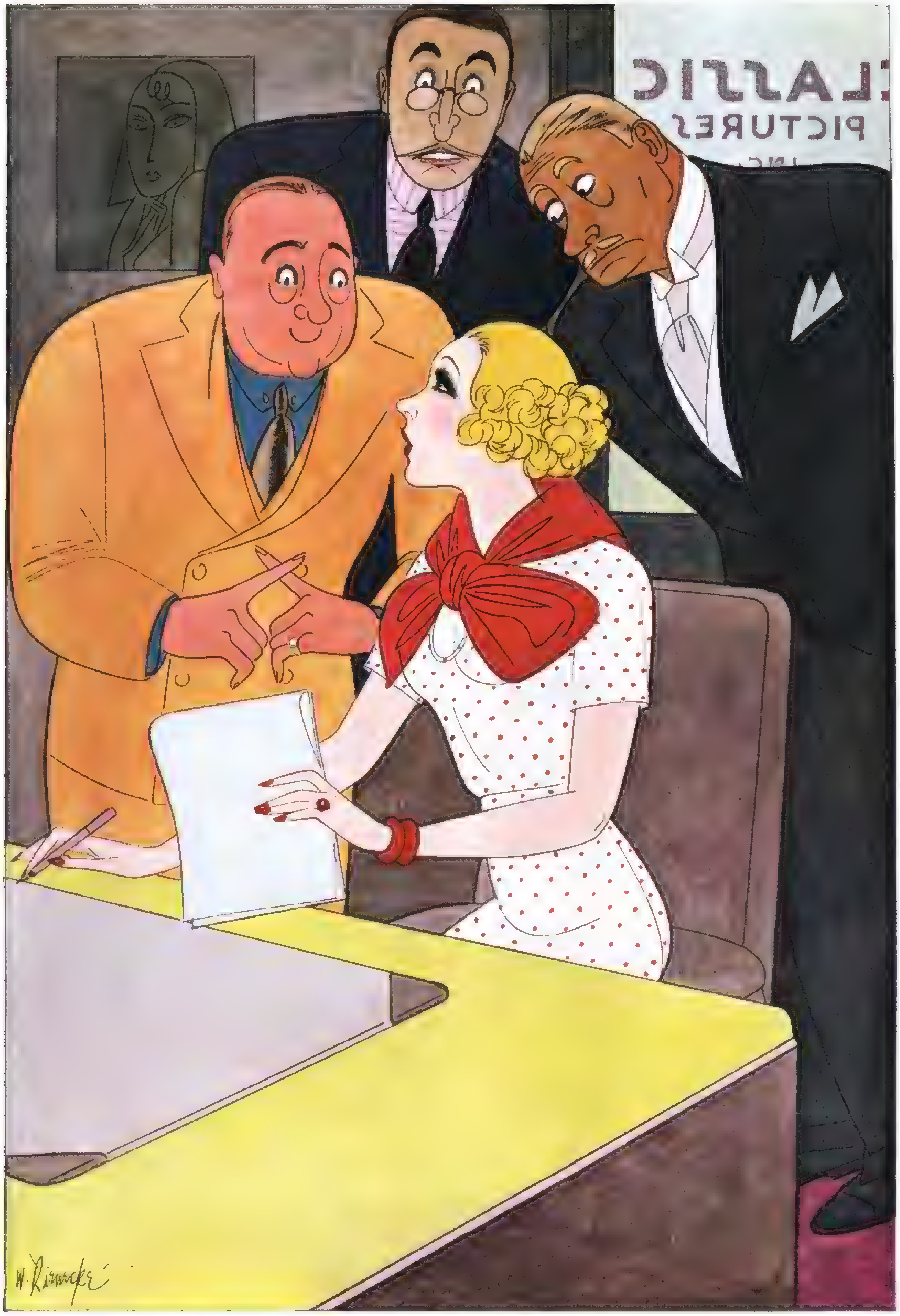
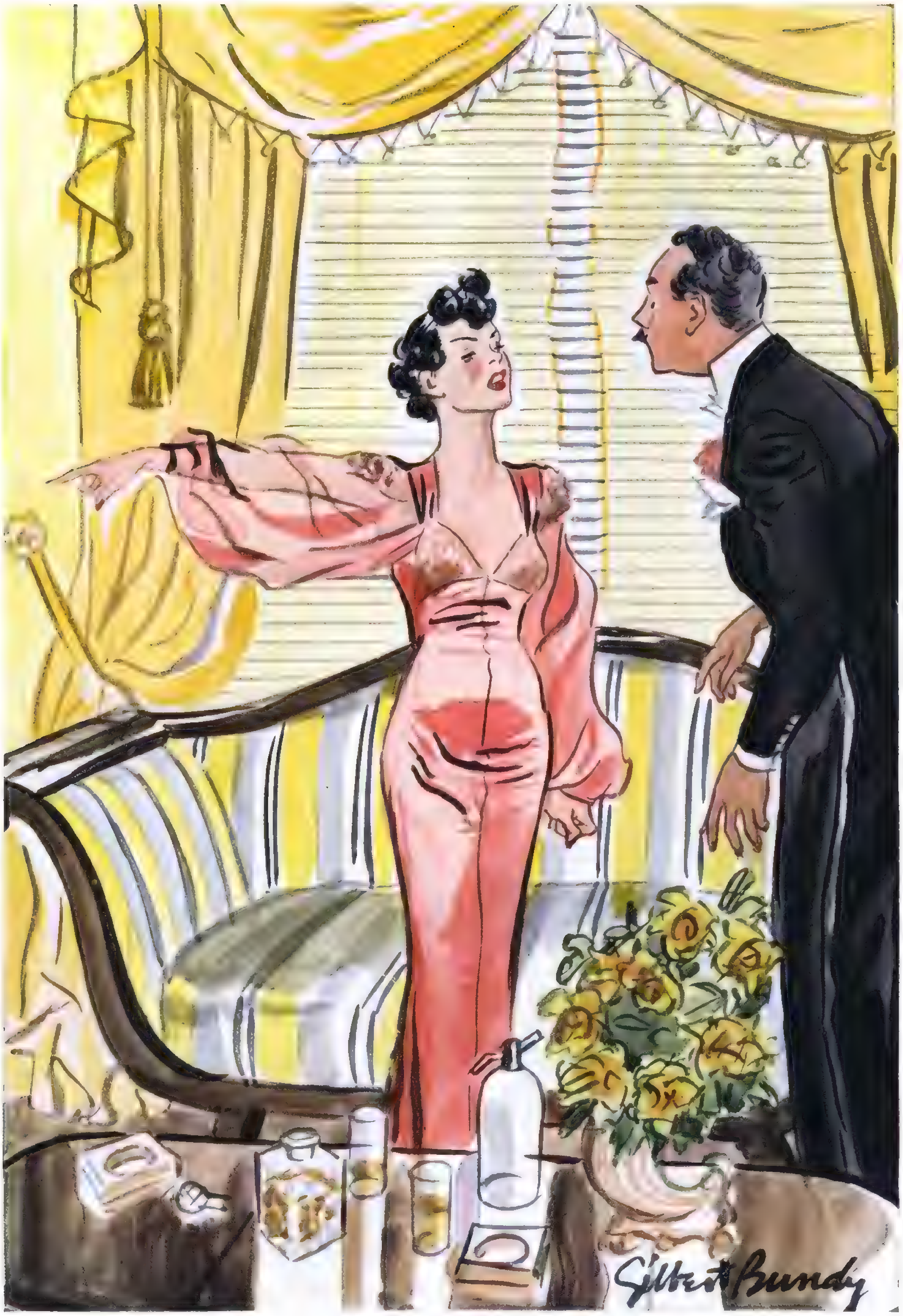

CLASSIC
PICTURES

"Well, couldn't you just sign an X then? You know—two crossed lines"



"Jerry, I'll give you just twenty-four hours to get out of here"

When the Dude Rides

The caballero of the bridle paths has to learn a new set of rules for Western horses

by RAYMOND BROWNE

• SPORTS •

If you go West, young man, to one of the guest ranches, you will expect and be expected to ride. A word to you before you leap lightly into the stock saddle.

Your horsemanship may be all that could be desired on the bridle paths of Central Park or the polo fields at Meadowbrook or the panelled fences of the Rolling Rock Hunt. Nevertheless, take West with you an humble and an open mind.

For no matter how excellent your seat and light your hands, there is something to be learned about Western horses ere you can ride them well.

It is not so much the country or its customs as it is the *cheveaux* themselves.

Their training and their handling condition their reflexes to a degree that makes advance information most desirable.

Whether the horse assigned to you is mostly Morgan or mustang, he has been broken to specifications peculiarly Western.

On the morning you are to ride, maybe a cowboy has caught up your horse in the bunch being held in the corral. If the horses require roping before they can be bridled, undoubtedly he has. Often, however, your horse will stand and let you come up and put your arm on his neck, especially if you shout his name commandingly and reproachfully as he starts to move off and mill around with his mates.

Facing forward, your right arm restrainingly over Dash-bar's neck, you pass the brow-band of the bridle to your right hand, hold the bit on the outspread fingers of the left hand, the reins trailing on the ground. As you raise the bridle over his face, Dash-bar will blink and otherwise express his distaste for the proceedings but he will, ordinarily, permit you to press the bit between his lips and teeth and into his mouth. It is distinctly kinder to animals not to bang the steel bit against equine teeth in putting on or taking off a bridle. While he mouths the bit reluctantly, you cram his ears and forelock under the head-strap. Then you buckle the throat-latch without setting up a strangulating condition for poor Dash-bar. If the bridle is his regular one, it probably fits him but you should not fail to notice whether the cheek-straps are so short that corners of his mouth are pulled back into an involuntary grin, nor so long that the bit will jangle down on his front teeth.

You pick up the reins to lead him to the bars of the corral where you intend to saddle him, but Dash-bar or any other typical Western horse will not follow you, if you walk backwards. You must turn your back on your horse and walk away, if you would lead him. He just doesn't like you to watch him, probably, the bashful old thing.

It is sufficient in tying a horse up by the reins, to use a simple knot or even merely take a double turn around the rail or post. The theory in the West is that any horse can back away if it really wants to and there's no sense in busting reins unnecessarily. Many cow-ponies will stand merely on the dropping of the reins but don't count on it until you know your individual horse.

Saddling up begins with brushing or curry-combing your mount's back where the saddle is to go. Do not omit this or you risk a saddle sore. On Dash-bar, of course.

Next comes the saddle blanket, a single one unless your Dash-bar's withers or shoulders protrude high above his ribs. Then use a double one, the fold forward. There should be the same amount of blanket over the near side as over the off side and it should cover about half the withers. In putting it on, you may pull it backwards to adjust its position. But never pull it forward as this goes against the "lay" of the hair on the horse's back, ruffles it and makes for sore spots.

The saddle is lifted carefully over the horse and placed in position so that it rests snugly up against the shoulder muscles. The stirrups are hanging down on either side and, on the off side, the girth probably trails on the ground. You reach under the horse and bring it toward you, so it fits across his belly just back of the forelegs. Depending on the style of saddle, somewhat, you now either buckle a short double strap or reeve a latigo (a longish single leather), several times through the rings provided for that purpose, finally slipping a hole over the long tongue on the buckle-ring.

Only experience teaches you how tight to cinch a girth. A too-tight girth is safer than a too-loose one. Slip the fingers of both hands under the girth and pull it toward you. You should be able to get just a little slack by pulling hard.

And now the moment has arrived for you to mount.

Or nearly so.

First, *caballero*, be advised of a singularity of the Western horse. He is sensitive, without exception, about that back on which you would fain sit. If the blanket should be cold and your weight should press it down on him, he would almost certainly shudder violently. This, in the quaint idiom of the ranch, is colloquially termed "bucking" and is sometimes so vigorously performed as to remove the rider. So you "untrack" your Dash-bar by walking him around a bit, after which he will be more receptive to your advances.

Unlike your Eastern snaffle-and-curb, your Western bridle has but one rein, which is, however, in two pieces. You must pick up the ends off the ground, flinging each from its side over the neck of the horse. With your left hand you clutch both reins and also a generous bunch of mane.

With your right you take hold of the pommel (not, as in the dear East, the cantle), and step with your left foot into the near stirrup.

You mount by pulling yourself rapidly into an upright position, standing on the left stirrup. Then, as gracefully as you can manage, considering the extra exertion, raise your right leg *high*, so as to clear Dash-bar's quarters without tickling him into another shudder, and thus swing gently down into the saddle.

Don't *plump* down.

These Western horses are easily frightened. As long as you handle them strictly according to the rules they know, they are as gentle as so many lambs. But noises they don't understand or any little thing that's not in the glorious tradition of the golden West will start a stampede, solo or *en masse*.

If your horsey conversation has resulted in your being given one of the top horses, there is a special trick in mounting that you'd better know. Cowboys from time immemorial have trained their ponies to whirl to the left or near side as they are being mounted.

Therefore, in preparing to mount a horse that will adhere to this pleasant local custom, be sure to position him so that, if other horses are moving off or there is some other attractive objective which might appeal to him, he will whirl *toward* it and you, not away from you. Two things help to ensure this. He should be so positioned as to be headed away from the course you intend to take and

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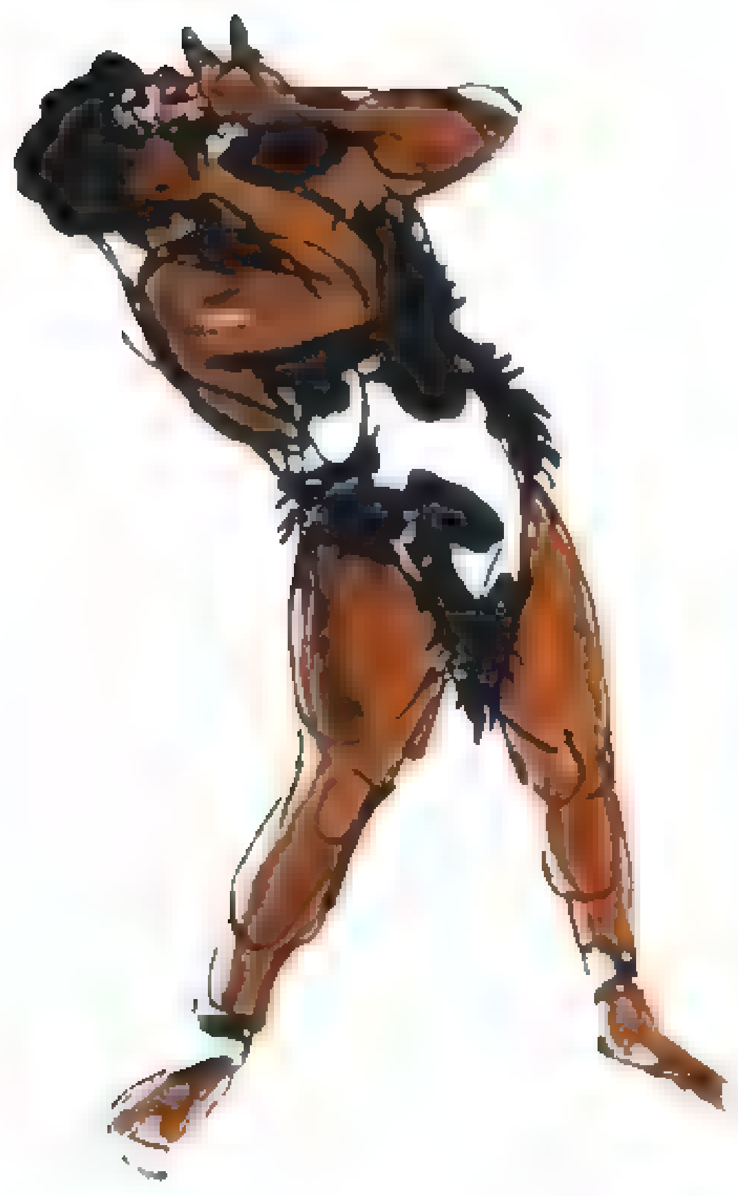
Harko the Herald

He could bellow, he could howl, and fortunately the King knew what to do with Harko's Delilah



by FREEMAN TILDEN

▪ FICTION ▪

SULLEN, petulant, restless, the Great King kicked off his silken coverlet, broidered with gold, sat up and clapped his hands. A Libyan eunuch glided forth from a cleft in the nearby gorgeous arras, and made obeisance before the royal couch.

"Send me my chief scribe! And have him come quickly! I am not in the mood to wait upon the loitering of lazy rascals!"

The secretary, who had been rolling dice, and not very gainfully, in an adjoining chamber, bustled in with his implements.

"Take this letter," ordered the Great King. "Engross as follows:

> "The Great King of Persia, to his unworthy lieutenant, the Satrap of Sogdiana, Greetings: 'Six moons have now waxed and waned since our royal person honored you with the request for a competent Herald. Is it possible that the indurated and echoing pipkin which serves you for a brain is unable to comprehend what I mean by a competent Herald? You have sent me four scarecrows with hollow chests, one after another, no one of which is vocally better equipped than to sing humming-birds to sleep. Unconscionable miscreant, and deluder of royalty! do you realize that when I say I want a Herald, I mean a *Herald:* I mean a human being with a voice like rolling thunder, who can stand before the walls of a beleagured city and emit such volumes of sounding words, that the inhabitants will quail before the might of the Great King? If you are as crafty as I thought you were when I appointed you satrap, you will produce me one guaranteed, first-class Herald by the time another outwardbound trip has been completed by Phoebus. Yours for fewer and better satraps, The Great King of Persia.'"

"That will give him something to think about," clucked the scribe, ingratiatingly.

"Did you like that line about 'the indurated and echoing pipkin which serves you for a brain'?" asked the Great King, extremely well pleased with himself.

"I shall say I did," chuckled the scribe.

"Well, put on the bottom, 'dictated but not read'," ordered the King. "I'll have the world know that this King is too busy to read letters, even his own." Thus saying, he fell back wearied upon his pillows, and began to snore royally.

Before the rosy fingers of the dawn had been laid four-score times upon the bosom of the quickening East, the Satrap of Sogdiana stood before his royal master.

"I come from Thrace, O King!" he said, brushing the desert dust from his waistcoat, "and all unkempt as I am, I stay for no toilet before appearing before the throne of the Most Bountiful."

"So you come from Thrace," mocked the Great King, with unconcealed contempt. "That is a good place to come from. Perhaps you have given some thought to the place where you are going to, if you have not—well, well, the point is, have you found the man?"

"Illustrious Dispenser of Jeweled Words, I have found the man!" was the reply. "Not only have I found the man, but I have him with me. He awaits your pleasure, outside."

"Another crooner, no doubt," suggested the Great King, sarcastically.

"You are to be the judge of his qualifications, Most High Elevation," replied the satrap with a confident smile. "If there is such another voice between the star-lit poles, may your Cretan archers use my knucklebones to play the old army game!"

"From the way you speak, Araspas," said the Great King, more hopefully, "I really begin to think you have discovered something. But let me warn you that when I think of Heralds, my mind goes back to a Herald my late father, the Great King possessed. There was a Herald! Before the gates of no mean city I did, as a boy, hear this man send forth such a clarion call for the surrender of the town, that birds, flying overhead, fell to earth from the shock of that mighty voice." The Great King's eyes glistened with the recollection.

"Crest of the Upper World, Most Puissant and Delectable, Perfect Sovereign! I crave a moment's explanation before I bring the fellow before you. For I think it might amuse your majesty to know how I discovered this nonpareil among Heralds."

"Say on, but be reasonably brief, Araspas," answered the King. "I am all itchy to see this paragon, and hear his voice."

"Well, then, by your leave, master," began the satrap, "when I was in receipt of your last dispatch, I was at first in despair. For many days I traveled without success; and one noon-time, tired and hungry and despondent, I approached a little village wherein was a tavern. And as I came nearer, I heard such a tumult of sound that I thought instantly there was civil war in progress, or at the least a bread riot. Such a terrific roar of human voices greeted me, as caused my eardrums almost to crack."

"There was a brawl proceeding, without doubt. Indeed, the Thracians are notable for brawls."

"No brawl, sire. It was just one voice. Rhopoperperethros was ordering a drink."

"*Who* was ordering a drink?"

"Rhopoperperethros—the man I have brought you from Thrace."

"A man with that name should have a voice like an avalanche, in good sooth," said the King. "But I like not such heathen names. Tell him for me that henceforth his name is Harko. That is more soothing to the refined Persian ear."

"It shall be so," said Araspas.

"And so what you thought was a mob was in reality one man ordering a drink!" said the Great King, with a smile. "That sounds promising. I surmise he got the drink, and speedily."

"You being the Great King, your surmises are inevitably accurate," said Araspas. "His voice, indeed, echoing in the narrow confines of the ginmill, knocked down bottles from the shelves, and caused several fainter Thracian patrons to leave by the windows. And now, O King, will it please you to view the man?"

Araspas clapped his hands thrice, and a file of soldiers, unarmed, entered, leading a great blond giant of a man, with untrimmed reddish beard and shaggy hair, whose principal article of clothing was a covering of goatskins, caught at one shoulder, leaving half a mighty torso naked. At sight of the magnificence of the apartment, the crown jewels, the gold and silver images, and the rich garments of the King, the Thracian threw himself face down upon the floor and trembled, from neck to heel.

"Tell the fellow to let me hear him give a loud halloo!" commanded the monarch.

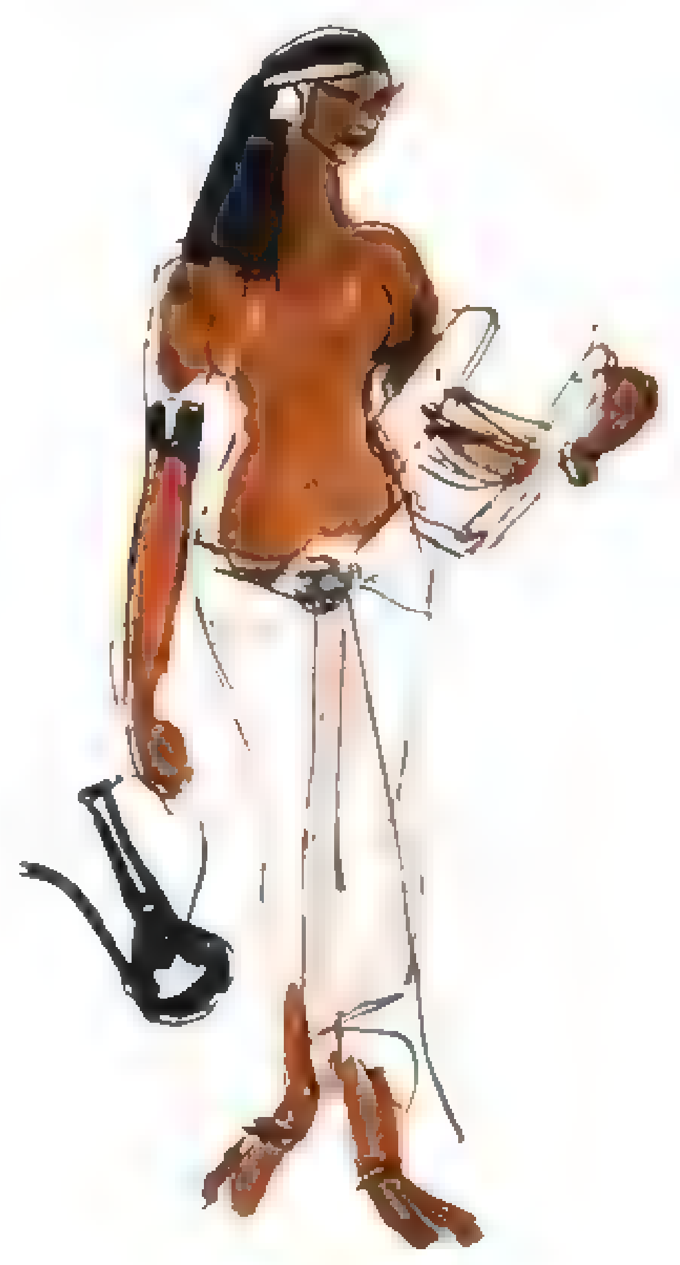
"Your Imperial Beneficence," urged Araspas, hastily, "I implore you not to have him start with a loud halloo. The confines of this suite are too narrow and the furnishings too delicate. Besides, your royal ears are too sensitive, believe me."

"You thrill me, Araspas," cried the King, joyfully. "I am sorry I referred to your head as an echoing pipkin—though it was a *good* line, you have to admit. Well, then, let your man whisper."

"What shall he whisper?"

"Just let him say 'Woof!' Like that!"

Nothing loath, and striving to please, Harko said "Woof," having been privately advised by Araspas, not to overdo his whisper the first time. The walls of the apartment shook; a goblet of wine, half-full, at the side of the King's couch, slopped over. And the King, who happened to be facing the new Herald when the "Woof" came, was caught in the vacuum in such a way that his mantle was blown up over his head, causing him great fright, because when a King's mantle is over his head, he never knows what some devoted subject might do.



"Take him away, Araspas," cried the Great King in ecstasy. "Install him in comfortable quarters. Show him all possible courtesies, and place his name on the salary scroll at anything that seems fair. For you, Araspas, in consideration of your great affection for me, tell the imperial bursar to let you inspect my treasury. While there, take any little thing. And I give you also the principality of Bactria—you shall be satrap of both Sogdiana and Bactria."

"But there is already a satrap at Bactria," cried the joyful Araspas.

"That's so." The King considered. "Well, I'll have him poisoned at once, Araspas. When this King starts out to be benevolent, he stops with no half measures!"

II.

Now, this Thracian Harko, this giant of a man with shaggy hair and beard, and eyes that slightly popped, and a voice like that of Boreas when it echoes through the caverns of Taurus, speedily became the very apple of the eye of the Great King, so that he would have caused to be torn asunder by wild asses any man that laid violence upon Harko: though in truth there was no one persuaded to do so, for Harko, though a rough diamond, and heavy handed at sports, so that those of the army who took his playful taps upon the chin were usually dropped from the payroll—yet he was good natured and careless with his money, and all thumbs at dice, so that it came to be a favorite saying in the King's army, when a soldier displayed sudden wealth, that he had been "rolling the galloping cuboi with Harko."

And, O, it was a thrilling sight when the army of the Great King moved across hither Farthia, with its select Persian cavalry upon snorting steeds, followed by the Carians with golden cocks upon their crests, and bowmen from Crete, and swart Nubian mercenaries, and Phrygian targeteers, and Hyrcanians with brassy shields glistening in the full sun—and when they came to a fortified town, and the army took its position opposite the gates, and just out of reach of the slingers, then would the awful Harko step forth and advance a hundred paces before the first ranks, and give voice to the message which he had been taught to utter in the Persian language:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Behold the irresistible forces of the Great King, and shudder! Will ye open your gates and admit the conqueror peacefully, in which case all you shall lose is your money? Or will ye choose the horrors of battle, in which case not a soul will survive to tell the story of our diplomatic intercourse? Which will ye choose, men of Parthia?"

And when that mighty voice rolled into the walled towns and cities of hither Parthia, the inhabitants took shivers, and soon the gates were thrown wide open and the old men of the city came to kiss the hem of the Great King's garment, and that was all there was to that. Whereupon the Chaldean camp-followers plundered the luckless stronghold.

Now, all this easy progress put the Great King in a high mood, so that he loaded more and more presents upon Harko, and swore that he would build a golden statue of his Herald in every principal marketplace of his kingdom, ten cubits high; though afterward, on being informed of the expense of this proposal, he changed the metal to brass, saying that brass would last longer.

But Harko oftentimes thought, with brimming emotions, of the little Thracian town whence he came, and wondered how his father and mother were getting along. One day he ventured to the Great King (for he was by this time on terms of extraordinary intimacy with the monarch) that he would vastly like about six months' leave of absence, to visit his home in Thrace.

The Great King never having been a Thracian lad, who came from a small town, could not well understand; but he could deny Harko nothing, and finally gave a reluctant assent. But he added, "Six months at the very outside, Harko! I have a new campaign under way for the early winter. So set you off at once, and be back upon the appointed day, on peril of your life. For much as I value you, I would rather see you dead, and stuffed in a museum, than to hear that you had taken up with some inferior King."

So Harko set off for his little town in Thrace, accompanied as far as the frontier by a guard of horsemen; and then, by his own request, he went forward alone, with only a few servants. And I wish I could take the time to tell of his entry into the little Thracian town, and how he entered the door of his parents' house, and how his mother did not know him; and how she then fainted, and how the father was so overcome with this good fortune that had come to the family, that he was found wandering in the streets early next day, with a bottle in each hand, proclaiming that he was the King of Persia.

I cannot go into these tender details, because it is necessary to state that Harko had greater experiences than these. Being now received into the greatest families of his native town he fell violently in love within five days from the moment he set foot in the place. The young lady was Pantheia, the only daughter of the town banker. She was most fair to look upon, and had the smallest foot and ankle in Thrace, it was said, and when she played upon the zither and sang to Harko, the big Herald was locoed. He, who had always been something dumb, became even dumber; and simply sat upon the cushions in rapture, sucking throat pastilles which the Great King had insisted he should take with him, to keep his voice in good condition.

So the days went most happily past, with the speed of wild ducks, and Harko was so much in love with Pantheia that he became maudlin, and even his mother pitied him. But what chiefly bothered Pantheia was that she had been delicately bred, whilst Harko had been rudely reared as a peasant. His voice was too loud. It made Pantheia's father's head ache, and it echoed through the house in a terrible manner.

So, one day, Pantheia thought it best to be frank, and she addressed Harko as follows: "I love you dearly, Harko, and I perceive that you love me. My father is not unwilling that we should be married, but he says that he wishes you had more quality and less quantity. You are a dear boy, with a heart of gold, I know that; but you need cultivation. Do you take my words amiss, Harko?"

Harko replied that he did not; indeed, he acknowledged that he was a rough man, unused to the delicacies of gentle life, and he wished nothing better than to be educated to better manners.

"That is well said," went on Pantheia, "and I love you more for your simple good nature and willingness to improve. Now, it happens that I have a book in the house, written by one Aemilius Postus, an authority upon etiquette. Will you let me read you a few chapters from it?"

"With pleasure," replied Harko.

Now, when the beautiful Pantheia had brought the book, she sat down beside Harko (who was overpowered by the perfume of her hair and the intoxication of her proximity) and read him, in her sweetly modulated voice to this effect: that a young man of good breeding should not grab at food, but should wait until served; that he should not sit down until the ladies were seated, and then should take an easy, but not insolent attitude, and wait for a silence until he began to discourse; and above all,

Continued on page 150

The Poet Pays

How to be a poet in one easy lesson, including the trick of making checks go the wrong way

by ALAN DEVOE

ARTICLE

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was still writing exclusively for my personal pleasure and had no eye cocked toward bread and butter, I harbored the notion that I was a poet. This bizarre self-estimate can be justified only on the grounds that it is a widely prevalent form of delusion. Certainly half the people in this country have had the idea, at some time in their lives, that they were poetically gifted. When the notion smites a person who is very young, it is apt to be difficult to eradicate. With me, the notion endured for about two years. During that time quite a number of people made money from my poetry, but I was not one of them.

My early verses were—as is usually the case—pastoral in theme. Nature poems are by far the easiest to write, the most readily inspired, and the best adapted for reading aloud to one's friends in a Poetic Manner. The Poetic Manner is quite distressing to one's friends, but a huge satisfaction to the poet. It involves an exaggerated Ethel Barrymore voice and a vibrating delivery called "intense." The palate trembles, the R's roll, the eyes flash. Thus:

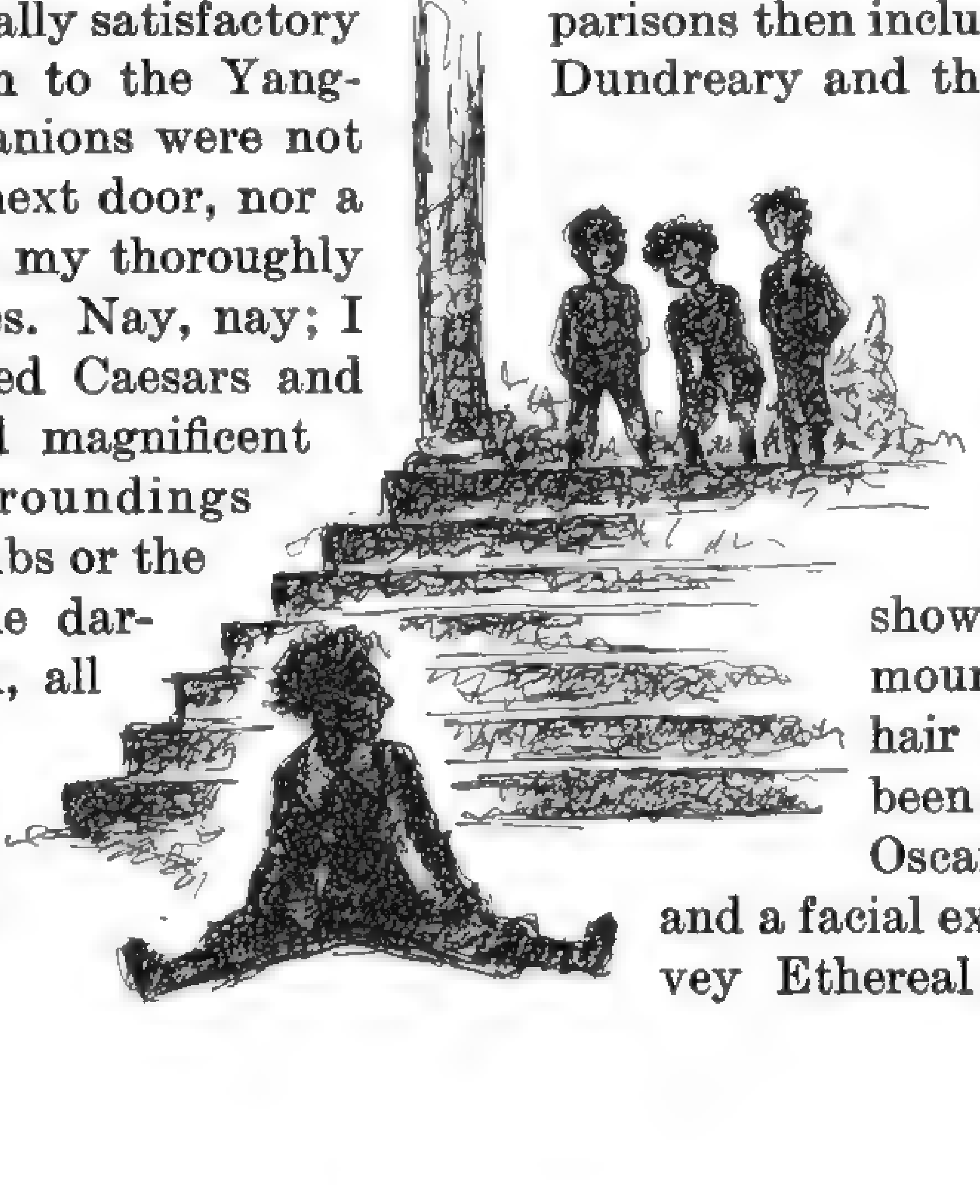
"And when the mist-grey morn had fled,
They found Sir Victor dead, dead, dead."

The author enunciates the first "dead" in a heavy, leaden manner; the second "dead" hollowly and louder; the third "dead" in a tragic boom. And, while he is reciting he thinks about Edgar Allan Poe, and spring, and the tragedy of being utterly misunderstood, and concludes in a state of complete exhaustion. All of which is rather a digression, but has been pointed out to account for the popularity of pastoral themes. It is patent that verses about the ocean, and about earthquakes and towering mountains and unfathomable lakes and gargantuan geysers, afford an opportunity for the Poetic Manner which would be almost totally lacking in verses about, say, February catarrh. The poet, reading aloud, can croon his lines about bees, and twitter his lines about birds, and even hiss his lines about serpents. This is marvelous. It is undoubtedly the reason why so many embryonic Shelleys turn to the woodland and the seaside for their themes.

I had the misfortune to burst into print with a poem at the age of eleven. It may be labelled a misfortune, because it planted in my mind so firmly the idea that I was a poet. The verse was called *The Return of Spring*. It had, as the phrase goes, everything. Bees and flowers and bluebirds and hayfields and a red barn and a rivulet, to name only the few that I recollect. My school-teachers thought it was wonderful. I am inclined to agree with them. If they had let it go at that I might have escaped with a comparatively mild dose of poetic conceit, but they saw to it that the poem was printed in the *School Monthly*, on a page all by itself, decorated with printer's designs of twining flowers, birds in flight, and a thatch-roof cottage. That did the trick. I was regarded as the School Poet. Because, at the age of eleven, I had alluded to "fernlets sending forth their fronds" and had said something about "bluebirds twittering in the skies" I was regarded as a phenomenon, set apart from my classmates. All the boys and girls looked agog at me. One lad, I remember, even crept up behind me one day shortly after the poem appeared and knocked me down a flight of concrete steps.

Thenceforth I brooded and became moodily introspective, as befits a poet. I realized that I was not as other people; I had a certain sensitiveness which they lacked; a flair for beauty which they, poor dull creatures, could not understand; I must make up my mind to expect ridicule, abuse, misunderstanding. In these reflections I wallowed with excruciating delight.

As the years passed I wrote more and more poetry. Poetry, I may say, with a capital P; things with titles like *A Vision of Dante* and *Wilt Not The Spring Go Whither. . . .?* and *Midnight on Mont Blanc.* If anyone tells you that poetry is an escape, you may take it from me that the assertion is correct. I escaped. I all but left this mortal sphere altogether. I fled in escape across the ages to ancient Rome, and I fled in equally satisfactory escape across the earth to the Yang-Tze Kiang. My companions were not the dull Schmidt boy next door, nor a prosaic puppy-dog, nor my thoroughly flesh-and-blood relatives. Nay, nay; I hobnobbed with purpled Caesars and bejewelled princes and magnificent Maharajahs; my surroundings were the dank Catacombs or the moonlit Ganges or the darkling Tiber. I escaped, all right.



By this time I was pretty well grown up, and my parents were concerned about me. I let my hair grow very long, and fancied the effect was charming. Father tried to discourage me by acid comparisons with Bowery bums and itinerant organ-grinders, but I simply smiled my ineffably sad smile and made no reply. I had the Youthful Poet's Martyr Complex. I was a poet, and hence made to suffer. I knew it. I could not expect to be understood. "Poor dear Father" . . . "Poor dear Mother" . . . so good, so earthy, so hopelessly unqualified to understand me. I am sure all this showed on my face. I often wonder why neither of them killed me.

I can remember going for long solitary walks over mountains and across fields, often at night. Now and then, when some vista of more than usual beauty would present itself, I would stand in contemplation of it and weep. I find it hard to believe that memory has not played me false in connection with this gruesome recollection, but I know it hasn't. There I would stand, a great gangling hulk, some six feet high and broad in proportion, with the tears coursing in rivers down my cheeks. And then, when the tears had dried, out would come my little notebook and I would pen *On Seeing A New Moon Over Caldwell*, or *A Flight of Starlings Over Pompton Lakes.*

The thing which makes it so hard to believe my memory is the difficulty of reconciling the atrocious and apparently artificial quality of the verses I penned with the undoubted sincerity of the pose which prompted them. But the more mediocre the poet, the more intense his Poetic Manner. And so I went on writing bad verses, and letting my hair grow longer and longer, and even, ultimately, sprouting an extraordinary pair of side-burns. Father's comparisons then included Italian barbers, Lord Dundreary and the lower Sicilian banditti, but none of it did any good.

Mercifully there does not survive, I believe, any photograph of me as I was during my poetic heyday. Should such a picture exist, it would show a husky young man surmounted by such a mop of hair as had not previously been seen in this country since Oscar Wilde landed in 1882, and a facial expression intended to convey Ethereal Sensitiveness (drooping

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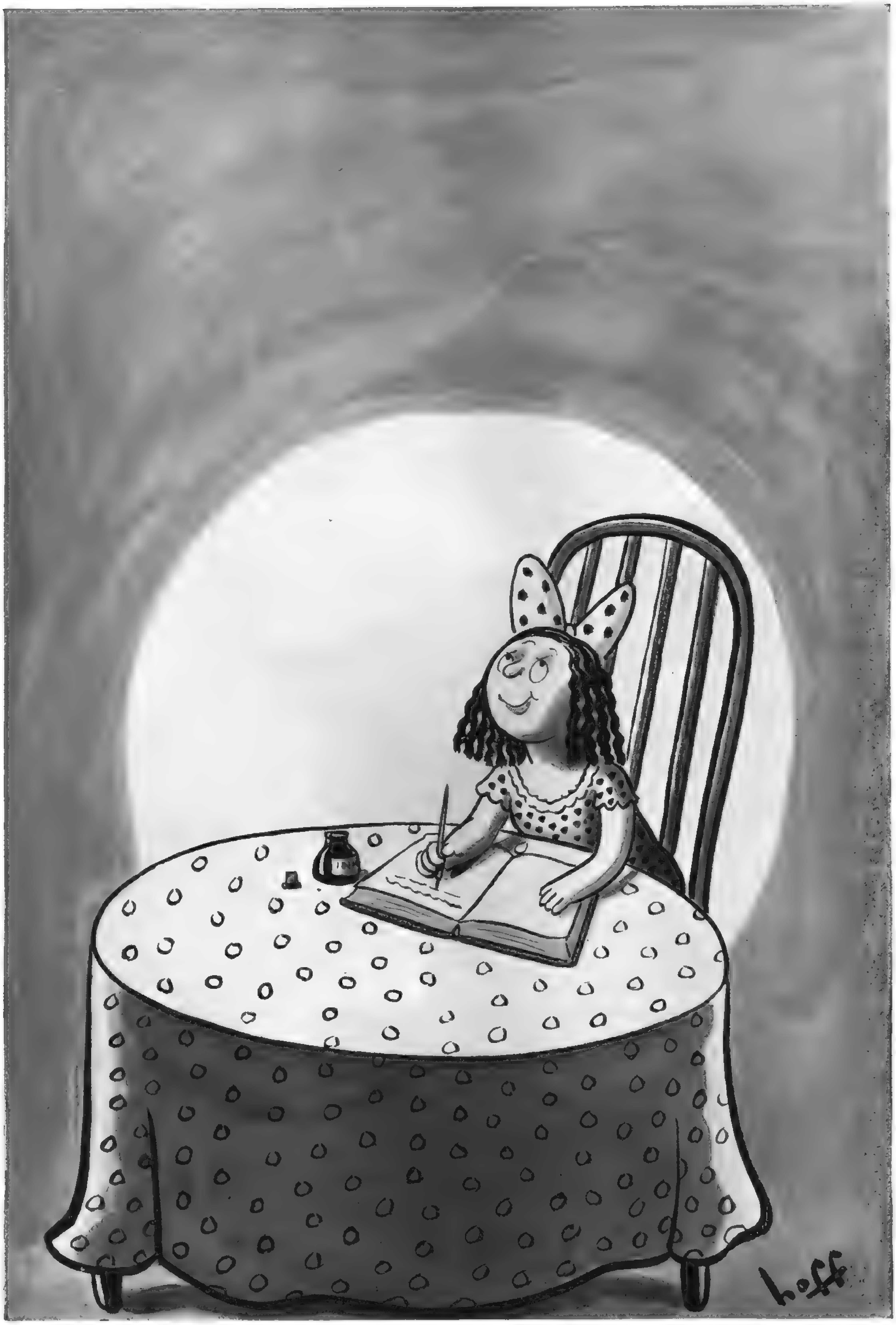
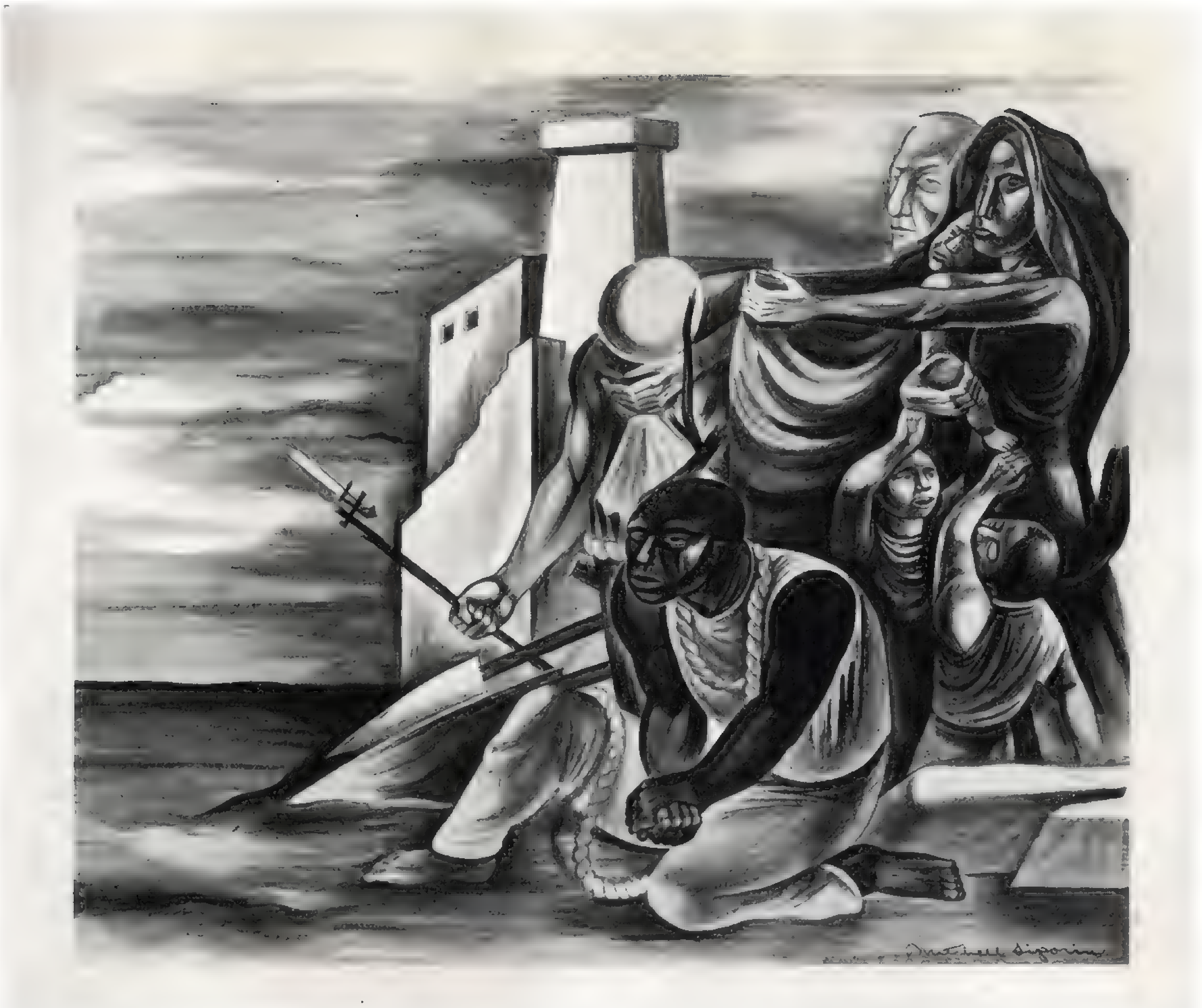


"Dear Diary: Tonight I met Richard"



TEMPERA PAINTING BY MITCHELL SIPORIN

Let America Be America Again

by LANGSTON HUGHES

LET America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed—
Let it be that great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme
That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,
But opportunity is real, and life is free,
Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There's never been equality for me,
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")

Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?
And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.
I am the red man driven from the land,
I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek—
And finding only the same old stupid plan
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,
Tangled in that ancient endless chain
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying need!
Of work the men! Of take the pay!
Of owning everything for one's own greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.
I am the worker sold to the machine.
I am the Negro, servant to you all.
I am the People, humble, hungry, mean—
Hungry yet today despite the dream.
Beaten yet today—O, Pioneers!
I am the man who never got ahead,
The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream
In that old world while still a serf of kings,
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,
That even yet its mighty daring sings
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned
That's made America the land it has become.
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas
In search of what I meant to be my home—
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,
And torn from black Afric's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free.

Who said the free?

The Jessingham Ghost

She was a real lady so there was almost nothing a gentleman could do to make her go away

by WALTER BROOKS

SATIRE

Once there was a family ghost by the name of Lady Elizabeth Jessingham. She had been murdered by her husband Lord George Jessingham for good and sufficient reason in 1478 and after she had got over the shock of her death had taken to haunting the family mansion. She had thought it was the least she could do for a family which she had disgraced. She was a good and efficient haunter and the family were well satisfied with her.

Well the first three hundred years were easy but then the Jessinghams had a row with the king who seized Jessingham Towers and cut Lord Hugh Jessingham's head off. Lady Jessingham and her young son escaped and emigrated to America and Lady Elizabeth went along. During the next hundred and fifty years she followed the fortunes of the family haunting in succession a variety of houses in Boston Providence and finally New York. Her haunting was usually done in a very distinguished manner with charming and mournful-eyed appearances in trailing draperies and without sound effects such as groans or screams though she could be vulgar enough on occasion as for instance when the family did not pay her the respect or attention which she felt was due her. Then she would curse them in words that would make an admiral blench for she had a store of early English invective of an incredible coarseness learned from the Jessinghams and their house guests over several centuries. But on the whole she gave satisfaction for there was nothing slipshod about her haunting and she always appeared at least once every night.

The last house that Lady Elizabeth haunted was on East 54th Street. Then on the death of his parents in 1934 Edward George Jessingham VI moved into an apartment on Park Avenue. He was handsome and had plenty of money and if life was real life was earnest the fact had somehow escaped him. Still he was at times aware of a faint uneasiness which he thought was ambition though it may just as well have been acidosis or one of those things you read about in the backs of magazines. At such times he would wonder vaguely if he oughtn't perhaps to go into something.

Well one night Edward had a headache and came home early and as he let himself in he saw Lady Elizabeth glide into the hall. He waved his hand to her and went into his bedroom and shut the door but she seeped through the keyhole and said Edward I must speak to you. Edward had thrown off his coat and vest and was slipping off his suspenders. Shoot he said. Kindly observe the proprieties said Lady Elizabeth for this is serious. Edward said Can't it wait? I've got a headache, but she said No, so he put on his coat and sighed and sat down and then she told him that she was going to change her methods of haunting.

She said It is perfectly useless for me to go on haunting this apartment for even when you are in town you never get home before daylight and she said it is undignified for me to keep on appearing night after night to empty rooms where there is no one to frighten or impress. And so she said in the future I shall haunt you personally. Well but the rooms are not always empty said Edward. How about that party two weeks ago? Very enjoyable said Lady Elizabeth although your friends all mistook me for one of the guests. Why she said that young Mr. Prosser even. . . . And she broke off and smiled reminiscently and then she frowned again and said But that was an exception. Well well said Edward you must suit yourself. I shall said Lady Elizabeth but I wished to notify you. Which you have said Edward. And now can I go to bed? So Lady Elizabeth said Yes and vanished and he did.

So along toward midnight every night Lady Elizabeth began appearing wherever Edward happened to be. But at first nobody paid much attention to her. A lady who glides moaning through the bar of an exclusive restaurant or sweeps silently through a group of gay people at a penthouse party does not attract much notice no matter how archaic her costume. But Lady Elizabeth was equal to that. She began to do her gliding a good foot above the floor and she soon found that that caused quite a lot of terror. She panicked three or four good parties and caused two conversions and any amount of assorted hysterics.

At first nobody connected the ghost with Edward. He paid no attention to her when she appeared and of course she never spoke directly to him unless they were alone. But pretty soon people began to notice that it was only when he was around that there were phenomena. And at last a couple of his friends came to see him about it. For not only were a lot of his acquaintances going on the water wagon but servants were giving notice in droves. A joke's a joke they said but it's got to stop. It isn't a joke said Edward It's our family ghost. Well whatever it is they said we don't like it and you quit.

Well Edward knew there was no use arguing with Lady Elizabeth. She'd only get mad and make him listen to a lot of Tudor bad language and then like as not turn into a black dog and howl all night. And he was wondering what he had better do when Persis Hawtrey called up and said she had just got back from somewhere or other and would he come out to Long Island for the week end.

There wasn't much of Persis but what there was was just pure flame as far as Edward was concerned. She had a face and figure as delicate as porcelain and a will of chilled steel. What she wanted she got. Edward hoped she wanted him and had given her an option but she had a lot more options on file. Anyway he went.

Well everything went fine. Persis had made up her mind that Edward was what she needed and before the evening was over she told him so. But when he was dressing next morning a note from her was brought to him and it said Come to my room I have something to say to you.

Well Edward's heart began to flop around in his chest like a frog in a barrel and he ran down the hall and tapped and went in. Persis was sitting up in bed and she said I've ordered your car brought round and you can pack up and get out. Edward started a wisecrack and then he saw how big her pupils were and he stopped and said Why you mean it! You bet I mean it! said Persis O you needn't look so innocent I saw her myself. Saw who? said Edward and Persis said That girl going into your room last night I suppose she was one of the maids for nobody else would wear a nightgown like that. And then Edward laughed and said Why that was Lady Elizabeth. But Persis thought he was trying to be funny and she jumped out of bed looking very pretty but mad and grabbed a thermos jug and threw it at him. And she said You get out of here before I kill you.

Now the code for family ghosts is pretty strict. It is not the thing to appear during daytime except when a member of the family is in grave peril. As to what constitutes peril it is up to the ghost to decide. This looked a lot like peril to Lady Elizabeth for in her day when people said "kill" they meant it so she materialized at once in the

Continued in center of page 140

Music in the Afternoon

José Iturbi, the pianist, is not stick-crazy but plays an orchestra as well as a piano

by SCHIMA KAUFMAN

• ARTICLE •

When Señor José Iturbi made his pianistic debut with the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1929, neither he, the players, nor the audience had any idea he would return to the same Academy of Music stage five years later to make a second debut, as conductor.

Both debuts were made to thundering ovations, and today Iturbi occupies a singular pre-eminence in both fields. His piano playing has brought him a success of the Paderewski order, and as a conductor he has been mentioned as the next Toscanini.

Of all the musical Dick Whittingtons, few worked so hard for their success as José Iturbi. Certainly none has had a stranger career. Until the afternoon of October 11, 1929, when he displayed the art of Liszt, de Pachmann and Paderewski for the first time to an American audience, it truly could be said that this plump little Spaniard with the uncurious black eyes and slicked-back raven hair was everything a dark horse is supposed to be. He had been picked up in some out-of-the-way European resort by one of the ubiquitous managers' scouts who forever have an ear cocked for outstanding talent, and shipped across the pond without benefit of press-agentry. He had nothing to lose but his round-trip fare and a whole world to gain. Before he had played many bars the orchestra musicians were whispering to their partners and the audience had settled into a death-like quiet. When he arose the deafening uproar assured him he had run neck-to-neck with the winged steed Pegasus, and fame, honor and money would no longer keep their distance. This was all the more remarkable coming, as it did, on the heels of Horowitz's sensational success ten months before.

Iturbi played the poetic, reposeful *G major Concerto* of Beethoven, a work that can sound like so many scale passages unless in the hands of a master. The huge old Academy of Music was filled with solid rows of women and a thin sprinkling of men—Philadelphia's regular Friday afternoon crowd. Stokowski, blond, tall, a distinguished figure, stood on the podium with the hundred frock-coated musicians of the famous orchestra grouped around him in a great semicircle. To his left the debonair little man could be seen through the raised lid of the piano.

He sat erectly before the instrument, his short, graceful arms weaving unostentatiously along the keyboard and dropping to his side after each flute-clean run. His tone was strong and vibrant, shot through with glowing, kaleidoscopic color, like warm sunshine pouring through the stained-glass window of a cathedral. His taste was catholic. Not the showy, bombastic sensationalism of an immature youth trying to create an impression with stunning effect, but the restrained art of supreme musicianship.

Outwardly he was calm as growing grass, though inside he must have been a mass of shivering jelly. He did not smile when the audience whacked explosive approval after the first two movements. But at the end of the dashing finale his set, maduro face relaxed, and he acknowledged the half-dozen curtain calls with beaming countenance.

His triumph on the following Saturday evening was even more spontaneous, and after his third appearance on Monday, New York was waiting for him. When he had finished his first American tour of twenty-seven concerts, he had played in New York ten times and had become the idol of socialite, gallery god, and stage-door Jane and John.

The music critic of the *Herald Tribune* waved him off to Europe with the most stirring praise any artist has ever known. Nor was there one less enthusiastic voice in New York's usually astringent corps of musical arbiters. Not even Horowitz had commanded such immediate and universal respect.

When Iturbi returned to the United States the following year, in 1930, he was booked for seventy-seven concerts from coast-to-coast, and has averaged as many for each of the five subsequent years. He has soloed with every orchestra in the country and has made more recital appearances than the precedent-smashing "Maestro's Son-in-law" has made in a longer period of time. His art has become even more simple and direct, and his personality has developed a contagious informality that cannot fail to charm the most persistent cavilier. He has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his distinguished playing of French music—and he has become the most challenging figure among the younger conductors.

Iturbi's actual conducting experience dates no further back than May, 1933. He had gone to Mexico City for two piano recitals, but on his first appearance the worthy citizens absented themselves *en toto*, and Don José decided to cancel the other. The manager prevailed on him to stay, and this time the theatre was not only sold out but he had to give one recital after another until he had played fifteen in three weeks. When they still would not let him go, Iturbi realized the time was ripe to pull his baton out of his knapsack and wield it over the native musicos. He started with an orchestra of forty and at the last concert—the twenty-ninth—it had grown to one hundred and ten!

Chance and whim striking at the same time were not alone responsible for Iturbi's start as a conductor. Preparedness played the heavy role. After his first American tour he found that he had unconsciously memorized many orchestral scores while attending and performing at symphony concerts. He began to feel the need of an extension to his musical personality as an outlet for them. When the need crystallized into obsession, he commenced the organization of his conducting career with forthright Spanish shrewdness. He obtained permission from his good friend Arturo Toscanini to attend rehearsals of the Philharmonic-Symphony in Carnegie Hall whenever he happened to be in town. Pocket score in hand, he sat in the darkened house listening to each attack, each phrase, studying the beloved maestro's every gesture, cupping his ears to catch the portent of each precious word during the frequent halts. He did this hundreds of times. And when he appeared in other cities he followed the same procedure.

Not content with having memorized almost every worth-while score in the symphonic literature, he insisted on a first-hand acquaintance with all the instruments in the modern orchestra. By studying the horn, the oboe, the violin, he learned what he might demand from each player, and he has never failed to exact the utmost.

Thus when Iturbi mounted a podium for the first time in his life on May 25, 1933, at the Teatro Hidalgo, Mexico City, he was more fully equipped for his task than many a "seasoned" conductor. A few months later, in August, he directed the New York Philharmonic in a Stadium concert and the demonstration was so great that twice the audience leaped to its feet to cheer him. He was invited to conduct the closing concert

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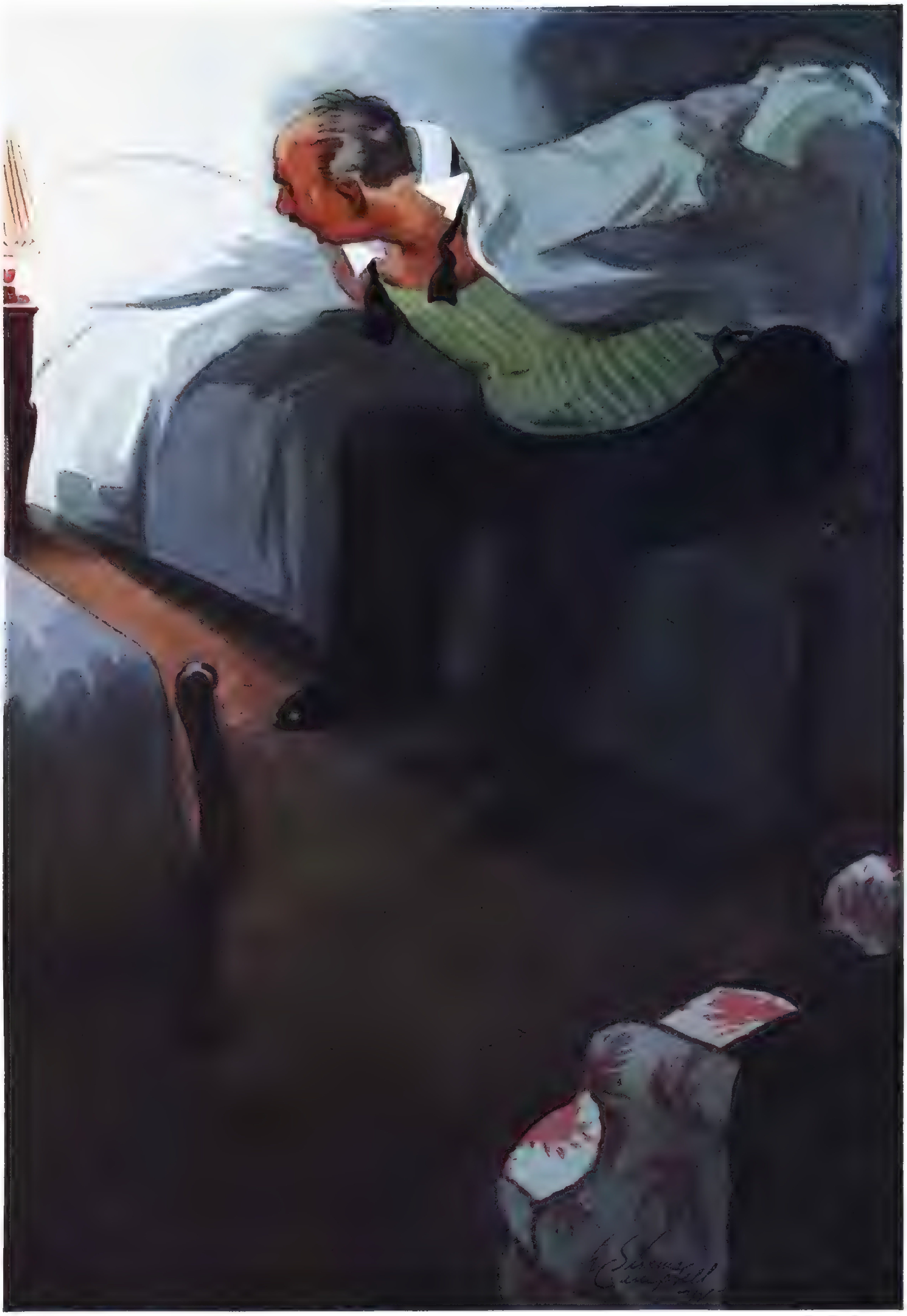
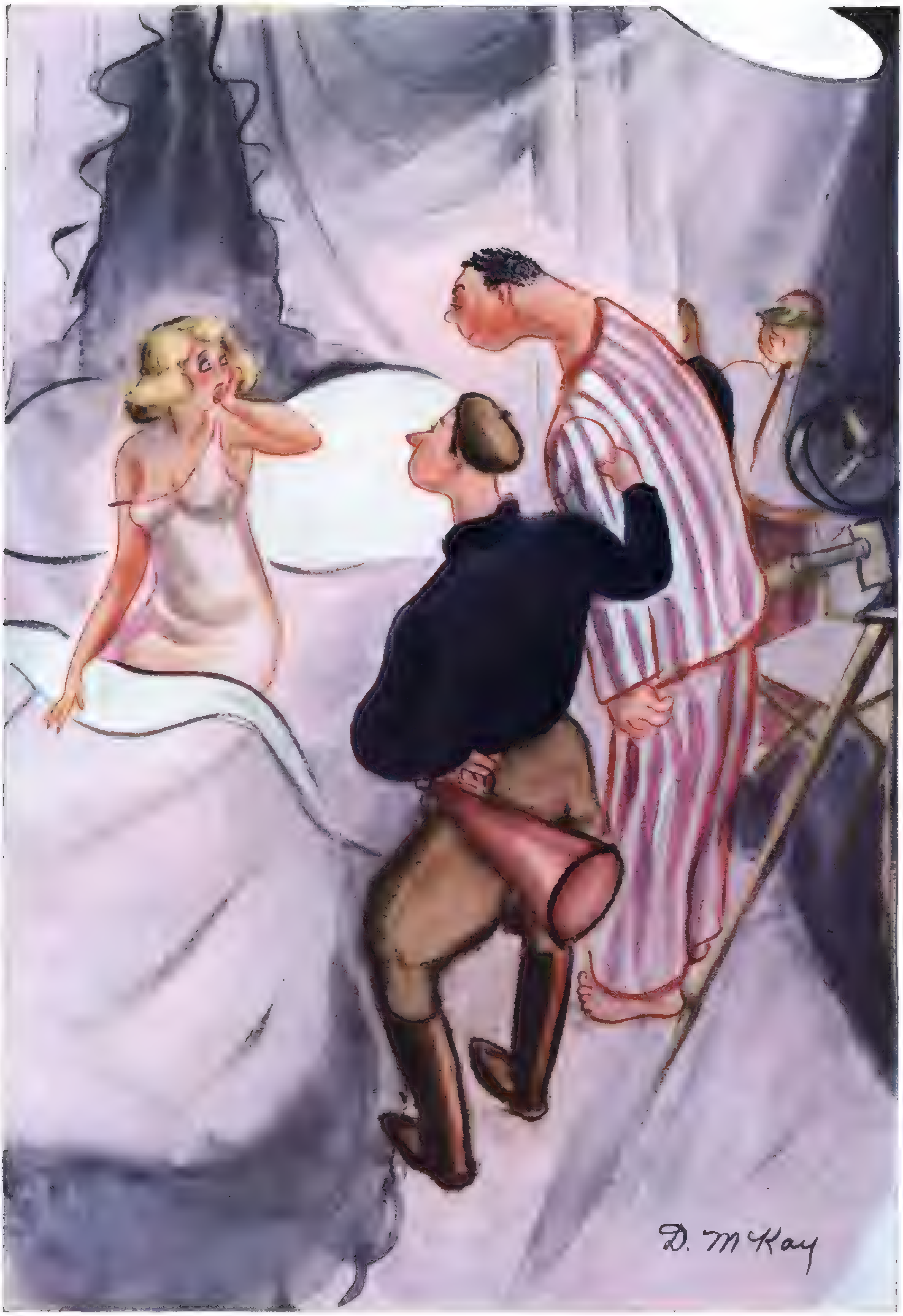


"The races, theatre party, supper club, four night clubs—aw the hell with love!"



"Gawd! The things I do for M-G-M!"

The Candid Cameraman

They just want to dance with their feet, like Ginger Rogers, Ruby Keeler, and Eleanor Powell

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Things to Come: For the occasional flashes of modern design that recall *Metropolis*. The Fascist boss looks queerly like the late Huey Long. A Buck Rogers for adults.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Dancing Pirate: First dud for Technicolor. Romantic buffoonery with Charles Collins, a pretty Fred Astaire. Doesn't quite catch the gaily silly tone it attempts.

The Ex-Mrs. Bradford: Add this to the long chain of *Thin Man* successors. Now it's Jean Arthur's turn to be the nosey wife to William Powell's amateur detective.

I Married a Doctor: Cagney's explaymate, Pat O'Brien, here really comes into his own as a serious actor. He's smoother than he was in *Oil for the Lamps of China*. Otherwise it's still *Main Street*.

Land of Promise: A documentary film on Palestine, that gives some idea of the amazing tempo of Zionist settlement, of the poignant beauty of the land.

Three Women: Some of the best Soviet acting; if you saw *Chapaev*, *Youth of Maxim*, and a few others, you'll recognize it as an all-star production. The early part of the film is beautiful; later the propaganda gets too obvious.

Under Two Flags: See Claudette Colbert in them balloon pants, galloping over the desert to save the stranded outpost. See those slaughtered Arabs piled five deep. Next time in Technicolor.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Big Brown Eyes: Detective, gal reporter, and jewel thief. Cary Grant and Joan Bennett and Alan Baxter, who is being murderously typed. Here was one of the two best young actors to appear this year. He is handsome and suited to straight leads. But he happened to do a good job on a gangster.

The Golden Arrow: A Mr. Cinderella story, with an odd twist. Bette Davis walks through.

One Rainy Afternoon: Mary Pickford tried God and produced a French farce. Mooey Francis Lederer stars.

The Unguarded Hour: Conventional upper-class who-done-it. Sat through the whole thing, fascinated, trying to figure out what has happened to Loretta Young. Looks the same, acts the same, but something is gone.

The Witness Chair: Well-made, conventional courtroom drama. Ann Harding walks through. Maintains the even level of mediocrity of this month's films.

AMERICA DANCES

I was driving along past Gary about ten o'clock one night when a couple of girls sang out. I pulled up, and as they came along to inspect me I saw that they were just a couple of kids, around fifteen. As usual with pairs of girls, one was pretty, vivacious, bold, while her chum was made of plain stuff, suggesting, even at that age, a drab, worn housewife.

They held a noisy conference as to whether I was okay. Further down the road another car lingered and maneuvered. The girls told me that car had just tried to pick them up, but they wouldn't go, because there were two fellows in that car. Their system was to pick cars with only one fellow; for safety.

So they climbed in and gave me a crazy yarn about how they were running away from home, from Chicago. Where were they bound for? Oh, anywhere, Hollywood maybe. "Rose can dance, say she's some dancer, she danced already at the Stevens hotel in Chicago, with her partner, she can tango," the plain one informed me.

"Sure, I'm good!" Rose admitted. And she went on with her fantastic tale about how she was running away from home because her brother beat her up because he caught her smoking cigarettes.

Where did they want me to take them? Oh, straight on, to that town, to where those lights were down there. What were they going to do then? Oh, they'd get along. All the time with an air of mischief, of mystery, of teamwork, with private nudges and funny faces. So I made them tell me the running away from home to dance in Hollywood story a couple more times. Rose, on challenge, couldn't look me straight in the face and tell the yarn, but her solemn chum-duenna triumphantly proved that she could.

We got to the lights, only about a mile down, and there were a couple of unpretentious taverns along the little street. "Oh that looks like a funny place, let's go in there," they cried, still playing their gag. It turned out to be one of those surprising places that you stumble into out of a dull lonely half-country drag, expecting beery smelling dreariness, only to find a place cram-full of people, loaded with energy, abounding life. There was a three piece orchestra at the end of the long room and nearly every table in the place was taken.

I always shy at the term plain folks and yet that's just what they were. Not the plain folks of a Main Street movie but a crowd of people, couples mostly, or gangs of young people, and some older couples with one or two kids. It was no roadside tavern but a native place, the people of the community were there, and the folks that lived on the outskirts of Gary. It was their hangout.

My pair of pick-ups ordered coca-colas, honest, and hinted me into buying them a package of Kools. They picked their cigarettes out gingerly and lit them with the elaborate grace of unfamiliar smokers.

The orchestra was playing that jagged tune, *Christopher Columbus*, and both of the girls immediately went into the rhythm of the thing. It wasn't in any movement, in finger-snapping or any visible sign, but I could feel the rhythm picking them up; their half-cries that passed for remarks, their swift glances and excited attitudes seemed already to be a part of that dance-to-rhythm. And from the first moment they were studying and commenting upon the dancers on the floor.

The dancing was of the fast variety that is all footwork. A fellow bobbed close by them and Rose said, "Look at Whitey go to town! Hey! Whitey!"

"Hi Lee," he responded.

So they told me their real names, Lee, and Del. They had a riot out of this give-away of their story. There was a long dispute as to how much I had believed. And as to who had been able to look me straight in the face, in the telling.

I had another beer and they had more cokes. That was all they would drink, cokes.

Across the floor they called cries of recognition to more pals. I asked them if they wanted to dance.

Now maybe I can dance and maybe I am a lousy dancer but that doesn't have anything to do with this episode. It is an indisputable fact that neither of those kids could have known whether or not I could dance.

"Go on, dance with him," Del insisted.

But Lee said all she could do was tango and carioca. She couldn't just dance.

Well, maybe I can dance but I can't carioca.

So I asked Del. Oh no, she couldn't dance at all. So for a while we just sat there adding onto the beers and cokes while the girls singled out their pals with cries like "Look at Helen go to town!" or snapped out snatches of the songs.

—Goody goody goody—

Then after a while I noticed that something had happened in the place. The crowd had thinned. It still had the same plain folks character, but by elimination the dancing had grown more expert. The clods were gone. And the crowd that was left was all mixed up like people at a party.

But what had happened was that the dancing had become something major. I can't say that it was exactly a serious life interest, but it was just something full and complete for all those kids. And they were all

Continued in center of page 108

Going Native in the Tall Glasses

Tropical colonies have spent patient years evolving these formulae for summer drinking

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

When you hear an old-timer moan about the good old days when men were men and took their liquor standing up, ask him abruptly what he drank and where, during the languid summer months. Ten to one he can name you only three summer drinks. And a hundred to one he took these leaning against a bar, gazing at the lowest point ever reached in American art—the land- or seascape done in soap upon the mirrored walls. Over this masterpiece, as well as over all the hanging lamps and other doodads was a covering of starched net, supposed to discourage the baser traits of flies. Cones of screening sat over the plates of discouraged pickles and weary cheese. We were led into one of these shrines the other day by a man filled with reverence for the past. We were supposed to be humble at the integrity, or something, of the proprietor who had resisted all the inroads of time and progress. We weren't impressed; or at least the feeling we had was not nostalgic although it did begin with an "n." Let 'em weep in their beer until they drown their sorrows or themselves, is our motto.

For the three standard summer drinks of the old days there are a hundred now. The generation that went to war and learned the pleasant habits of the lands they fought over, are responsible for some of the new drinking ways. The latter day cruisers have also brought back variety in tipples from the equatorial ports. The economics that suddenly disgusted us with cities and drove us out to the golf course and the abandoned farms, played its part. And dear old prohibition, when every man was his own bartender, fostered the spirit of experiment and invention. It is almost impossible to cross a threshold these days, whether of penthouse or suburbanite retreat without being offered some specialty of the place. And most of these drinks are good. At least you have the assurance that the host has survived them, and so you take a chance.

Most of the popular summer drinks come from the tropical countries and are scientifically contrived, from the health point of view. Generations of colonizers have been working this thing out for you in lands where to go without your hat for a half hour is to get a one way ticket to the booby hatch. All you have to do is to squeeze the lemons or limes, put in the liquor and the ice. A man's a fool if he goes off the reservation during the hotter months and trifles with the mixtures meant for the other days of the year.

America can be proud of two of the major drinks for gentlemen who go out in the midday sun: the mint julep and the New Orleans Fizz. The former, despite some of the foolish ritual that has grown around it from sentimental southerners, can easily be made at home. The latter is more of a bartender's drink and even few of those gifted gentlemen can do it with the exactness required. But there is no reason why it can not be made at home and with a little practice, approach the standard of the professional bar. Only one ingredient is new to the amateur and in these days that can be obtained easily. The result will be worth your effort.

Still another native drink is rum. From the days of the New England slave traders down to the World War, the Puritan fondly forgot his inhibitions in Jamaica or native rums. Even the early parsons found it a great ally in their Sunday persuading.

Natural and Fancy Persuaders

Planters Punch is naturally a verandah drink. It has variants with the locality, you may even want to add your own. The most satisfactory one we know is the accepted one as follows:

1 part juice of fresh lime
2 parts of sugar
3 parts of rum

Fill the glass with chipped ice and sip slowly. Some advise only a tablespoon of lime juice and four parts of rum. Some also like to adorn the top with a stick of fresh pineapple or strawberries. This latter proportion is favored in the tropics.

There are several highballs made with rum and ginger ale, rum having such a distinct character that ginger ale is permissible. One called the Royal Reserve:

Put one lump of ice in tall glass
1 jigger of rum
Fill up with dry ginger ale

Another is the Buck Jones:

Put jigger of rum in highball glass
1 jigger of sherry
Juice of one half lime
Fill with ice and dry ginger ale.

Rum Fizz

1 jigger of rum
1 dessert spoon of sugar
1 egg
Shake well with chipped ice and pour into tall glass. Fill to top with soda water.

The Ruby

1 jigger of rum
juice of one orange
4 dashes of blackberry brandy
1 teaspoon powdered sugar
Shake thoroughly with chipped ice until glass is frosted, garnish with fruit and a sprig of mint and serve with straw.

Sterling

1 jigger orange juice
2 jiggers rum
½ jigger Benedictine
Shake until the glass is frosted, garnish with fruit, serve with straws.

Royal Milk Punch

1 glass of milk
1 tablespoon of sugar
1 egg
1 jigger of rum
Shake with cracked ice, strain into highball glass and serve with grated nutmeg on top.

For Visiting Aunts

Brew tea to proper strength, put in pitcher and ice. Add rum until it tastes right, decorate with cut fruit, or better, slices of lemon and a sprig of mint. Delicious at luncheons.

Ice and Shake

For short visits there are some good rum cocktails. Here are a few samples:

1

1 part French Vermouth
1 part Italian Vermouth
1 part rum, ice and shake.

2

1 part Italian Vermouth
1 part orange juice
1 part rum, ice and shake.

3

1 part rum (American preferred)
1 part fresh grapefruit juice, ice and shake.

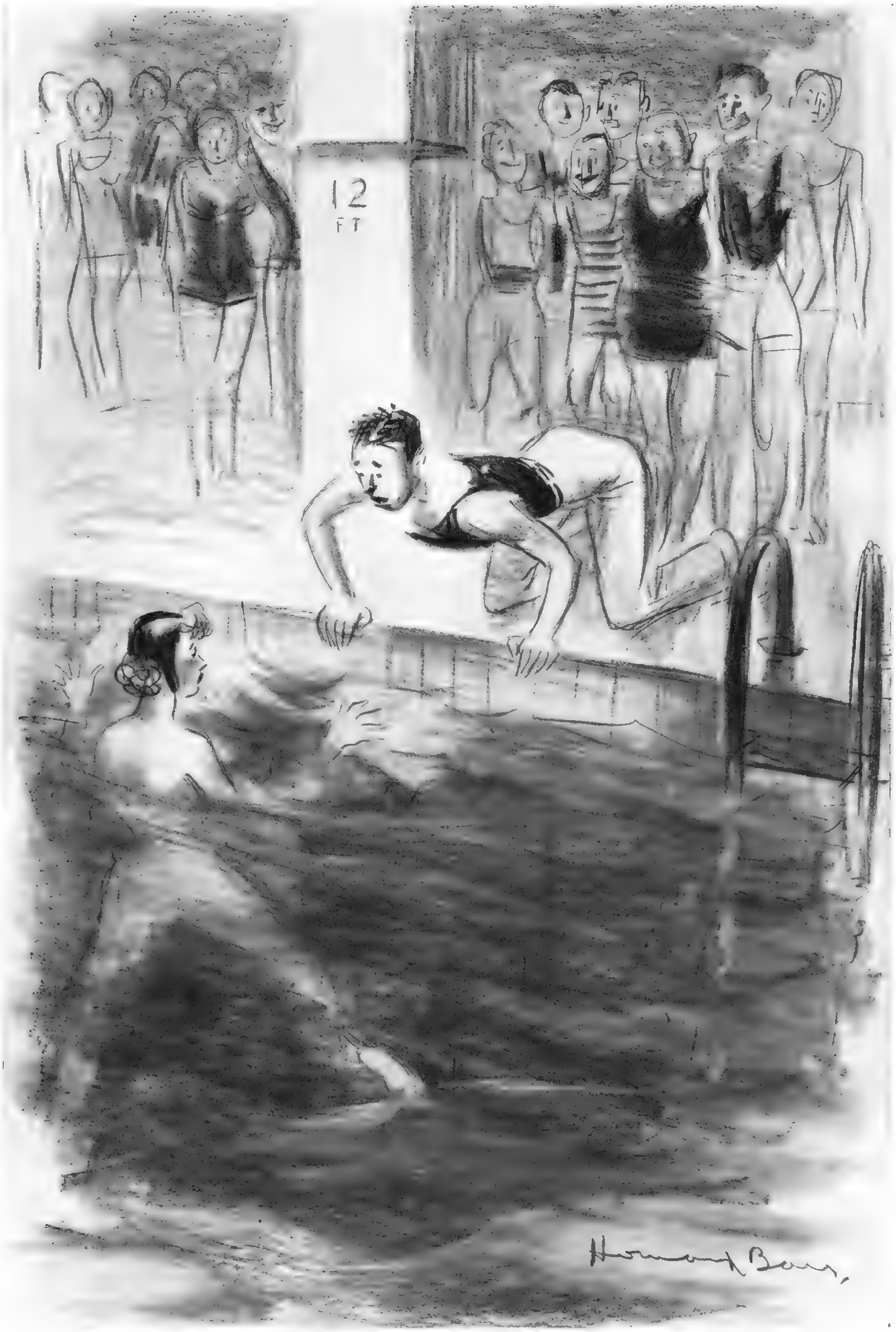
4

1 part rum
1 part French Vermouth
1 part brandy, dash of bitters, ice and shake.

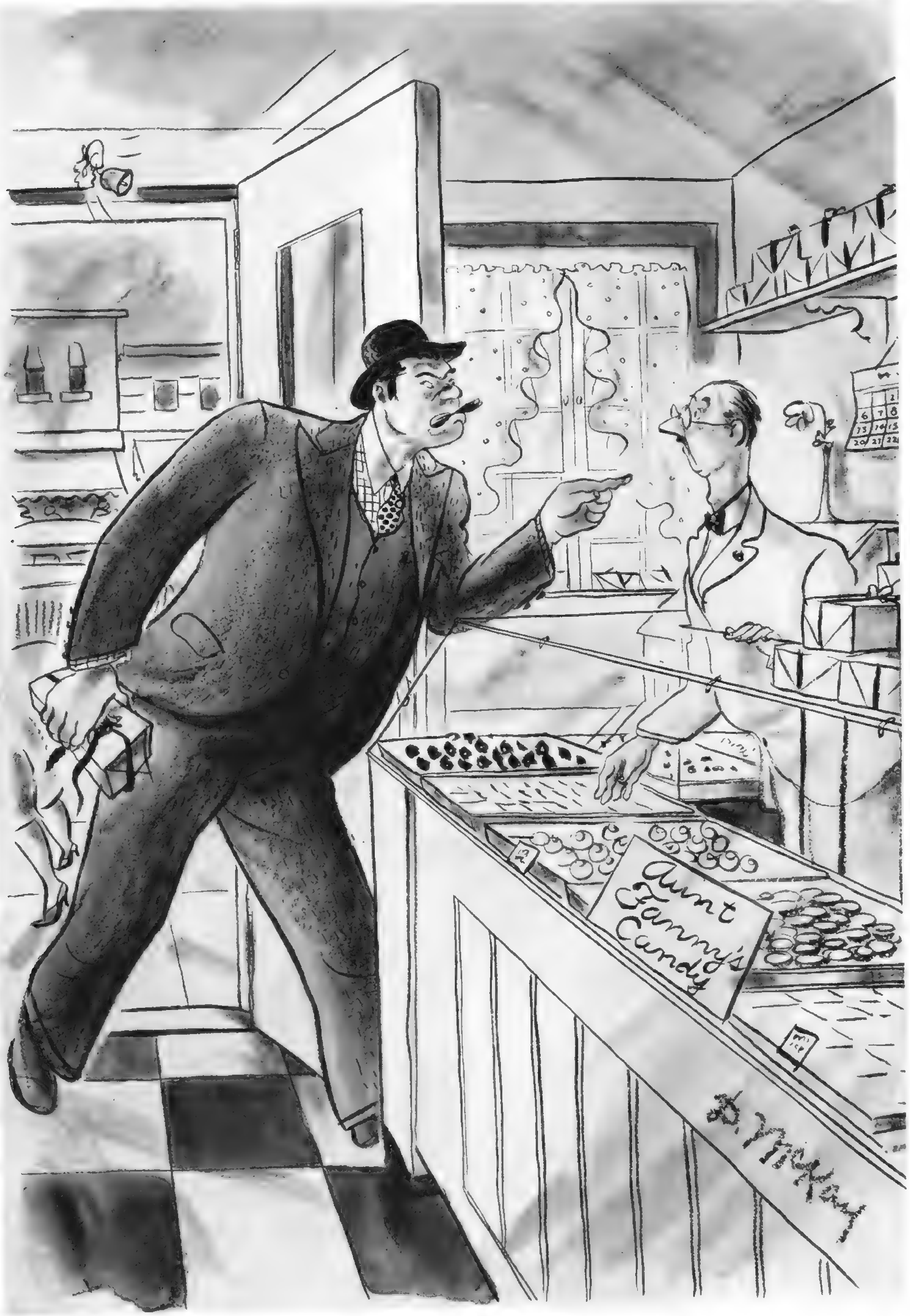
5

1 generous jigger rum
¼ jigger French Vermouth
¼ jigger Benedictine, ice and shake.

Continued on page 165


12
FT
Howard Baer

"You just stay right there until I drain the pool, Miss Larson—we'll find your bathing suit all right"


Aunt Fanny's Candy

"Say, are you Aunt Fanny?"

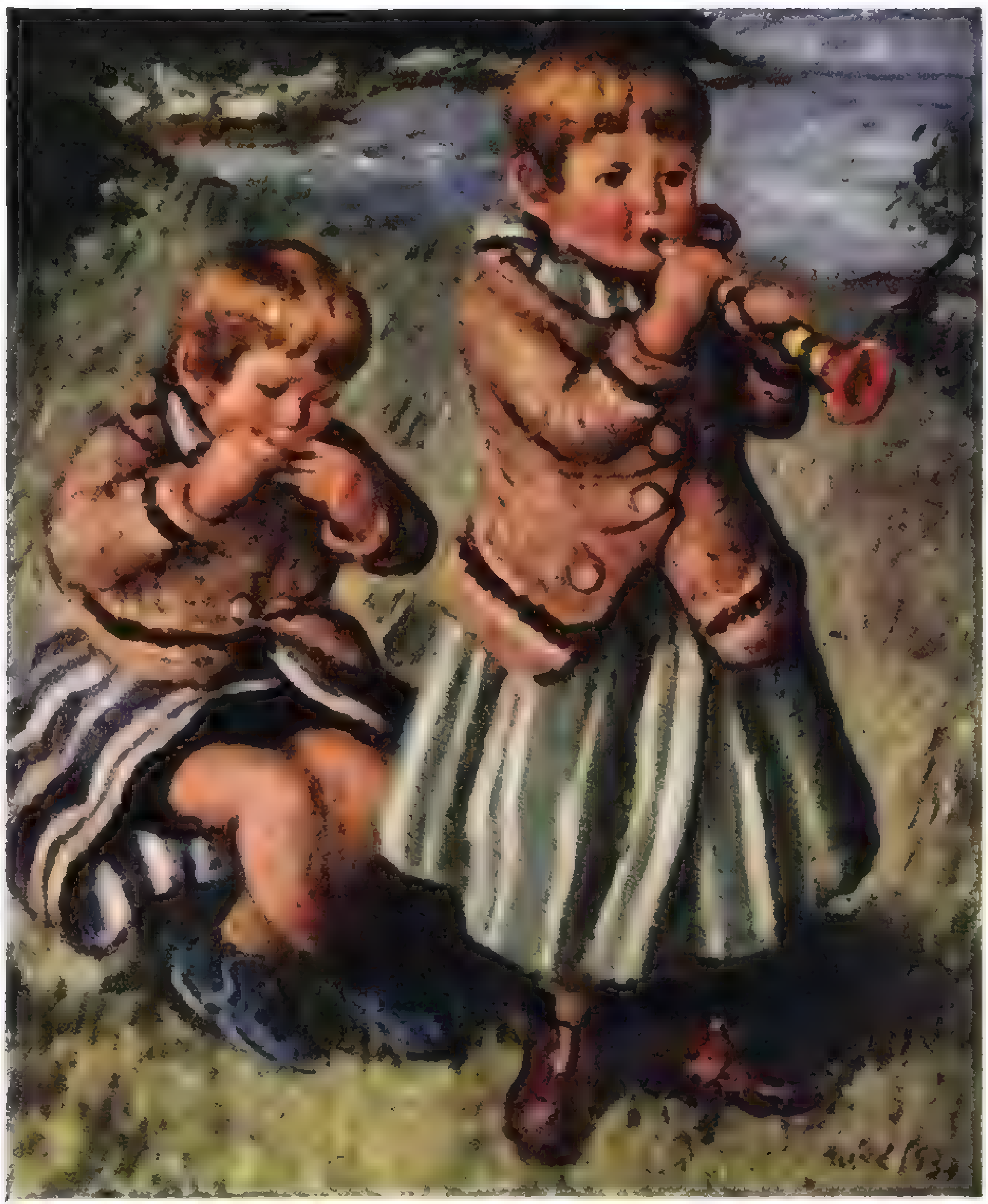
Rabelais in a Smock

Waldo Peirce swallowed Zuloaga, Goya, and Matisse, so now he paints his own Katzenjammers

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

WALDO PEIRCE weighs 210 pounds and is six feet, two inches tall in his bare feet. He is almost as broad, from shoulder to shoulder, as he is tall. He has a thick beard, which might be made to look like a spade, if it were trimmed. He can talk hours without a break, rumbling and gargling with a suggestion of hot potatoes in his mouth, but once you've caught the drift there are few experiences more rewarding. You come back for more, if you may. It has been suggested that he is François Rabelais in that worthy's latest phase, but it is more likely that he is a strayed Elizabethan. Much of his talk, like his personal verse, is unprintable, not because he is pornographic but because he is still somewhat of a free spirit who speaks the words most men think and, speaking them, is more clean, more pure, than the boys of dainty circumlocution and euphemism. A natural force that has been imprisoned within the body of a man usually doesn't mince words nor does it address ladies' luncheon clubs. It simply doesn't know how. It may even commit rash acts, indiscretions and follies which the Natural Force, growing older, may regret and seek to expunge. Peirce's twin sons, the Gemini, vastly admire Man Mountain Dean and their father was once photographed at an angle to suggest that he might be the Man Mountain himself. The difference is that he is also the residuary legatee of an estate of intelligence, taste and spirit, an estate which has been enlarged and improved in a life of travel and of art. He is the remotest possible distance from the Greenwich Village idiot's conception of a garret artist. The world has been called fortunate in that Peirce, like the atom, does not know his own strength, but Peirce doesn't want to know. Here is a man who, in a lark, can throw a young bull to the ground by the hind legs. The bull wasn't damaged, neither was Peirce. Recently when he was visiting Ernest Hemingway at Key West, the latter saw him "pick up two sailors by the throats, one in each hand, and crack their heads together." They had been sitting in the Sanitary restaurant and Peirce, being somewhat deaf, had not at first understood that they were, figuratively, pulling his beard. The impressive thing was not the cracking of the heads, but that there was no fight afterwards, other sailors from the same destroyer being in the restaurant. "I knew him before he was domesticated," Hemingway writes me, "and he was as fast and as strong as a bear and damned impressive when he was angry"—and even his present domestication is a polite fiction.† Peirce told me most earnestly that he would not hurt a fly, and there's no reason he should. Arriving late for an appointment he begged so humbly and so hard for forgiveness that he made me feel that unless I laughed it off convincingly he would hurl himself in despair from the topmost height of the Empire State Building pronto. He says that once in boyhood he shot a deer and felt so bad about it that he has never since held a gun in his hand. Being a large man in more senses than one, he does not require the extension of personality that is a gun. But others also have told me that Peirce can be as gentle and as tender as a woman and it is plain that he need never be gentle through weakness or fear. He is a large man not only because the world in which he lives is occupied by little men; he bulks large absolutely as well as relatively. As mere brawn, he might have made a magnificent policeman or prizefighter. John L. Sullivan, visiting Bangor when Peirce was a pre-college stripling, suggested the latter career. But endowed with intelligence, taste and spirit, he is an artist, a poet—and Harvard's legend.



CONCERT CHAMPÊTRE

See following pages for a portfolio of Peirce Paintings

He entered with the class of 1907 and graduated with that of 1909. He was dropped a year for inattendance and general sloppiness—his own words. He overslept his last exam. Maybe the caricatures of the Dean he drew for the *Lampoon* had something to do with it. But he made Professor Copeland's class, in itself an indication of scholastic superiority and literary promise. Some of his best friends thought he'd be a poet and some of them have not been let down. One of his classmates reported the other day that Peirce was a leader in college through no effort he made but by the sheer magnetism of his personality. "If I ever led anyone," says Peirce, "it was out of the classroom into the open air." There are dozens of classmates—and not merely the barflies of the Harvard clubs of Boston and New York—for whom the mature artist and bearded paterfamilias has not yet eclipsed the fresh-faced giant who made the second varsity team in his first year, who received his football letter in his sophomore year, who captained the water polo team and was hammer thrower on the track team. They are the people who look upon the bearded, more than 50-year-old Peirce as a jolly drinking companion, a fellow who has lived, and can tell, tall tales—but have no stomach for the serious artist that Peirce has become, for the man who is putting down tenacious roots in his own rocky Maine soil, for the expatriate who has discovered, partly as the result of a fruitful third marriage, that you come to life and do your best work in the vicinity of your own dunghill.

In rebellious reaction against his fellows' determination to dramatize him as a permanent football playing undergraduate, Peirce swings to the extreme of denying that he was a good football player at any time. He recalls that in his last term he ran a yard

Continued in center of page 118

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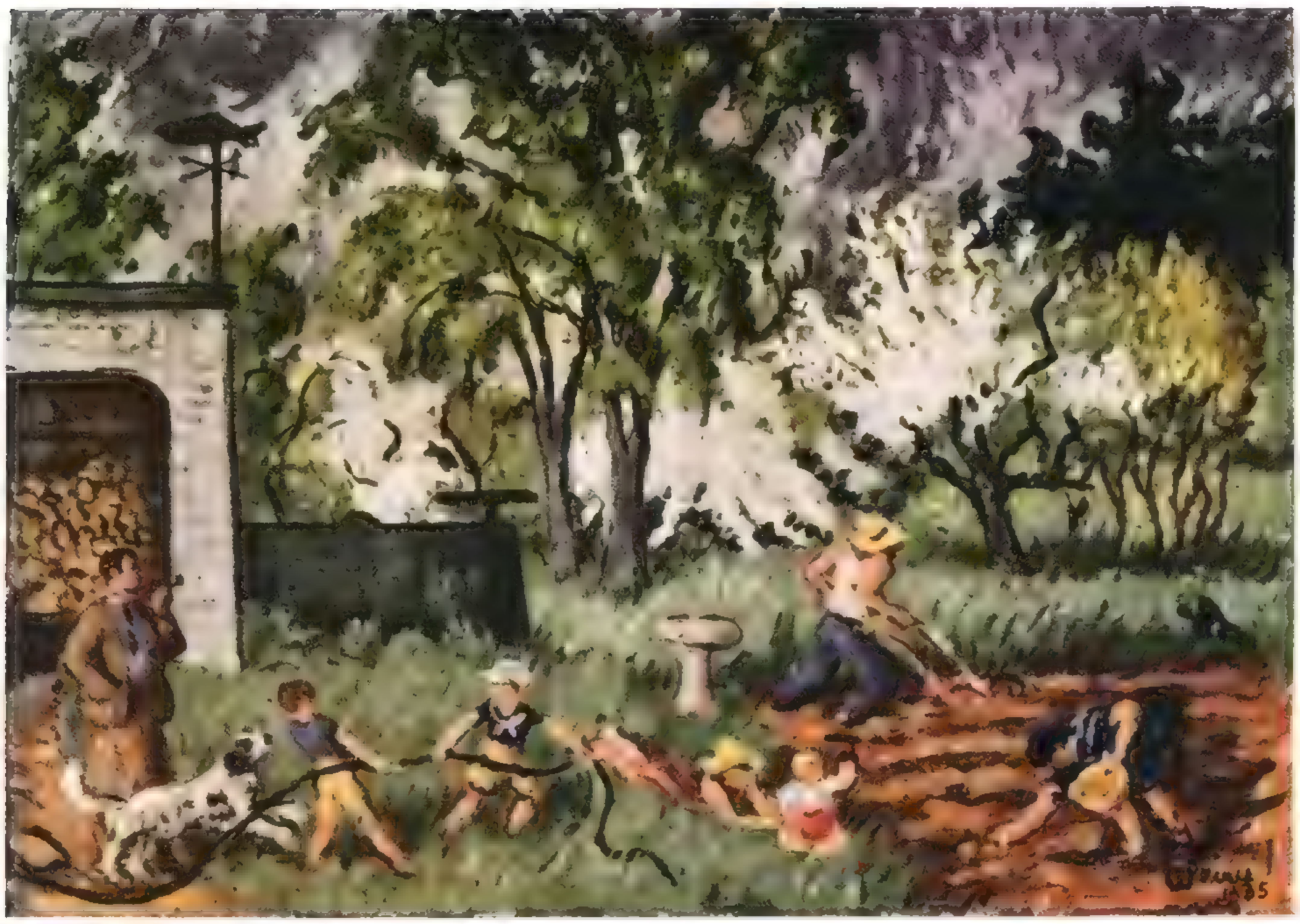
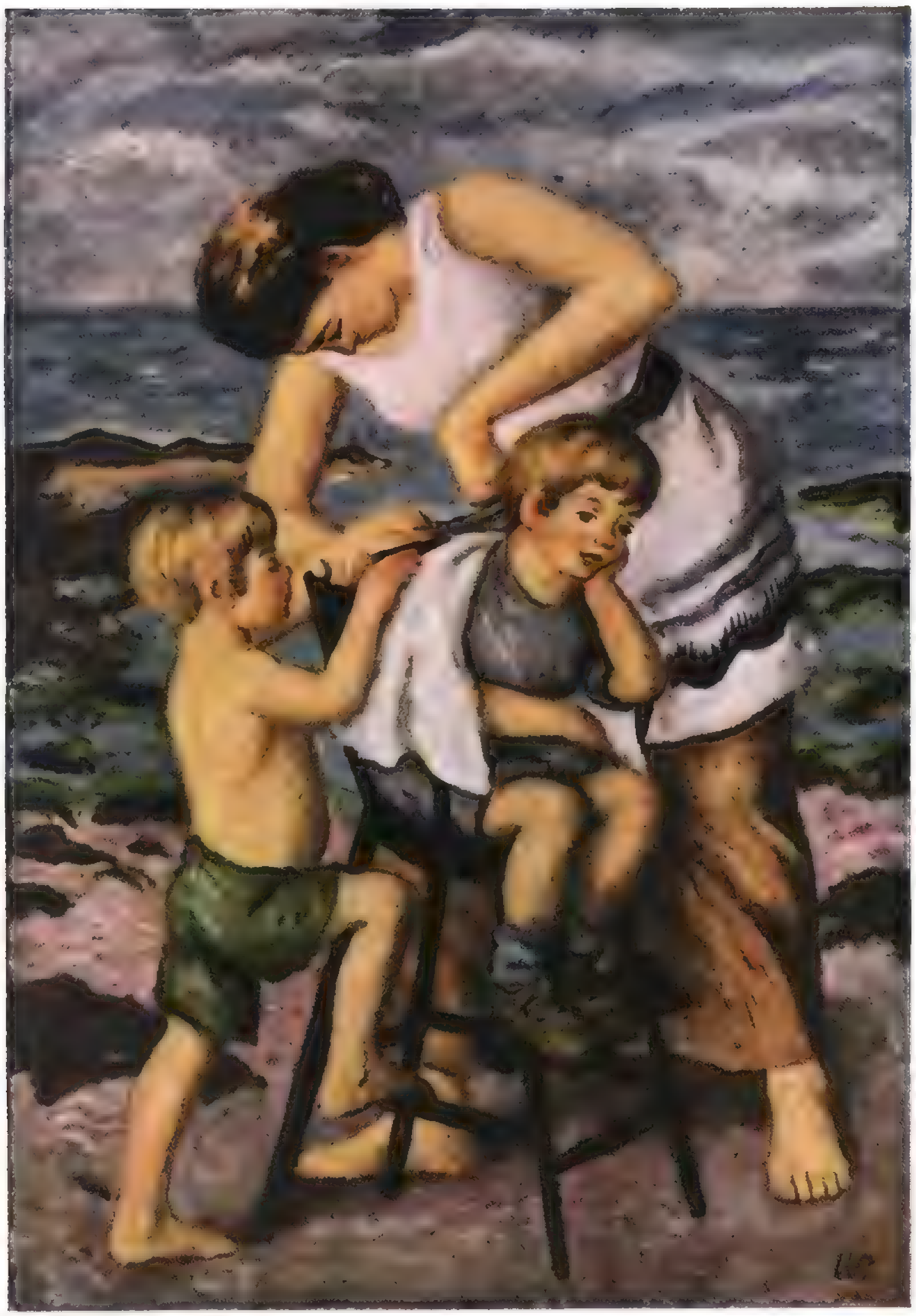
†Peirce's comment: "My fatality is to look strong. I have small bones and there have always been no end of anthropoids of about 135 on the hoof who could wind me round a spool. I am not easy to break, being too soft. However, looking strong is more impressive than being strong, so what the devil, if Ernest has a good story let him stick to it."



SPRING PLANTING

The Work and Play of Waldo Peirce

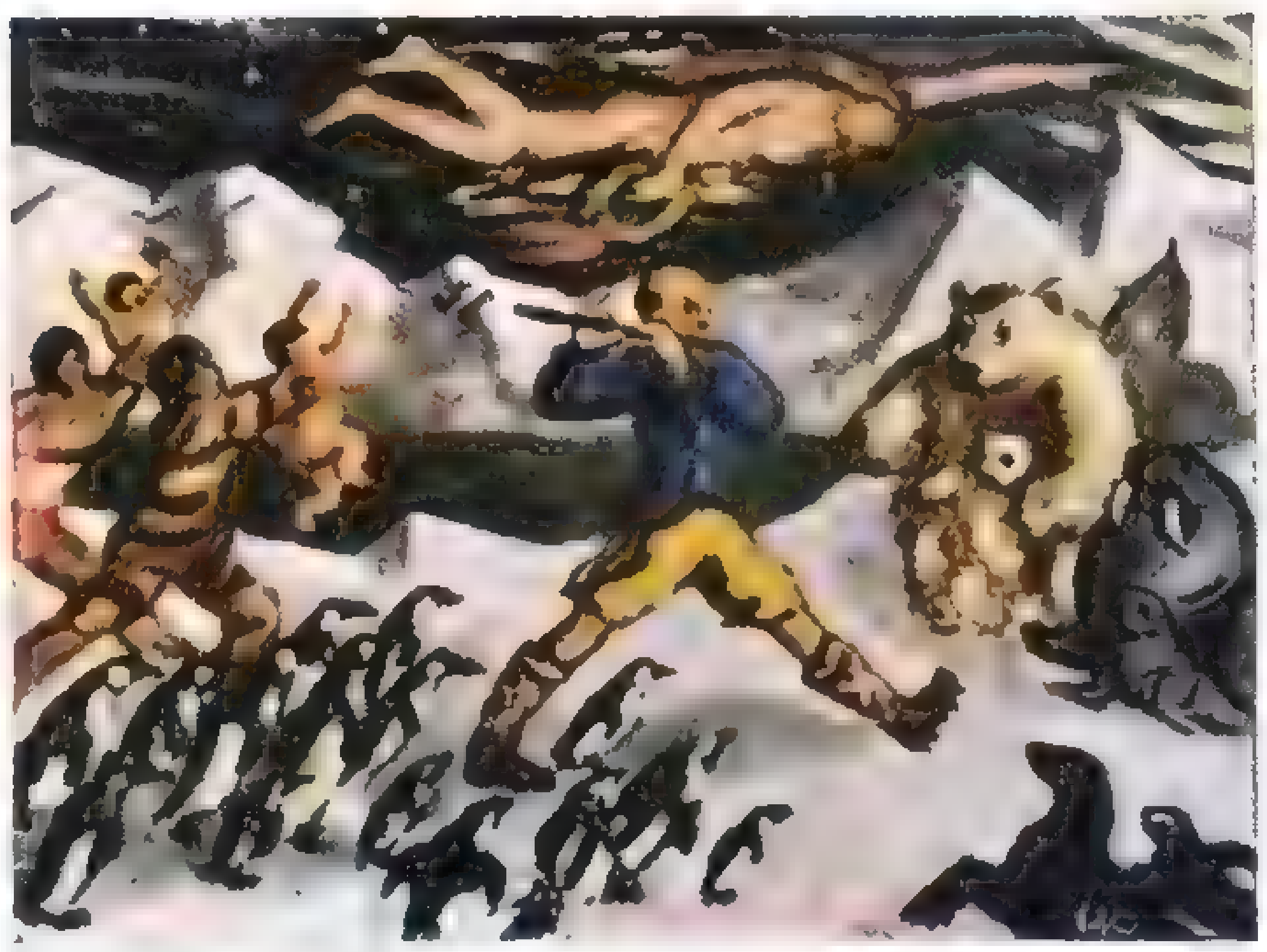
A random portfolio



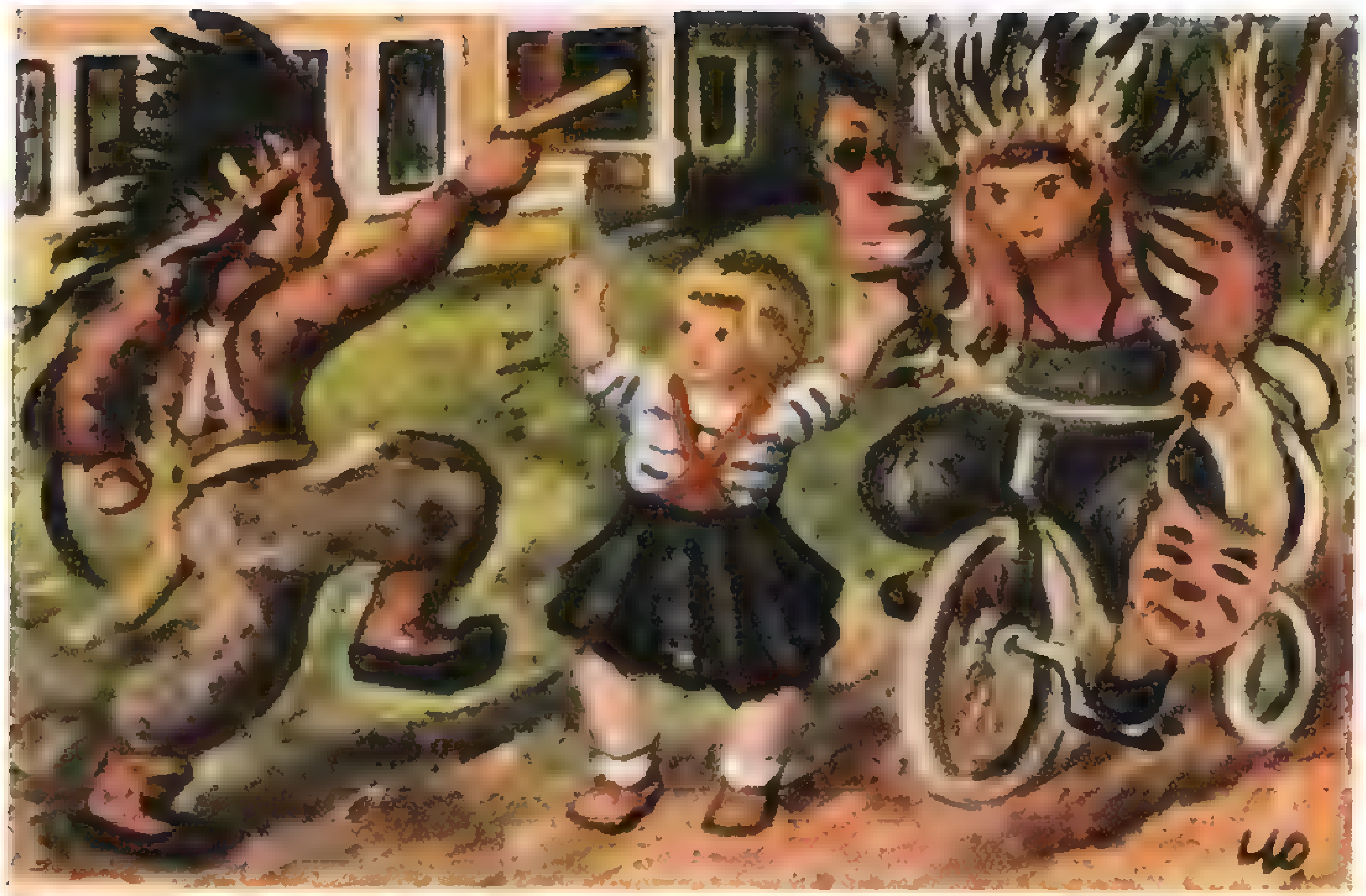
HAIRCUT BY THE SEA

Waldo Peirce

ROCKWELL KENT marching through Greenland with his flute; Ernest Hemingway dipping his quill in the blood of a bull as the sun also rises; the ebullient and ubiquitous Peirce twins, seen both here and on the preceding page in the paintings that have "the real Renoir juice" . . . this is a random yet fairly representative selection proving the point that Mr. Salpeter makes in the accompanying article: "His are not studio paintings. They should be hung on the branches of trees. They are liberating and unashamed. They say that it's good to be alive and have a jovial to-hell-with-it air. Hung on museum walls, where they are not, they would send out rays of light which might, possibly, dispel the dirty brown shadows of their neighbors." Peirce painted, successively, in the manner of Zuloaga, Goya and Matisse, all in the pre-twin days. Since then he has painted like no one but himself. He became a serious artist when he stopped taking his influences seriously. Hemingway remembers hearing Zuloaga tell Peirce what a great Spanish painter he would have been. "The only trouble," is Hemingway's comment, "was that Waldo couldn't take painting Zuloagas seriously and Zuloaga could."

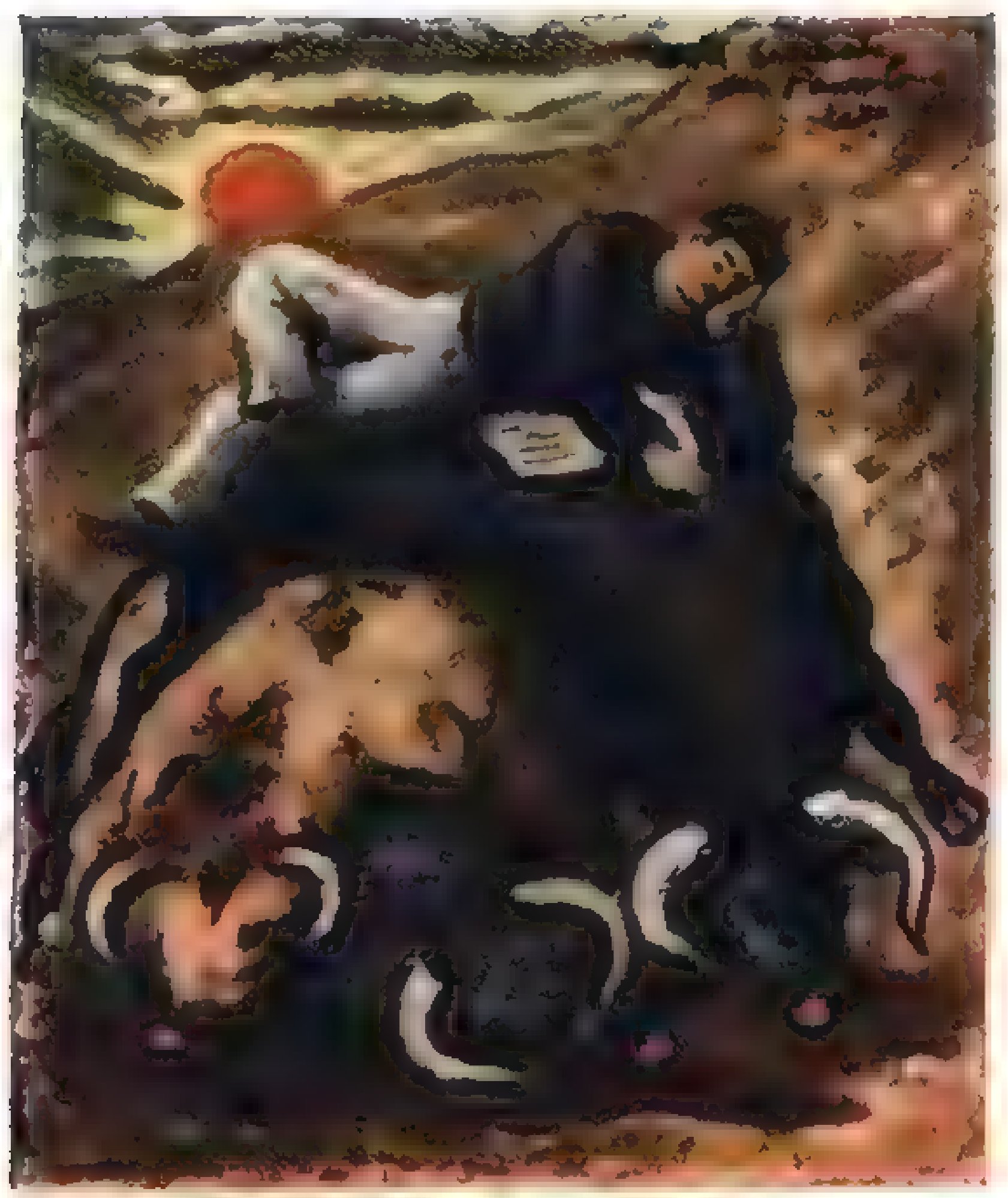


UNSER KENT

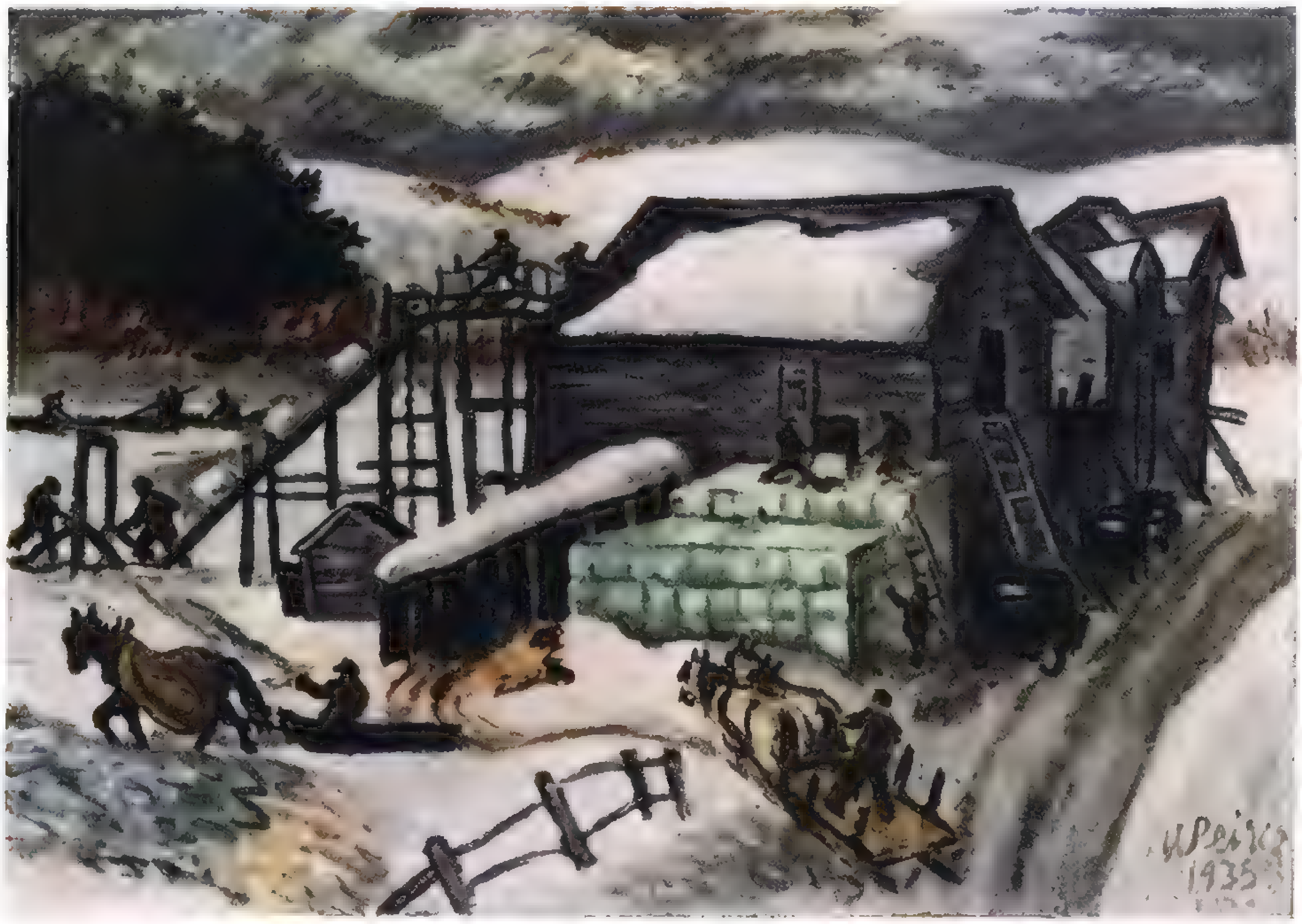


HALLOWEEN MASSACRE

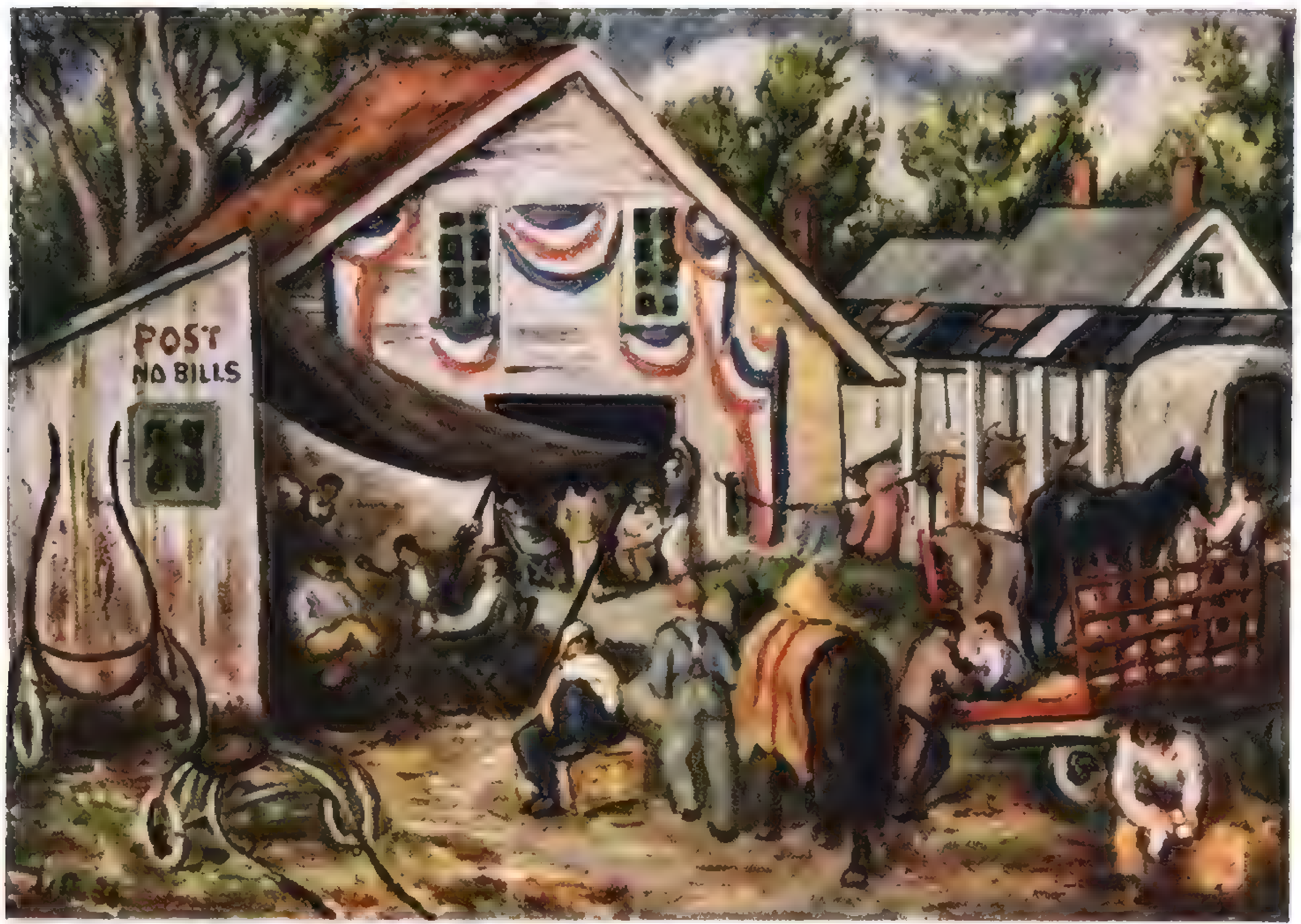
These paintings as well as those appearing in the text of the article on the preceding page were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the artist and of the Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C., where these and other representative examples of Peirce's work are permanently on display and sale. These reproductions are approximately one-eighth actual size.



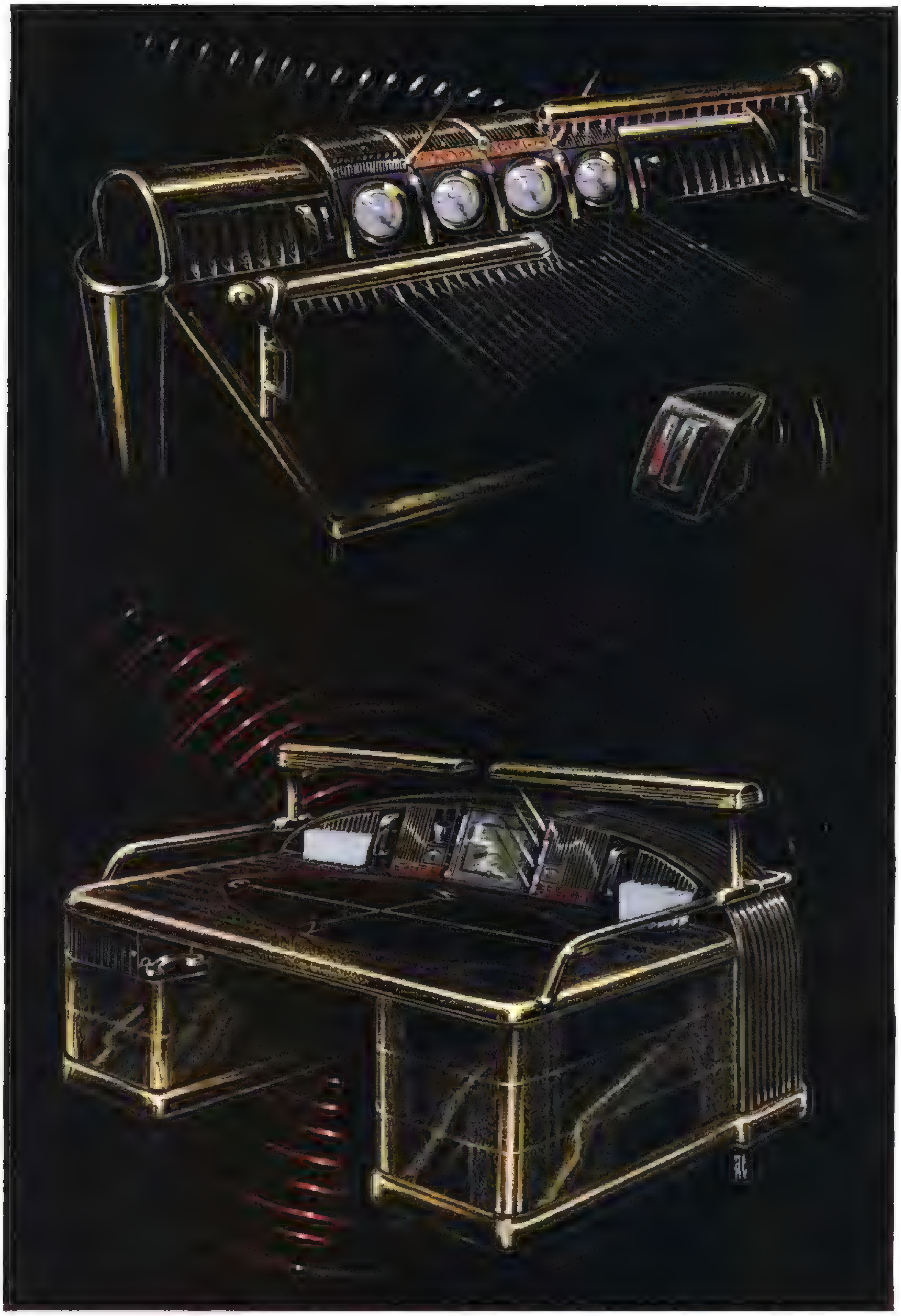
DON ERNESTO, PAMPLONA



THE ICE HOUSE



STABLES AT THE COUNTY FAIR



EXECUTIVES' DESKS *by* ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Here are two possible solutions to that vital problem: How shall the vice-president spend his time? With all of these gadgets to play with, he'll be practically no trouble to the corporation. Both desks have: water pitchers with colored level indicators (enlarged in separate sketch) obviating the long trek to the water cooler; a barometer to keep him constantly aware of atmospheric pressure; a clock, a humidity indicator (it isn't the heat) and a thermometer (electric in the upper sketch, liquid, below); adjustable lamps, pens for every mood; different colored inks (red for wrath, purple for passion) with level indicators and, if he *should* need it, a place for stationery. The upper sketch also shows a waste basket on the extreme left, a cigar and cigarette compartment with sliding lid, a lighter, and a red light that flashes excitedly on and off at the hour for appointments.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

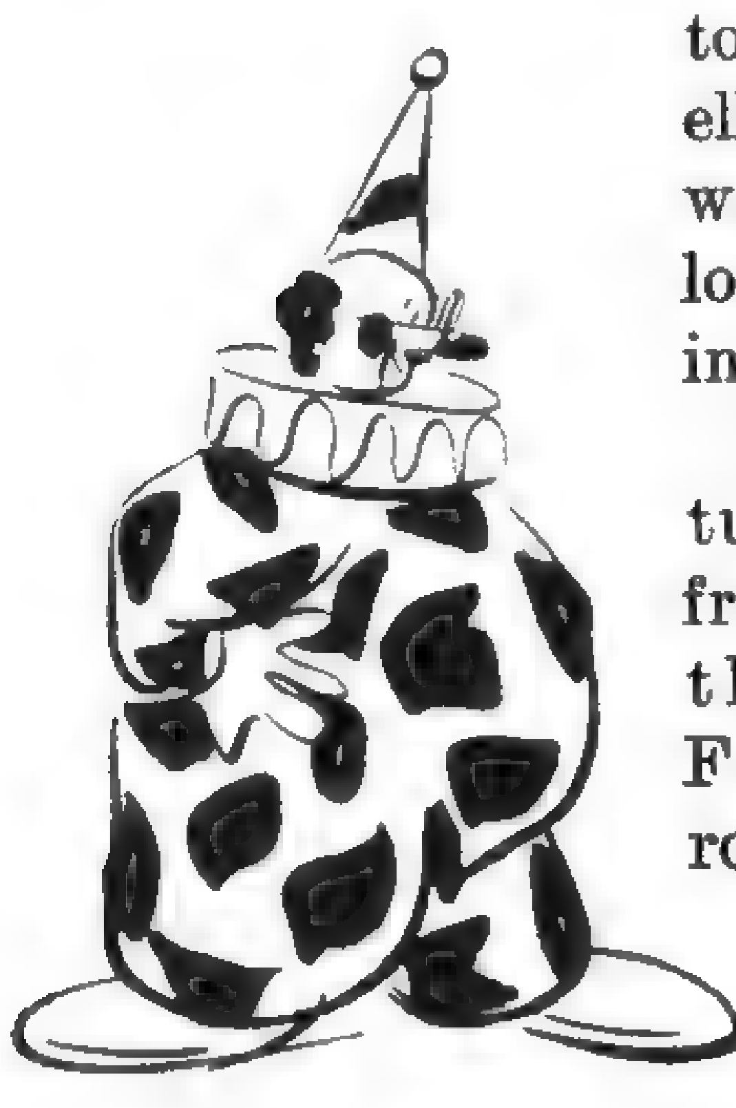
The press agent who became a story in himself finally writes the story of the circus

by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

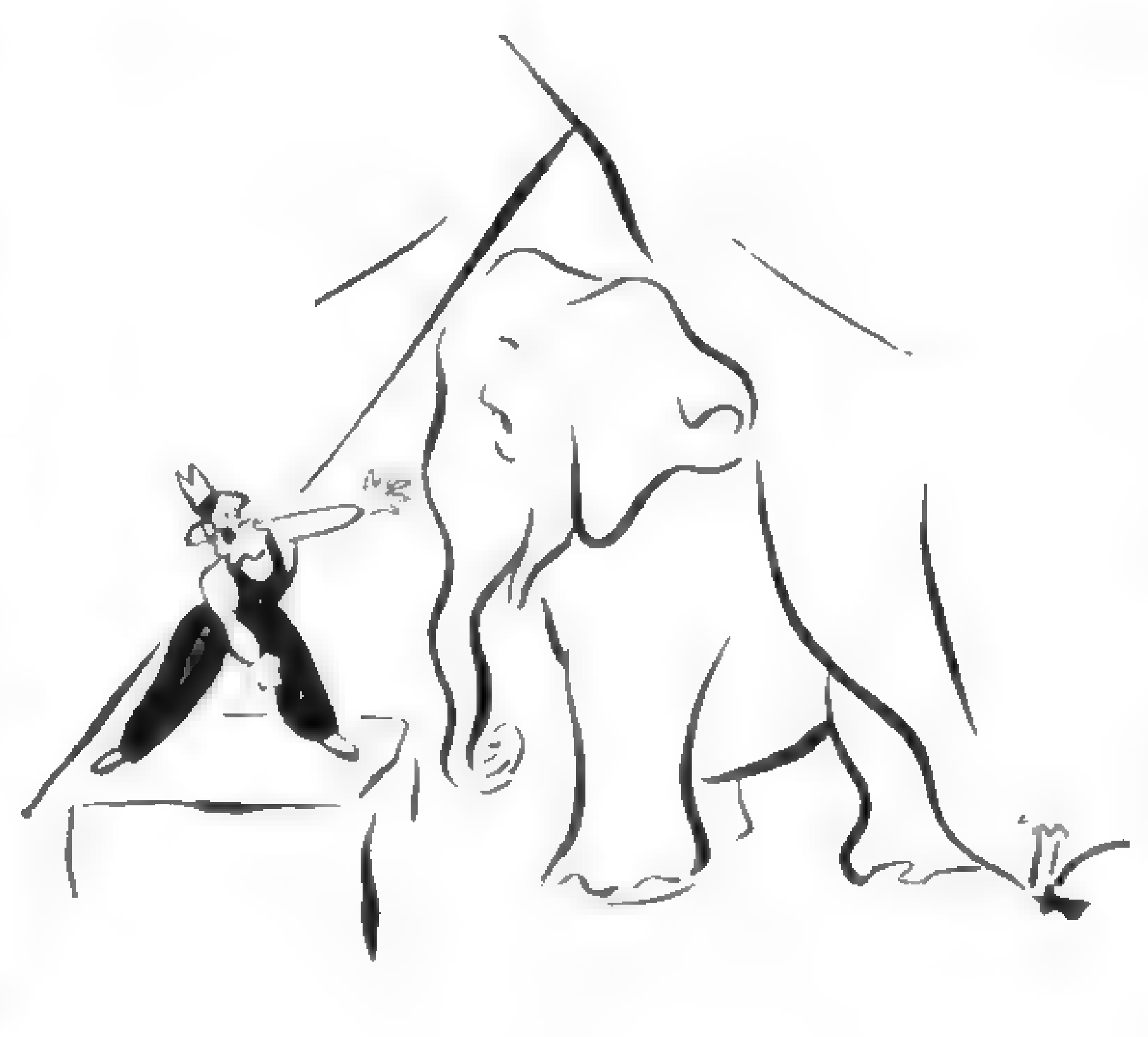
To thousands of newspapermen all over the country the word "circus" doesn't mean the circus; it means Dexter Fellows. He is the best-known, the most famous, press agent of all time. He lives in the flesh but his character was created by newspaper men, specifically by one newspaper man, the late Frank Ward O'Malley, star reporter on the old New York *Sun.* It was O'Malley who first made Fellows the real subject of the annual news stories about the arrival of the circus and the incidents of its run. O'Malley created the Fellows myth when Fellows was press agent for Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, some years before Fellows joined Barnum & Bailey; but O'Malley continued to write of Fellows apropos of the circus after Fellows joined the Barnum show, and such reporters as Edwin C. Hill, Irvin S. Cobb, Walter Howey, George T. Bye, Mark Watson, and Terry Ramsaye continued the O'Malley tradition and handed it on to their heirs in the craft like Nunnally Johnson, Frank Sullivan, Stanley Walker, Bob Peck, Beverly Smith, Alva Johnston, Lewis Nichols, John Lardner, Lloyd Lewis, and hundreds of other bright playboys of the press.

The circus is a typical and indigenous American institution. It began with one elephant. In 1815 one Hackaliah Bailey (no relation to the Bailey of the later circus firm of Barnum & Bailey) was in New York City on a visit from his farm near Somers, New York, when he learned that a sailing vessel had arrived in New York harbor with an elephant among its cargo. He went to see the animal and had an idea. He offered to buy the elephant and succeeded in doing so for one thousand dollars. He shipped the beast to Ossining and walked her (she was called Old Bet) to his farm where he housed her in a barn and charged the yokels admission to take a look at her. Thousands came from all over the countryside and then Bailey and Old Bet took to the road, travelling at night so people would not get a free look and exhibiting her in a tent.



Bailey's success turned Connecticut from the Nutmeg into the Circus state. Farmers sold their rocky lands and chattels for elephants, lions and tigers and went into show business. Even now Bridgeport and New Britain are winter quarters for circuses; and the fame which the small town of Winsted, Connecticut, enjoys as the source of the most outlandish freak-of-nature yarns probably is traceable to the early publicity schemes of erstwhile farmers to draw attention to their exhibitions of two-headed calves, five-legged sheep, and other oddities exhibited under canvas at ten cents a ticket. These early independent exhibitors who trudged with their shows to remote sections of the country, combined and enlarged their exhibitions, added side-shows and menageries and instituted the three-ring circus under one canvas with clowns and aerial performers such as we know now.

Dexter Fellows has been with Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey (now combined) for thirty years. Previous to that he had worked eleven years as press agent for Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World, and one year as press agent for Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show. That he knows the circus and the history of circuses in America goes without saying. It is, therefore, fortunate that he has secured the services of Andrew A. Freeman, a brilliant writer, as collaborator and they have turned out *This Way to the Big Show and the Life of Dexter Fellows* (Viking, $3.50).



This book has so many qualities for popular enjoyment that one is tempted to draw upon Dexter Fellow's famed polysyllabic adjectives to describe it and end up with "and other features too numerous to mention." Here are the humor and pathos, sentiment and sentimentality associated with the tanbark, the animals and the performers; here are intimate accounts of Buffalo Bill and of Annie Oakley, the brothers Ringling and big-wigs of the world; here are press yarns and anecdotes of the press agent and his newspaper pals who have made of him a combination of Baron Munchausen, Santa Claus, and Tyl Eulenspiegel. It was O'Malley who first wrote that Fellows possessed an "adjective-lathe" with which he turned out words like colossal, prodigious, cataclysmic and gargantuan to describe the program of the circus. And, to relate the solemn truth, Dexter Fellows has actually lost the identity he once may have possessed and has become the creature of the newsman's fancy. There is an engaging comical pomposity about the man, a tendency to speak with the orotundity of a Southern Congressman, and to dress, gesture and act up to his reputation. But not in this book. Freeman has held him down, kept him pretty much to the facts of the record, so that he comes alive in these pages as a character but at the same time is an engaging and informative historian of a fascinating folk saga of America.

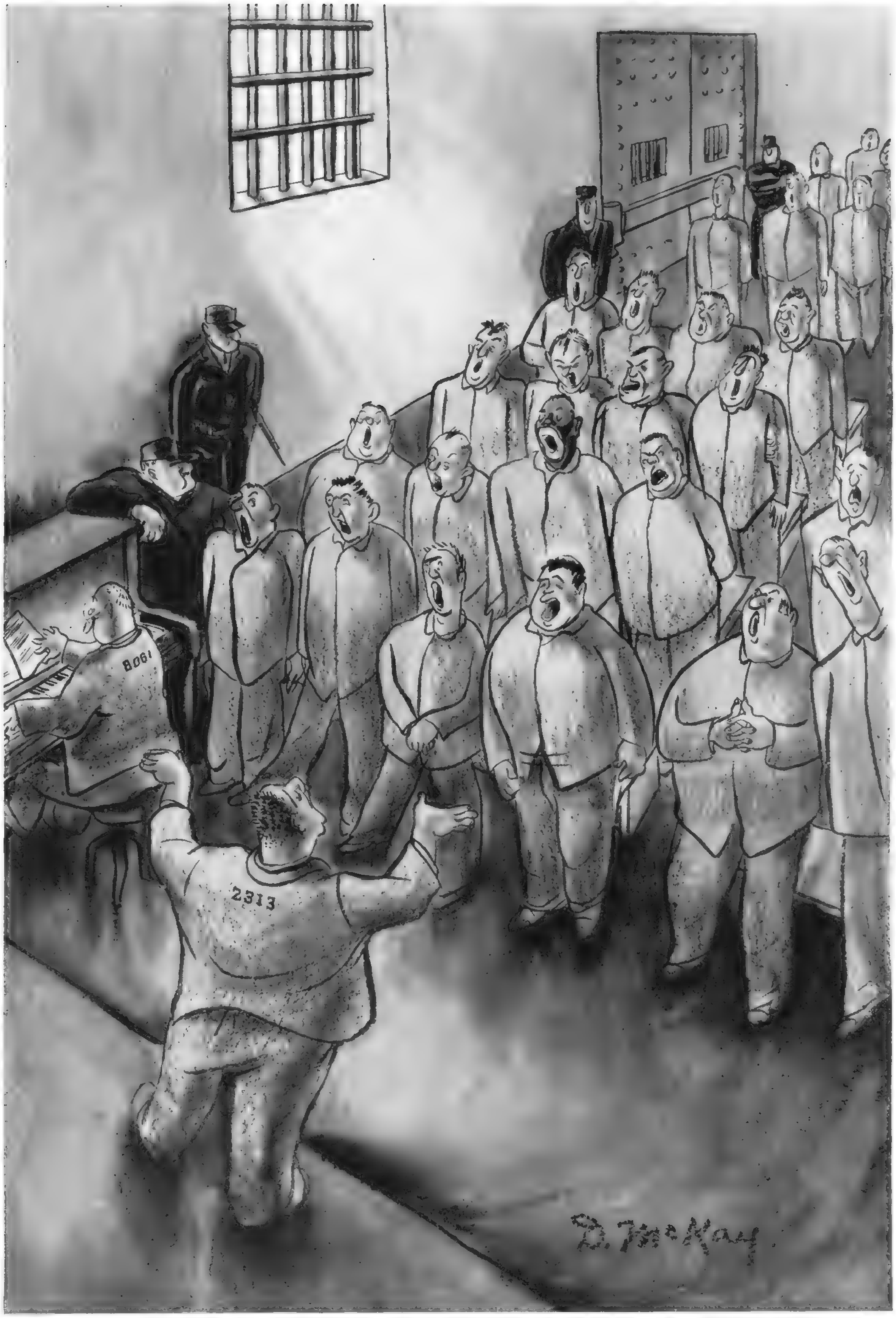
The new book of plays by the grand old Mick, George Bernard Shaw, is entitled, simply, *Three New Plays with Prefaces.* The three plays are: *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles, The Six of Calais,* and *The Millionairess.* The publishers are Dodd, Mead & Co. The price is two bucks, fifty sonteems; and I don't know of many ways of spending four bits and two simoleons which would provide you with more amusement and agitate your cortical cells to better advantage. Yeah, he is garrulous; he has been (my hearties) from the beginning. But his garrulity has point, punch and vitality. Yeah, you are quite right: nobody but Bernard Shaw could get away with the opening lines of *The Millionairess:*

> SAGAMORE (*listening*) Yes?... (*Impressed*) Oh! Send her up at once.
>
> *A tragic looking woman, athletically built and expensively dressed, storms into the room. He rises obsequiously.*
>
> THE LADY: Are you Julius Sagamore, the worthless nephew of my late solicitor Pontifex Sagamore?
>
> SAGAMORE: I do not advertise myself as worthless; but Pontifex Sagamore was my uncle; and I have returned from Australia to succeed to as much of his business as I can persuade his clients to trust to me.

I don't suppose you have read anything as amateurish as that since your local Shakespeare wrote that play for the community theatrical production. Amateur playwrights leave nothing to the imagination; they announce the names, backgrounds and motives of their characters in the opening lines thus: "Oho! So you are Willoughby Ponsonby, the villain who seduced my sister, Constance, and left her with an orphaned and fatherless child! Well, my name is Ethelburt Horatio Halifax, second vice-president of the Cumberland Bank and Trust Company. What can I do for you, sir?"

The Millionairess, in fact, is so broad and unbelievable a farce that it might serve as a script for the Marx Brothers, with Harpo in

Continued in center of page 171


8061
2313
D. McKay

"—sweet land of liberty"

The Music-Box Review

The hotter the fire the whiter the heat, and when Stokowski turns on Brahms, it's white hot

by FRANK BLACK

RECORDS

You are about to receive a double-barreled load of Brahms. You surely must remember that bewhiskered, benign-looking, inoffensive-appearing old gentleman who really was dynamite. Of course, by now, he doesn't need me to brag him into the public consciousness. But he had what it takes, and don't let the whiskers fool you. He wrote ascetically passionate music. Perhaps that's why the romanticists said he was a reactionary, and was harking back to Beethoven. Now, if any composer wants to do any harking, early or late, the best harker-back-to that I can recommend is Beethoven.

Critics said that Brahms' orchestral colors were too white. Well, the hotter the fire, the whiter the heat. If any of you moderns think you are good orchestrators, just listen to this first symphony and do your penance. The orchestra speaks an entirely different dialect than that of any other composer, and the music it has to utter is great and lasting. There was a day when a Brahms program couldn't even collect a dummy audience, but today it is a best seller-out.

This is noble music, pure, but not so simple; understandable, but enduring. It won't wear itself out. The jazz boys would find it too difficult to transcribe into the fox-trot idiom. It won't be one of the things that you'll hear whistled on the busy thoroughfares, but, if you hear the Philadelphians play it you'll go back for more . . . and more . . . and, moreover, you'll get to love it.

Stokowski's reading is slightly different than the first time he recorded it. He is more "poco sostenuto" in the introduction this time. His men play magnificently, and the slight slip of the first horn on a B natural near the finish of the slow movement doesn't mar anything. I hasten to add that the horns are magnificent in the last movement.

You simply must have this album if you want a complete recorded library. Brahms never dreamt that he'd be peeking out of your loud speaker some day, but, if he had ever imagined such a thing, I'll bet he'd be smoking his inevitable cigar and he wouldn't have shaved because he was that kind of a person.

HOT RECORDS

Johannes Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C Minor (Op. 68). Played by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Victor—Musical Masterpiece Series—M-301.

The other barrel-load full of Brahms is about to explode. His "Fifth Symphony" is called *Concerto in B Flat Major for Piano Solo and Orchestra.* Call it what you like, but to me it will always remain a symphony. True, the piano part is something to cause the digital experts to become psychopathic cases. All the players of the piano who try to make this a show piece will surely stew in their own juice, and I don't think that the resulting goulash would taste so good to an audience.

The approach system must be entirely different when gazing at this concerto. Artur Schnabel plays the piano in the present rendition, with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Adrian Boult. I just guess there will hardly ever be an ideal performance of this opus because to do it in that way a great pianist must first put himself completely into the hands of a great conductor who will give the orders, and I don't think there are many pianists that great. This is a fine recording of a great work, and should you feel piano concerto-y, you'll want to possess it.

Brahms' Concerto No. 2 in B Flat Major (Opus 83) (for piano and orchestra). Played by Artur Schnabel and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Conducted by Adrian Boult.

Victor—Musical Masterpiece Series—M-305.

* * *

Last month I happened to mention the fact that Columbia had recorded the Brandenburg Concertos, composed by that mighty man of music, Bach. I have just heard the last of them. It was a monumental recording task because the complete set comprises twenty-seven sides. The piano part in the fifth concerto is played by Rudolf Serkin, and he proves himself as good as I thought he would be after hearing him play with Toscanini this past winter. You must have this collection of the Brandenburg Concertos, and when you're tired of the flesh-pots of Wagner, Debussy, Stravinsky, et al, you can always go back to Bach . . . and you will.

Bach: Brandenburg Concertos. Played by the Busch Chamber Players. Under the Musical Direction of Adolf Busch.

Columbia—Musical Masterworks Set 250

* * *

Here is Mr. Kolisch, the left-hander again, with his String Quartet. They have laid a Schubert Opus on your doorstep, the one in A minor, No. 29. I take nothing back that I said previously about either the Kolischers or Schubert. This is a superb reading of immortal music.

Schubert: Quartet in A Minor (Op. 29). Played by the Kolisch Quartet.

Columbia—Musical Masterworks Set 245.

* * *

I still think that English bands should stick quite closely to their knitting and not try to Ellington-Calloway-Goodman-Teegarden me into thinking they can be swing-high-swing-low-downers when their particular place is not up that high or down that low.

And now, my little folk, turn to page four in the first reader and we will take up the subject of our own *Fats Waller and his Rhythms.* Observe closely, dear little boys and girls, the delightful abandon with which the stout Mr. Waller tosses his material about. To and fro and fro and to. Pay close attention to his piano technique. Of course, none of you will ever become that good, but, little ones, you may keep on trying. You may study with the greatest vocal teachers, but see if you can achieve that sense of rhythm. No, I don't suppose you ever will. Your parents may think this music is trashy, but then they can't play like that or sing like that. Can they?

Us On a Bus *Christopher Columbus*	*It's No Fun* *All My Life*
Victor—25295	Victor—25296

Cabin In the Sky
Cross Patch Victor—25315
"Fats" Waller and His Rhythm

Ohman and Arden were the last syllable, at one time, in two-piano sophistication. Now Edgar Fairchild and Adam Carroll should be the smart penthouse party pets. Their recording of the music from the Rodgers and Hart new musical-farce-drama-ballet-opus, *On Your Toes,* is a swell bit of ivory teasing. I could fill a column telling you how good the show is, and another telling how swell the tunes and lyrics are. But this is concerning two pianos. The recording sounds suspiciously like Brunswick. I think it is. The label says Liberty Music Shop. However, all my best wishes go to Fairchild and Carroll, who, I think, are destined to

Continued at top of page 169

Author's House

Continued from page 40

The Saturday Evening Post, addressed not to me but to

Thomas Kracklin,
Saturday Evening post
Philadelphia
pennsylvania Pa

On the envelope were several notations evidently by the *Post's* mail department.

Not known here
Try a story series in 1930 files
Think this is character in story by X in 1927 files

"This last person had guessed it, for Thomas Kracklin was indeed a character in some stories of mine. Here's what the letter said:

'Mr. Kracklin I wonder if you are any kin to mine because my name was Kracklin an I had a brother an he did not see us much any more we was worried about him an I thought when I read your story that you was that Kracklin an I thought if I wrote you I would find out yours truly Mrs. Kracklin Lee.'

"The address was a small town in Michigan. The letter amused me and was so different from any that I had received for a long time that I made up an answer to it. It went something like this:

'My dear Mrs. Kracklin Lee: I am indeed your long lost brother. I am now in the Baltimore Penitentiary awaiting execution by hanging. If I get out I will be glad to come to visit you. I think you would find me all right except I cannot be irritated as I sometimes kill people if the coffee is cold. But I think I won't be much trouble except for that but I will be pretty poor when I get out of the pentitentiary and will be glad if you can take care of me—unless they string me up next Thursday. Write me care of my lawyer.'

"Here I gave my name and then signed the letter 'Sincerely, Thomas Kracklin.' This is undoubtedly the answer."

The author opened the envelope—there were two letters inside. The first was addressed to him by his real name.

'Dear Sir I hope my brother has not been hung an I thank you for sending his letter I am a poor woman an have no potatoes this day an can just buy the stamp but I hope my brother has not been hung an if not I would like to see him an will you give him this letter yours truly Mrs. Kracklin Lee.'

This was the second letter:

'Dear Brother I have not got much but if you get off you can come back here an I could not promise to suply you with much but maybe we could get along cannot really promise anythin but I hope you will get off an wish you the very best always your sister Mrs. Kracklin Lee.'

When he had finished reading the author said:

"Now isn't it fun to be so damn smart! Miss Palmer, please write a letter saying her brother's been reprieved and gone to China and put five dollars in the envelope.

"But it's too late," he continued as he and his visitor went upstairs, "You can pay a little money but what can you do for meddling with a human heart? A writer's temperament is continually making him do things he can never repair.

"This is my bedroom. I write a good deal lying down and when there are too many children around, but in summer it's hot up here in the daytime and my hand sticks to the paper."

The visitor moved a fold of cloth to perch himself on the side of a chair but the author warned him quickly:

"Don't touch that! It's just the way somebody left it."

"Oh I beg your pardon."

"Oh it's all right—it was a long long time ago. Sit here for a moment and rest yourself and then we'll go on up."

"Up?"

"Up to the attic. This is a big house you see—on the old-fashioned side."

The attic was the attic of Victorian fiction. It was pleasant, with beams of late light slanting in on piles and piles of magazines and pamphlets and children's school books and college year books and "little" magazines from Paris and ballet programs and the old *Dial* and *Mercury* and *L'Illustration* unbound and the *St. Nicolas* and the Journal of the *Maryland Historical Society,* and piles of maps and guide books from the Golden Gate to Bon Sada. There were files bulging with letters, one marked "letters from my grandfather to my grandmother" and several dozen scrap books and clipping books and photograph books and albums and "baby books" and great envelopes full of unfiled items. . . .

"This is the loot," the author said grimly, "This is what one has instead of a bank balance."

"Are you satisfied?"

"No. But it's nice here sometimes in the late afternoon. This is a sort of a library in its way, you see—the library of a life. And nothing is as depressing as a library if you stay long in it. Unless of course you stay there all the time because then you adjust yourself and become a little crazy. Part of you gets dead. Come on let's go up."

"Where?"

"Up to the cupola—the turret, the watch-tower, whatever you want to call it. I'll lead the way."

It is small up there and full of baked silent heat until the author opens two of the glass sides that surround it and the twilight wind blows through. As far as your eye can see there is a river winding between green lawns and trees and purple buildings and red slums blended in by a merciful dusk. Even as they stand there the wind increases until it is a gale whistling around the tower and blowing birds past them.

"I lived up here once," the author said after a moment.

"Here? For a long time?"

"No. For just a little while when I was young."

"It must have been rather cramped."

"I didn't notice it."

"Would you like to try it again?"

"No. And I couldn't if I wanted to."

He shivered slightly and closed the windows. As they went downstairs the visitor said, half apologetically.

"It's really just like all houses, isn't it?"

The author nodded.

"I didn't think it was when I built it, but in the end I suppose it's just like other houses after all." #

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 97

swell dancers. They were way out of my class.

And now my two pick-ups got up and danced. Maybe they had had an intuition about my not being in it with their gang, as a dancer. But I had a feeling that they wouldn't even have admitted Fred Astaire, offhand. They didn't need anyone else in that crowd. They didn't want to risk the pain and embarrassment of dancing with a lousy dancer.

And those two girls didn't need any fellows dancing with them because they hadn't quite reached the age where dancing was a chance for sexual play. It was just dancing to them and they were a perfect team, they didn't want to try other partners. They practiced all the time, at home.

The pretty one, of course, led. And they uncorked some fast stepping that had even the rest of that fast-stepping crowd singing, "Show 'em how! Go to town!"

And as I sat watching them I suddenly knew what it was about this whole business that puzzled me. It was the innocence. The colossal, incredible innocence! The utter innocence not only of the pair of fifteen-year-olds I had picked up on a road at night but of this off-the-road saloon that might be expected to be a dive, and of all these couples that might make such a place a center for sporty life. Why in the jazz generation the place would have been crawling with adolescent lust. But this crowd only wanted to dance.

—Here comes Christopher Columbus—!

And I never could get this kind of dancing-with-the-feet. To me dancing has always seemed a pattern of the whole body, of the whole being; I knew that their whole beings were in it too, but these few tricky oddities of footsteps seemed to be all the outlet they needed. Hotter and faster feet and that was dancing.

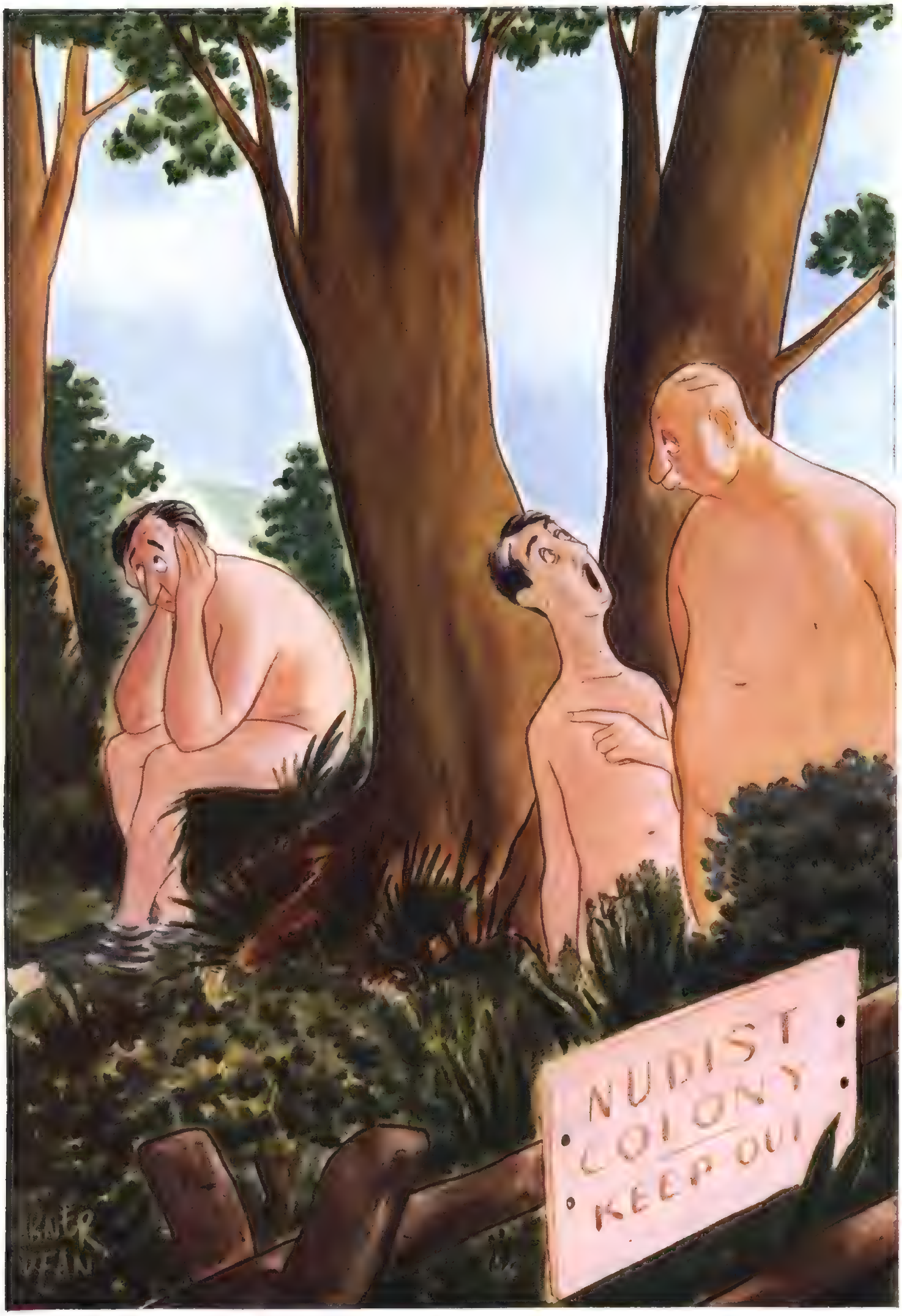
I knew that they were right and I was wrong because this is the present American dancing. I see it, or rather hear it in the movies all the time. It is the tap-dance dominating all other forms. Now, aside from a few moments in Bill Robinson's dances in the Shirley Temple pictures, I have never been able to get a kick out of tap-dancing. It just seems stupid to me. For the entire aim of tap-dancing seems to be to make rhythmic noises with the feet, when the same sounds might just as well be made with drumsticks. That is, it's just a trick, a technique; I can't see how one tap-dancer can ever express more than another tap-dancer.

When tap-dancing borders upon eccentric dancing, I sometimes get real enjoyment out of a number. For instance, both Buddy Ebsen and Bill Robinson have a table-setting routine in which tap-dancing is combined with an idea. Every little gesture of laying down a spoon becomes a perfect part of a perfectly timed operation; the whole dance expresses a world of ecstatic order. Everything is right, right time, right place. The dishes that have to be set down upon the table are like notes that have to be played in a score, while the dance-steps and movements improvised between these notes are like the improvisations of a hot musician embroidering on his score.

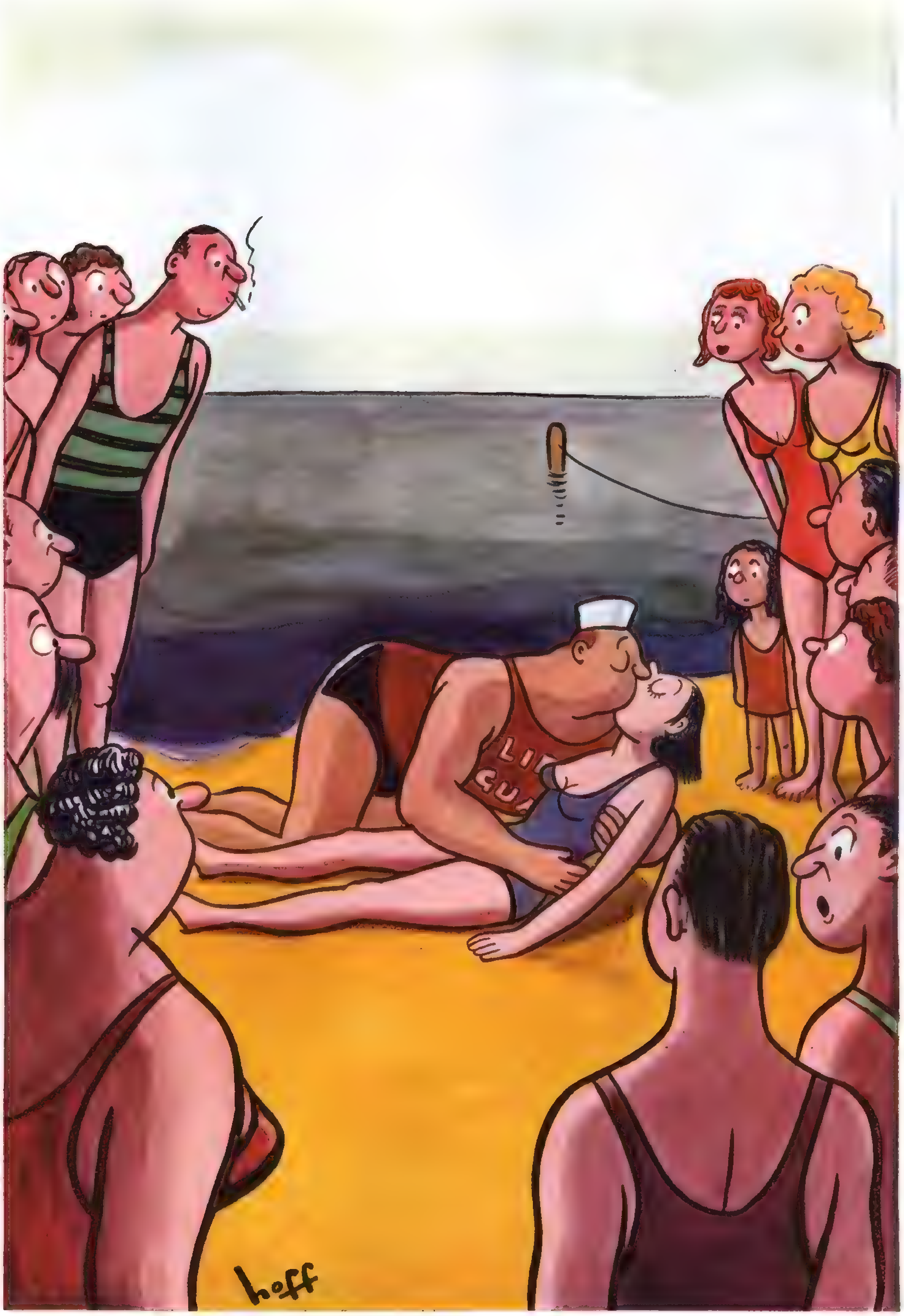
Maybe I am just literal-minded, maybe a dance has to tell a story to me, while I don't understand that ordinary precision dancing is simply the abstraction of the kind of eccentric routine I have just described.

But the fact remains that I react excitedly to certain dancers and certain passages in dancing, as rendered in pictures, while most of the stuff is just plain drumming to my ears. So maybe I'm doing my taste an injustice. Maybe I really have natural discrimination. I don't pretend to

Continued on page 174


NUDIST
COLONY
KEEP OUT
ABNER
DEAN

"He's going crazy here. He used to be a pickpocket"


LIFE GUA
hoff

"It's a new way of reviving 'em, I suppose"

When the Dude Rides

Continued from page 87

turned little toward your left. Also, you should have a tight *left* rein in your hand before mounting. (In the East, we take a tight *right* rein, if anything, so as to swing the horse's quarters toward us.) Then, you spring quickly to the standing position. How fast you come down into the saddle is governed by the speed with which Dash-bar whirls and gets going. It can all look like one continuous motion and be very graceful if you time it judiciously.

Westerners think nothing of starting their horses right off into a lope, doubtless because their mounts have usually been moving around in a corral enough to limber them up. The lope is an easy canter and as your stirrups are about two holes longer than your flat saddle or Saumur back home, you sit it comfortably. You should see just an inch of toe as you look down past your knee.

At the trot, you can bravely ride "hard" without posting as you suppose cowboys would do or you can stand in your stirrups or even sneak a post as they often actually do.

Your reins are carried in the Western manner in one hand which is held as high as you like; (forget your hacking "hands in the lap," out here). Your palm is up and the reins issue from between thumb and forefinger.

To put your horse into a run, simply slide your reins hand up his neck almost to his ears, half rising in the saddle to do so. The resultant burst of speed may considerably astonish as it should certainly delight you.

To stop their horses, Westerners "sit down on them," as they call it. You will discover that by this charmingly elusive imagery, they mean raising the reins hand to the shoulder and leaning stiffly back in the saddle. This sits the horse down on his hocks in the dust but nobody, least of all the horse, thinks anything about it.

If you wish to dismount, you merely swing out of the saddle, oblivious of your horse's speed at the moment. This, like a cold morning shower, seems just before you undertake it like a rather daring thing to do. Faithful Dash-bar, however, will plant his forefeet and halt in his tracks the instant he feels you coming off.

You may have dismounted to open a gate in the barbed wire fencing ubiquitous in our cattle country. The gate is mostly barbed wire itself and once you have unlatched it, usually collapses into a tangled mass reminiscent of front-line trenches. Therefore, keep it stretched tight as you hold it open for your horse and any others to pass through, lest they step into it and proceed to butcher themselves. Then close it again, without fail. Simply put the foot of the gate-post into the loop of wire at the base of the fence-post and pull the bent piece of wood that serves as a latch around toward you and catch it in the loop you will find ready for it. You will not long wonder why they are called "Armstrong" gates.

If someone has opened a gate for you, it will of course occur to you to wait for him to mount and join you after closing it. It would be neither Western nor Eastern manners to simply ride on, without waiting.

If the trail leads up and down hill a good deal, as so many of them do, you will want to remember that while Western horses are extremely sure-footed and able, you can help your mount's endurance by leaning forward going down as well as up. The idea really is to get your weight on Dash-bar's withers and take it off his quarters. To do this, your feet must be forward as well as your trunk, at all times on a grade. The exercise will do wonders for your seat and knee grip. You *never* lean back and help your horse down with a tight rein, as we do on Eastern declines.

During halts for lunch or whatever, the rule is to loosen girths. It is just as well to remember to take up on them again before mounting, even if you have to tie a string around one finger to remind you.

If you are an observant rider, considerate of your horse, you may discover on occasion that good old Dash-bar has lost a shoe. Think nothing of it, especially if it's off a hind hoof. He can go for several days without doing harm. In fact, it will merely wear down the surface of the hoof and condition it for re-shoeing. Shoes cost 10c apiece, 20c for the larger sizes.

Another surprising virtue of Western horses, at least those bred in mountain country, is an incredible ability to travel over loose rocks, shale and even snow. Don't throw your money away betting a cowboy he cannot put his horse down off the rough ride of a hill at a full gallop. City slickers have been taken by this offer of a sure thing, many times.

Almost without exception, the lads who wrangle dudes on the cattle ranches are amazingly soft-spoken, courteous to a fault and rather touching in their unspoiled reverential respect for women, *all* women. They love a joke, especially one on themselves, and are the ultimate masters of understatement.

No one can help liking Westerners but it's too bad they are so handicapped in adding to Easterners' education in riding. They start out, seemingly, in the sincere conviction that people east of Des Moines do not and never will know anything about horseback riding. As a result, they make few genuine efforts to teach them.

It is the Easterners' loss, because patently there is a certain amount of art in riding the stock saddle, just as there is some specialized technique in riding the flat saddle.

But perhaps the Western congregation have forgotten Kipling's line, "What can they know of England, who only England know?" If the chaps in chaps knew Eastern riding style, they could at least point out to the visiting dudes the differences that characterize ranch riding.

Discussion of such differences generally gets side-tracked and centers around the merits of the stock saddle versus flat or "English" types. This leads directly to the airing of cherished prejudices on both sides, and no further. It comes to a kind of ardent, emotional dead-end.

The facts, cold and impartial, seem to be quite simple. If you are going to do actual cattle work, involving roping, you must have a working saddle with a horn on the pummel. Cow-ponies and cowpunchers alike have been trained to it and you cannot very well hold a roped steer without it.

But it is heavier and more wearing on the horse and causes his back to sweat more. For the rider, contrary to the popular myths about it, the stock saddle is conspicuously less comfortable than any flat saddle, especially for all-day riding, even in mountain country.

Many like the McClellan cavalry saddle, although it must be cinched up very tight, perhaps too tight, for hill climbing.

The outstanding fact remains that anyone who can ride a flat or "English" saddle can easily ride a stock saddle, whereas the reverse is sadly enough not true.

Comfort, like *De Gustibus*, is perhaps not subject to dispute. As the Victorian mother observed to her becorsetted daughter, "Pride feels no pain." But whatever you may decide about saddles in this respect, you are pretty nearly bound to admit that the West can show us how to ride in comfortable clothes.

Blue jeans or overall pants called "Levis" take the place of riding breeches, whose tight knee and flaring "butterfly peg" seem out of character in the cactus country. Long drawers are advisable until knees have become hardened.

Cow boots, with their high heels, are picturesque and indigenous but not necessary. Sneakers, rubber-soled oxfords or 16-inch waterproof boots, if you want to wade streams, will see you through quite satisfactorily.

Ten-gallon hats are sheer affectation, although a broad-brimmed hat of some kind will save you from sunburn if you wish to keep that night-club complexion.

Chapparals or "chaps," like leather gauntlet gloves, are worn only when hard work in the sagebrush, juniper and mesquite requires protection for hands and legs.

When you consider how many of your Eastern friends have been delayed or deterred from taking up riding, because of the initial expense for correct clothes, you must join in the West's hearty laugh at our misguided notions.

Spurs are perhaps not clothes but rather equipment Those in the West are gigantic in size and fantastic in design. Aside from cowboy dances, they are chiefly useful in those rare circumstances when you have to urge a tired horse. Only then need you wear them.

Don't, however, overlook the fact that Dash-bar may loaf on the ride that is purely for sightseeing, because he doesn't understand aimless meandering around the country. Put that same horse to work that he has been trained for and he will perk up and drive stock with a nimbleness and skill that may surprise you. When you swing him to right or left, he will like as not "turn on a dime." Better be sure you also turn, with him.

Your vocabulary will add some new words in the West, which you will want to pronounce in the Western fashion. "Coyote" is spoken "ki," not "coy." In "corral," it is the "al" that is accented. "Chaps" are "shaps." The word "arroyo," meaning an irregular stream-bed washed out by heavy rains, is slurred as if it terminated in a soft "a" instead of "o." The "remuda" is a driven bunch of horses. A "dude" is a guest who is not a native Westerner and there is not the slightest disparaging connotation in the term.

Snakes seem to be a fascinating subject to arriving "dudes" from the East. As a matter of fact, there are in the West not only rattlesnakes but Black Widow spiders, tarantulas and plenty of scorpions. But they need not worry you. Rattlers are slow-moving, mind their own business and always give gentlemanly notice of intentions. Black Widows stay out in the country and do not come into the house. Of course, it is possible accidentally to step on a reptile and get bitten, but it seldom actually happens. Prompt calm care will usually avert serious consequences.

The worst probably that will happen to you is a sudden and profound scare on seeing some child on the premises lugging around a bullsnake of prodigious size but entirely harmless.

As you return to the East and Eastern riding, it is to be hoped you will extend your Western hosts a pressing invitation to repay your visit by coming East.

By all means promise them a day's hunt, including some easy three foot stake-and-rail jumps which they can try on flat saddles.

This will promote better relations between East and West, through greater understanding.

The only danger is that one day's workout in a flat saddle may give the Westerner a permanent inferiority complex. #

The Slave Jaquot

Two Negroes, newly freed in the ante-bellum period, celebrated their freedom by buying a slave

by HEWITT L. BALLOWE

• FICTION •

In the ante-bellum days of Louisiana all Negroes were not slaves. There were many individuals of a class legally known as free men and women of color. Some came from the West Indies already free, some were presented with freedom by kind masters or earned it by actual acts of devotion, while some actually bought their own bodies with bit pieces, dimes, and picayunes that they had been able to earn in time allowed them by their owners.

These people were, as a rule, very happy. Too close to slavery to worry about race equality, they lived in peace among their white neighbors. They possessed virtues in vast excess over the vices of their race. Industrious, quiet, self-respecting, they were contented with their lot. With unaccustomed prosperity, however, there were sometimes unexpected happenings.

To one of the river settlements below New Orleans came Nonc Valerie and Tante Annette. Rumor said that they had been slaves in a distant parish. This they strenuously denied and insisted that even their ancestors had been free. Buying a piece of land they erected their humble home. Their industry was rewarded and they prospered. Nonc Valerie's rice field always gave the heaviest yield. His grain brought top prices on the market. His expenses were small. Half a dozen sturdy children helped him and his wife with the cultivation of the crop. And as their savings grew the couple began to assume airs in keeping with their prosperity.

At mass Nonc Valerie's clothes were as neat as any, his shirt as white, and his neckcloth above reproach. Tante Annette discarded the starched sunbonnet and wore a rakish toque. Her stiff calico dress and numerous petticoats "swished" when she walked.

After an unusually prosperous season husband and wife held a council. Each knew what was in the other's mind. They wanted to own a slave, a human chattel that would stand before them, hat in hand, and address them as master and mistress. For reasons best known to themselves they scarcely dared give voice to the thought.

"W'at you say, Valerie, we buy one?" asked Tante Annette, eagerly.

"Lak you want, *vieille*," said Nonc Valerie, with assumed nonchalance.

Tante Annette knew what kind of a slave she wanted, but she generously told her husband to make a selection.

"Me, I say one yawng mulatresse weed nice fess, an' blue eye, an' hair w'at fris', an' . . . an' . . ." Nonc Valerie was so carried away with his description that he shut his eyes and searched for words to describe the pulchritude of the slave he would select.

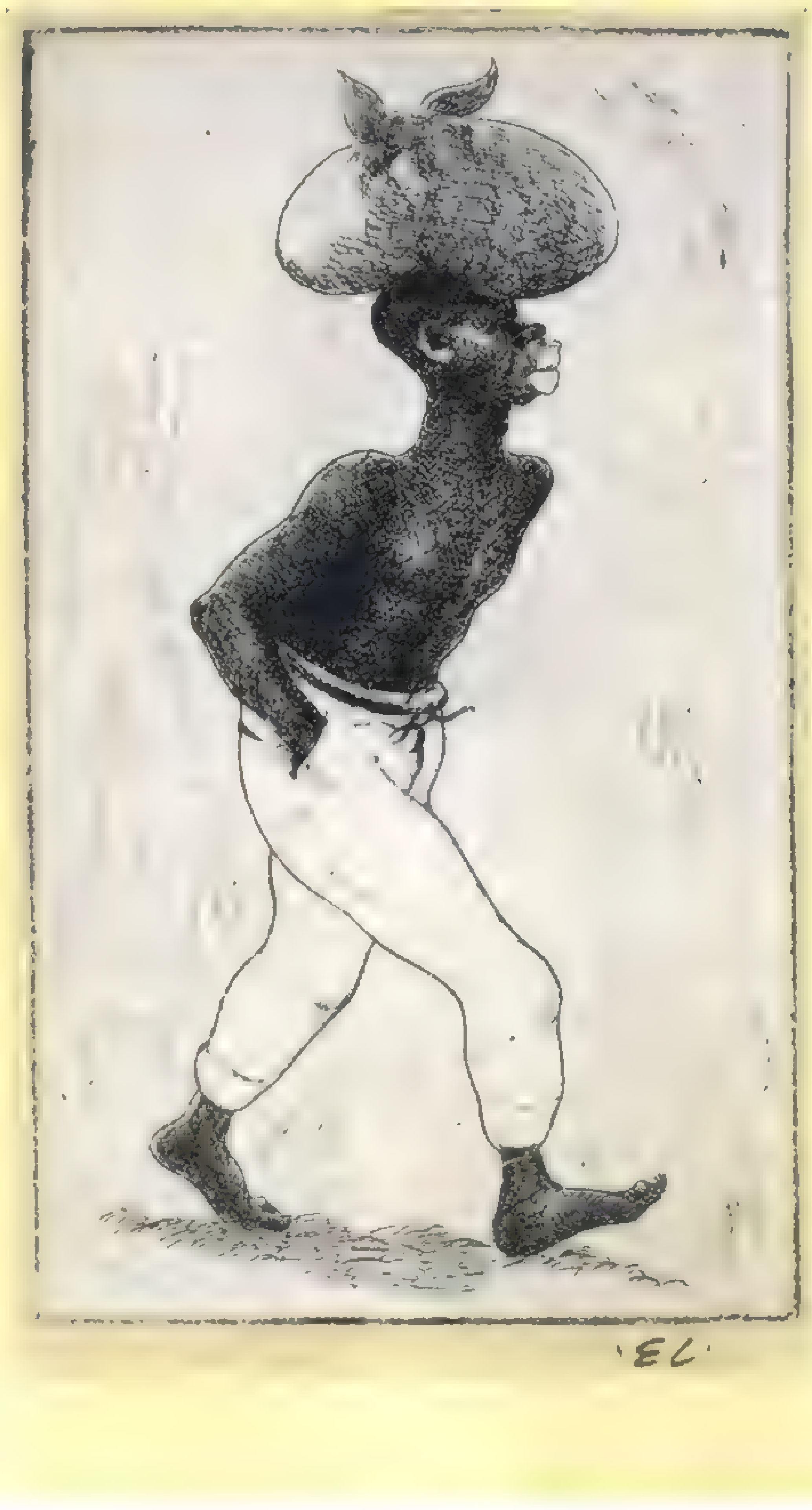
Tante Annette made a very expressive gesture with her thumb. A baleful light glittered in her eyes.

"*Comme ca!* Lak dat! You don' breeng no mulatresse een dees house! *Cochon!*"

Nonc Valerie hastened to say that he was just teasing and begged her to choose. At her suggestion the purchase was to be a secret. The sight of the slave was to overwhelm the habitants—fill them with envy and be the living emblem of their prosperity.

Nonc boarded the "Wild Gazelle" at the landing. Tante Annette walked the length of the settlement ostensibly to select dress goods at the stores, but really to impart the news in strictest confidence to a few choice gossips. The result was a crowd at the landing when the little packet boat landed on the return trip.

Nonc Valerie strutted down the gangplank. Behind him shuffled the slave carrying his valise, a squat, long-armed Negro of uncertain age, coal black, his undershot jaw hanging, the whites of his eyes alone showing as he rolled them on the throng.



"Nonc, *pour l'amour du bon Dieu*, w'at you gon' do weed dat t'eeng?"

"Das mah slav'," replied Nonc Valerie, with dignity.

"Ou' slav'," corrected Tante Annette. "Wh'at he nem'?"

"Teebayrhioss."

"W'at?"

Tante spoke with authority. "I gon' cheng' dat nem', me. Jaquot, tek dees bondel an' breeng heem to de house, yass."

Some of the onlookers said that she had brought the bundle from the house and that it was composed of paper.

After coffee, next morning, the family and slave went to the field to work. Jaquot had begun his task under the instruction of his master when Tante Annette indignantly objected.

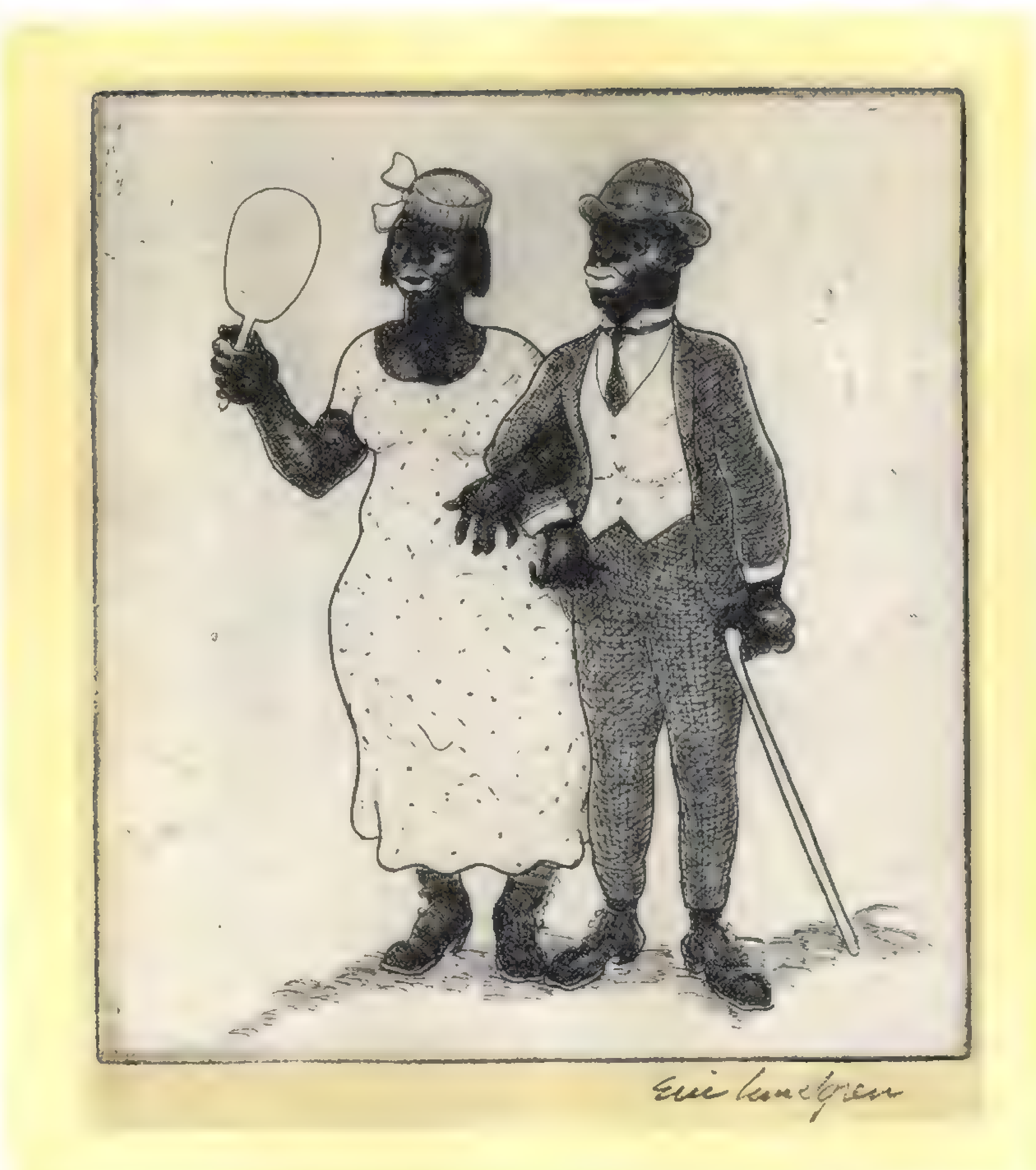
"I don' wu'k weed no slav', me!" She taxed her husband with lack of judgment, good taste and pride. What would people say? At her suggestion the slave was put to work in the front square of the rice field, next to the road, while they worked some distance in the rear where they could see and enjoy the effect made on the passersby. Much to their gratification everyone in the settlement seemed to be on the road that morning. One cannot pull the grass from growing rice and look towards the road at the same time. Husband and wife stole sheepish glances at each other when they realized the extent of the morning's work. Poor Tiberius, or Jaquot, as his new owners called him, had been accustomed to labor under the eye of a slave driver and with the frequent stimulation of the whip. Left alone and being totally ignorant of rice cultivation he accomplished very little.

"You dam' neega!" roared Nonc Valerie when he came to inspect the work. "You pull de rice an' leev' de grass!"

"Lordy, Marster, doan' beat me," pleaded the slave. "I ain't nebber done dish year kind er wu'k."

Nonc Valerie was painstaking in his instruction, but poor Jaquot's beclouded brain could never learn the difference between the tender shoots of rice and the young blades of grass and noxious weeds. So much time was spent in teaching and overseeing that when the crop was laid by master and mistress, both realized that it was one square less than that of the year before and not so well cultivated.

The season of minding birds from the ripening grain came. To give Jaquot a gun was not to be thought of. Nonc Valerie put a long rawhide whip in his hand and tried to teach him to pop it. Tit-Jean, their youngest son, could make the air resound with its cracks, but the most that the slave could do was to tangle the thongs about his legs. In despair they provided him with an old tin pan and a stick. He was to beat on this and cry: "He! Ha! Ha-ha-ha! He! Ha!" Jaquot bravely climbed to the top of the frail scaffold that commanded the squares that he was to guard. He pounded the pan and emitted a roar and a bellow.



ETCHINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"At lass' we fin' sawmteeng he keen do," said Nonc Valerie.

The birds fled in terror from the field. Jaquot shook his fist at them and began to execute a barbaric dance of triumph. He lost his balance, clutched wildly at the air, and fell headlong to the ground. Tante Annette doctored his bruises but it was several days before he could work again.

"Less'n, Jaquot," admonished his master kindly, "can't you kip de bird off de rice? Dass all I tole you. Kip dam off."

"Yass, sah, marster. I try."

He watched the squares to the best of his ability. He howled and beat on his pan, but now the noise seemed to have no terror for the birds. It seemed rather a signal for them to come and help themselves. They flocked to the feast. He bellowed imprecations and threw clods and sticks. Finally, in his rage he tore through the matted stalks waving his hat. The birds rose, and flying a few yards, lit again. It was a merry chase, the birds flying from square to square and the wretched Negro following, cursing and screaming. He ran until he could go no more. Exhausted he sought the shade of his scaffold and fell asleep. The redwings ate their fill.

At dark Nonc Valerie, Tante Annette, and their progeny wended their way homeward. Consternation filled them when they arrived at Jaquot's squares. All the cattle of the neighborhood must have broken the fence and escaped into the field. Some of the children rushed to the fence and some tore around the squares to head off the marauding animals.

"*Quel dommage!*" wailed Tante Annette. Nonc stood speechless with dismay. Barrels and barrels of his finest rice were trampled upon the ground. Search revealed no cattle. The fence was not broken. The sleeping Negro covered with mud explained all. Nonc Valerie rained blows upon him. The culprit fell on his knees and pleaded for mercy.

"O, marster! Yo' ain't tole me nuttin' 'bout trompin' de rice. Yo' tole me ter mine de birds f'um hit an' I done mah bess."

One day the birds were not very troublesome. Jaquot congratulated himself. The sun was unusually hot. Lying in the shade he took his ease and slept awhile. Becoming thirsty he sucked a green orange. The pockets of his ragged jumper were full of Nonc's finest. He sucked them all. Then he ate the pulp and completed the feast by eating the peelings. Soon he felt discomfort, then actual pain. It was an old-fashioned stomach-ache.

"Marster got good medsun fer dat in de safe. I'll git some an' come rite back. Dee won't miss me."

Arrived at the house he took a good swig from the bottle. It did him a world of good. His cramps were completely relieved, but he drank all the whiskey to prevent a return. Some fried meat and a pone of corn bread lay on a shelf. He tasted. It was delicious. In the weakness of flesh he yielded to temptation and ate. Turning to leave the house, he spied a white-covered bed in a front room. It beckoned to him. Unmindful of muddy clothes and muddier feet he sank into Tante Annette's best feather mattress and soon was snoring lustily.

"Pape, look de bird een Jaquot square," piped Tit-Jean.

Flock after flock of the feathered marauders dropped into the grain.

"Rawn queeck, *mon fils*, an' wek' dat neega. Tole heem he gon' tase mah w'eep."

Tit-Jean reported that Jaquot could not be found.

"Das lee'l too much," said Nonc Valerie sternly. He started for the front, his wife and children following. Tante Annette was the first to find the deserter. With a shriek of rage she fell upon him. At the first blow Jaquot rose and dived through the nearest window. The entire family flew through the door in angry pursuit. The chase led to the field. All were outdistanced but Nonc Valerie. One by one the others fell breathless. Round and round the squares they raced, then the slave fled towards the front again. The whiskey and bolted food began to slow his feet. Behind him panted Nonc Valerie gaining steadily.

Jaquot, in an effort to elude him, jumped into a drainage canal. It was a fatal tactical mistake. Nonc plunged in and overhauled him before he could gain the other bank. When Tante Annette reached the spot they had lost all semblance of human beings. A writhing mass of mud was pummelling a bellowing shape. Furious as she was, the woman was moved to pity. Nonc was deaf to her pleas for mercy, but he listened instantly to her stern command to desist.

Jaquot had ceased to struggle. Nonc dragged him ashore and with the assistance of his wife hauled him into the path. Tante Annette wiped the mud from his face with her apron and sprinkled water on him. Slowly he revived. With a cry of terror he held his arms over his face to ward off expected blows. To his bewilderment there were none. Instead was her voice saying kindly, "Go home, Jaquot, an' clean you'se'f." The slave fairly flew.

Nonc Valerie followed his wife home. He rested in the breeze under a chinaberry tree while she heated water for his bath. That night he was in agony. The doctor was sent for.

"Pleurisy—a bad case. Pneumonia is almost certain."

Nonc Valerie beckoned to his weeping wife.

Between his tortured breaths he whispered to her, "We kno' w'at eet was, an' we fougeet. Eef *le bon Dieu* leev' me geet well, no mo' slav' fou me."

"An me needer," said Tante Annette fervently.

"We been pinish. *Demain*, soon, soon, you go to de notaire an' tole heem mak' paper fou free Jaquot."

"Oo!" gasped Tante Annette, "*mais* dass plenty monnai fou loss, yass."

"*Tant pis.* W'an you free dat neega geev' heem sawm monnai an' show heem de road!"

Under the influence of the doctor's sleeping potion he grew drowsy and dropped into a troubled rest. ⌗

Dogs—a Sport and a Business

Continued from page 67

dogs and are interested in competition of any kind. They have their abuses—steadily being abated by the governors of the American Kennel Club—and their heartbreaks, like other sports. But to take your dog successfully through his classes—especially if you have bred and raised him yourself—and eventually capture the coveted Winner's rosette is to get a thrill the hope of which brings thousands of adherents to the dog showing game.

Behind the scenes in American dogdom, both as regards registration and the regulation and record keeping of dog shows, stands ever the A. K. C. An organization which had its start in a meeting of ten men in a Philadelphia club room on September 17, 1884, it has grown to an authority and influence which extends to every corner of the United States. Truly, as S. S. Van Dine—himself a Scottish terrier breeder of note—says through the mouth of his urbane criminologist, Philo Vance, in *The Kennel Murder Case:*

"It's amazing. An entire institution based on the ideal of accuracy. It has no commodity to sell; it's purely managerial in essence. It sells only accuracy and protection to the many thousands of sportsmen and dog lovers throughout the country. A unique and astonishing institution."

To those who take their dogs lightly it is indeed an astonishing experience to visit the present quarters of the Club. They include reception rooms; spacious executive offices with specially woven rugs, depicting dogs of popular breeds, upon their floors; consulting rooms for heads of departments; a suite of editorial offices; a rest room and kitchenette for the personnel; an electric kitchen for the preparation of luncheons for the delegates and directors meetings; a board room which would do credit to any bank; and a delightfully appointed library and club room.

Beyond this and underlying all in importance, the Club's quarters provide immense and efficiently laid out filing facilities and workshops for the small army of specially trained typists and record keepers in whose charge they are.

Here are to be found the detailed particulars of each animal of the more than seventy recognized breeds in the Club stud book whose number is now pressing hard upon a million. Here also are to be found complete records and the detailed awards of the thousands of dog shows which have been held in the States and territories for more than half a century. The whole history of American dogdom is in those filing cases. They are unique and irreplaceable.

Originally formed as an unincorporated body at the call of Major James M. Taylor of Lexington, Kentucky, its first president, and of Elliott Smith, who became its second president, the A. K. C. is a club in which member clubs, representing each its breed or show-giving body, are the only members. The body is now made up of 158 such members. Each of these clubs is entitled to a delegate. From their number are elected a board of twelve directors, a president, an executive vice-president and a secretary-treasurer.

All has not been smooth sailing in the fifty-year development of the A. K. C. from a handful of dog loving sportsmen to an all-powerful national organization. Attempts to overthrow its authority have been many. A number of them have reached the courts. In legal battles the club has been, however, uniformly successful.

August Belmont, Sr., president from 1888 to 1916, having in mind, no doubt, the powers of the Jockey Club, conceived the idea of securing a special charter from the State of New York for the American Kennel Club. Tradition, apparently well founded, has it that the charter, which was obtained in 1908, was drawn by the astute hand of Samuel Untermeyer. Its provisions are broad and the powers granted under it to govern dog shows and kindred matters have proved incontrovertible. From the time of the granting of this charter, the rôle of the Club in all matters relating to purebred dogs has been increasingly dominant.

But power is dangerous, and the autocratic powers granted to the Club were exercised for a number of years in a manner which many ardent American dog fanciers, who had earnestly at heart the improvement of breeding and show conditions, found highly objectionable. The attitude of the Club towards the individual dog owner, and even its member clubs, was a negative one. During this period some of the employees of the Club became, if not exactly arrogant towards the dog loving public, at least highly undiplomatic.

However, such conditions cure themselves. An aroused opinion among the body of the delegates, which is comprised of the very best elements among the sportsmen whose interest is in dogs, led to better things and a sweeping series of reforms.

There now prevails a spirit thoroughly in keeping with the attractive surroundings. Everything possible is done to make the dog owner—whether he be merely the fond possessor of a pet or the proud proprietor of a large and successful kennel—feel at home.

Nowhere has the wave of reform been more thoroughly felt than in the matter of registration. The Club has put into effect litter registration by means of which an entire litter of puppies is registered at one time, making the individual animals in the litter eligible for synchronous or for later individual registration.

Meticulously accurate work entails an immense amount of checking and correspondence. When one realizes the laborious routine involved, the fee of one dollar per litter and two dollars for an individual animal seems very small. This is how Perry B. Rice, Secretary-treasurer of the A. K. C., describes the process of litter registration in the 245-page jubilee issue of the *American Kennel Gazette*, published by the Club:

"Applications for the registration of litters are sent directly to the checking division, unless it is indicated that there has been previous correspondence on these applications. In these instances the applications are sent to the file department, so that when the checking division has the litter applications before it for attention, it also has the entire file of correspondence. Applications are referred immediately to clerks, who attach to them cards of the sire and dam of the litter. A 'charge out,' or in other words a reference, must, of course, be placed in the files showing that the card has been taken out for the purpose of checking a litter.

"A clerk then proceeds to check each application to see that the proper fee accompanies it, that the dates of service and whelping are shown, and also that the period of gestation is normal. All signatures are then scrutinized carefully for authenticity, and are compared with records of the Club to ascertain whether or no: (1) the person given as the owner of the sire was the actual owner on the date of service; (2) the person given as the owner of the dam—the breeder—was the actual owner at the date of service; (3) if the person registering the litter was the actual owner of the dam at the time of whelping.

"Such a record enables us, almost immediately, to check the progeny of a particular sire or dam, whereas, prior to the registration of litters, considerable work was necessary in order to obtain this data. Also, if there has been a previous litter registered, comparison is made between the date of service of the previous litter and that appearing on the application before the clerk, to see that the matings have not been too close. If the application is found to be in order, the date of service and the dam's number are recorded on the sire's card, and the date of service and the sire's number are recorded on the dam's card. The application is then referred to the department head for the final approval before leaving that department.

"Those applications which have been approved are also checked with the file of names of persons not enjoying the privileges of the American Kennel Club. After this operation is completed, each application is entered on the cashier's record and a litter number assigned. This number is stamped on the application, and, if the remittance is in the form of a check or money order, it is stamped on the back thereof. The application is then sent to the typing division, where the certificate is prepared in duplicate by the typist. The typed certificate is then checked by another division, and, if found to be correctly typed, the certificate is given to the outgoing mail department. The original application and a carbon copy of the certificate then are sent to the file department, and filed under the dam's number, a cross index being made of the litter number.

"By this method of filing, all applications for litters out of a particular dam are filed in one folder. If a communication accompanies the application, the litter number, the name and number of the dam, and the date litter was registered, are typed on the communication, and then filed under the name of the owner. If there is no communication with the application, a reference is prepared and filed under the name of the owner. It thus will be noted that reference can be made to our files to see what litters have been registered by any particular person or persons."

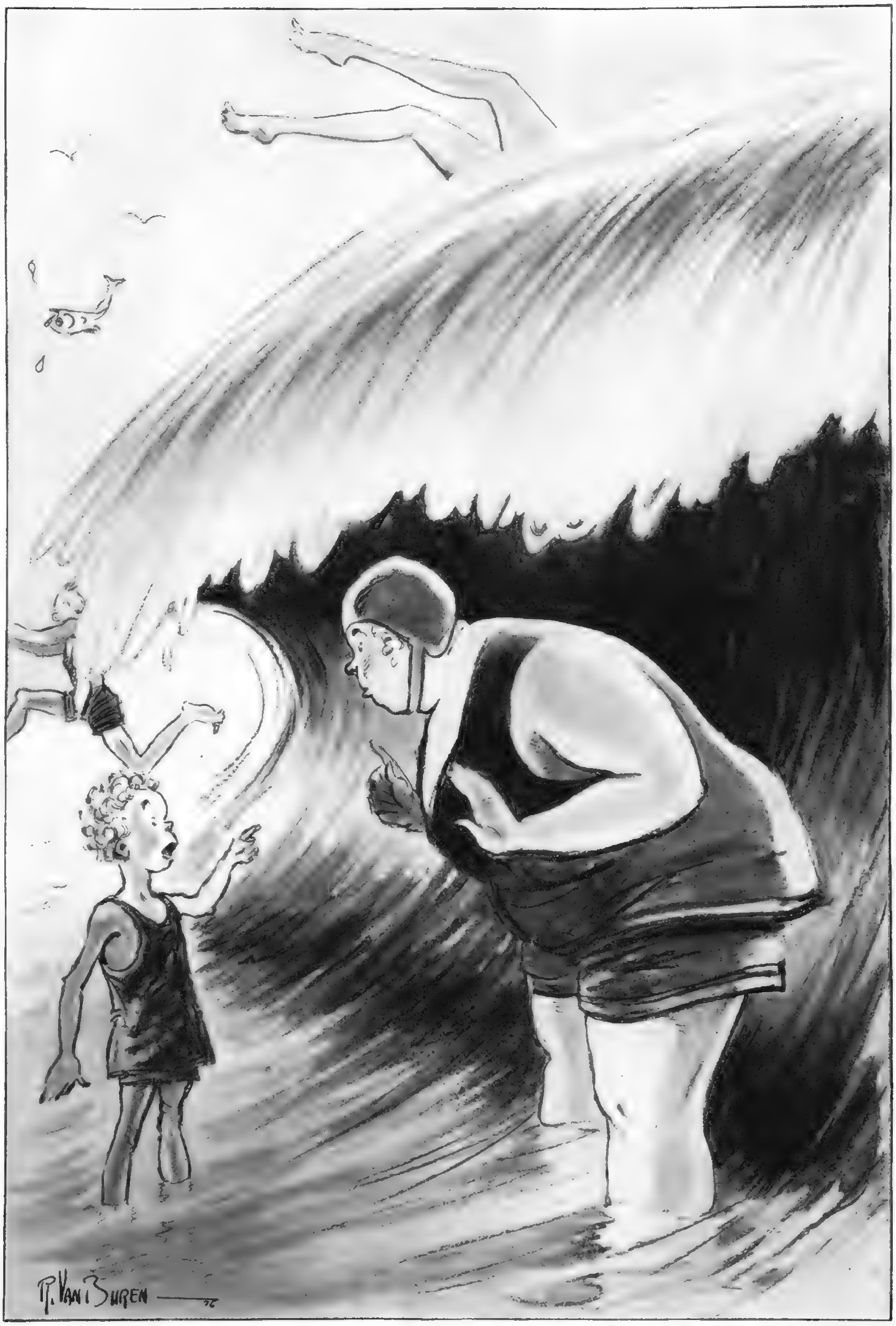
The present system has indeed been well described as "air tight."

Equally careful check is kept upon dog shows, and no show or licensed match can be held in the United States without the sanction of the American Kennel Club.

Despite the growth of its organization and its heavy operating expense, the Club has built through the years a very substantial surplus. The year before last it decided to pay a dividend to the fancy, and during 1935 it distributed more than $10,000 in prize money at dog shows and field trials. These prizes, which run from $250 to $25, are so limited as to reward American-bred animals in an effort on the part of the Club to encourage and promote quality among the dogs of the United States. The fund includes added premiums in cases in which the rewarded animal is also bred by its exhibitor in order to encourage, quite properly, breeding as contrasted with the mere purchasing of fine dogs.

From statuesque Great Dane to tiny Chihuahua; from aristocratic German Shepherd, alert and aloof, to silken-eared Cocker Spaniel, there is no race of dog that man has created by selective breeding whose interest is not represented, and the famous show-giving clubs the country over are also among the roster of the members.

The Club's records of shows include some held even before its own formation, including that of what appears to have been the first bench show held in America on January 26, 1876, in Chicago, and the first show of the Westminster Kennel Club in New York on May 8, 9, and 10, 1877. #



"No! Mother is not going swimming!"

The Secession of Jethro

When the hobby farmers started calling cowsheds lactoriums, Jethro hit back for Oklahoma

by BEN HIBBS

• ARTICLE •

To keep the record straight, it should be understood at the outset that my old friend, Jethro Kerrigan, who lives on R.F.D. Number 5 out of Poobah, Oklahoma, is a man of philosophic attainments. He prides himself on a mellow and temperate attitude toward life, and his opinions are sought after in the barber shop councils of Poobah.

Jethro's reputation for judicious thought was established during the Great War. The morning papers had just arrived from Tulsa bearing tidings of importance. A local boy who went across with the A.E.F. had been decorated for a deed of valor, and there was a mortifying picture showing a French general immersing the young Poobah lieutenant's cheek in a whiskery salutation. After the first few moments of rejoicing, the postoffice conclave found itself plunged in stormy debate over a question which has always troubled our hinterlands. What about this French habit of man-to-man kissing? Had we been right in taking sides with such a people, or hadn't we? Specifically, for the sake of appearances shouldn't the Poobah boy have struggled a little against the advances of the general?

The whole matter was laid before Jethro, who arrived at the height of the controversy. Hearing the disputants out, he meditated profoundly, aimed a fleeting shot at the cuspidor—but missed, owing to a slight miscalculation of trajectory—then delivered himself of the opinion which made local history.

"The French," he said oracularly, "are wrong, but"—he raised a deprecating hand to silence the cheers of the affirmative—"but not in the way you think. We've got to make allowances for national customs. This ain't a question of morals, but of thrift. When one man kisses another, it's an economic waste, and I don't favor any nation squandering its natural resources."

Since that day the citizen of Route 5 has been known as a man who thinks through to the bottom of things.

Despite Mr. Kerrigan's tolerant outlook, however, there are quite naturally a few human failings which exhaust even his Jobian store of patience. He takes the righteous position, for example, that any grown man whose vocabulary includes the word "lovely" ought to be segregated and kept on a reservation. And when the offender happens to be a gentleman farmer who applies the term to a pen of prize Poland-Chinas . . . well, my Oklahoma friend doesn't know what infractions of the Constitution are punishable by deportation, but there was a time when he seriously considered seeking a court decision.

"A lovely lot of swine you have there, Mr. Kerrigan," Jethro mimics, trembling with pious indignation. And his emulated accent is something between Harvard and Georgia black, done with a sedulously indecent inflection.

Jethro doesn't often discuss his sojourn among the white-collar farmers these days. Mrs. Kerrigan doesn't permit it. The sage of Poobah isn't as young as he used to be, and his wife fears the results of too frequent indulgence in the luxury of wrath. But little by little, on several visits, I have pieced together his mournful Odyssey. . . .

The Kerrigans pulled up stakes several years ago, moved to the East and leased a small farm near a metropolis of that region. It was not until after he had signed the papers that the master of the house discovered how the real estate agent had tricked him.

"The skunk," Jethro told me feelingly, "set me down in a nest of gentleman farmers."

At any rate, after two years—during which unhappy period the situation rapidly became more strained—the Kerrigans seceded and returned to the bosom of Oklahoma. Jethro insists that it was the ruckus over his barbed-wire fence which brought on the final rupture of diplomatic relations. But I'm not so sure. Hearing his somewhat incandescent reminiscences, I'm inclined to believe that his soul already had been scarred by his neighbors' prostitution of honest farm English.

One of them, a steel manufacturer who hobbied at dairying, had a milk house lined with porcelain tile which was the apple of his eye. It must have been a structure of classic beauty. Indeed, Jethro says that with the possible exception of the men's toilet in the Chicago union station he has never seen anything quite so pretty and white and shiny. But the steel man persisted in referring to this triumph of germless architecture as his "lactorium."

Other neighbors dropped in at the Kerrigan farm now and then to purchase fresh "tomahtoes" and were bewildered and pained when the Oklahoman asked them raffishly if they wouldn't be interested also in some of his nice new "potahtoes." Incidentally, I notice with some alarm that the International Committee on American Speech, whose lingual laboratories are in New York, has launched a program to iron out regional differences in diction and standardize Americanese. For what it is worth I offer the suggestion that the Committee had best proceed with caution on such matters as tomato. Nothing could precipitate the long awaited farm revolt more surely and quickly than an attempt to saddle our rural commonwealths with "tomahto." (At one time, Jethro admits, he was on the point of wiring his old friend, Alfalfa Bill, to send on the National Guard.)

Adjoining the Kerrigan farm was the country place of a chap who—if the Poobahian's account is accurate—was an escaped psychiatrist. Before the fellow retired to his farm, Jethro explains, he had an office in the city and "consulted with folks to tell them whether they were crazy or only thought they were." It was the psychiatrist who called the Kerrigan Poland-Chinas lovely swine. The learned man's own well-bred farm, I gathered, was sown chiefly to watercress, swimming pools and peacocks.

Quite naturally, I protested to Jethro that he needn't be so plagued intolerant of swimming pools as a farm crop, and reminded him that he had one on his own place in Oklahoma. Years ago, along with other urchins in Poobah, I used to go swimming in Kerrigan's horse pond—a delightful body of water, approximately the same hue and consistency as a cup of chocolate, which simmered in the sun about a hundred yards distant from the farm house.

Swimming in this aquatic wonderland, I might add, was something of a trick. If you paddled downward at full arm's length,

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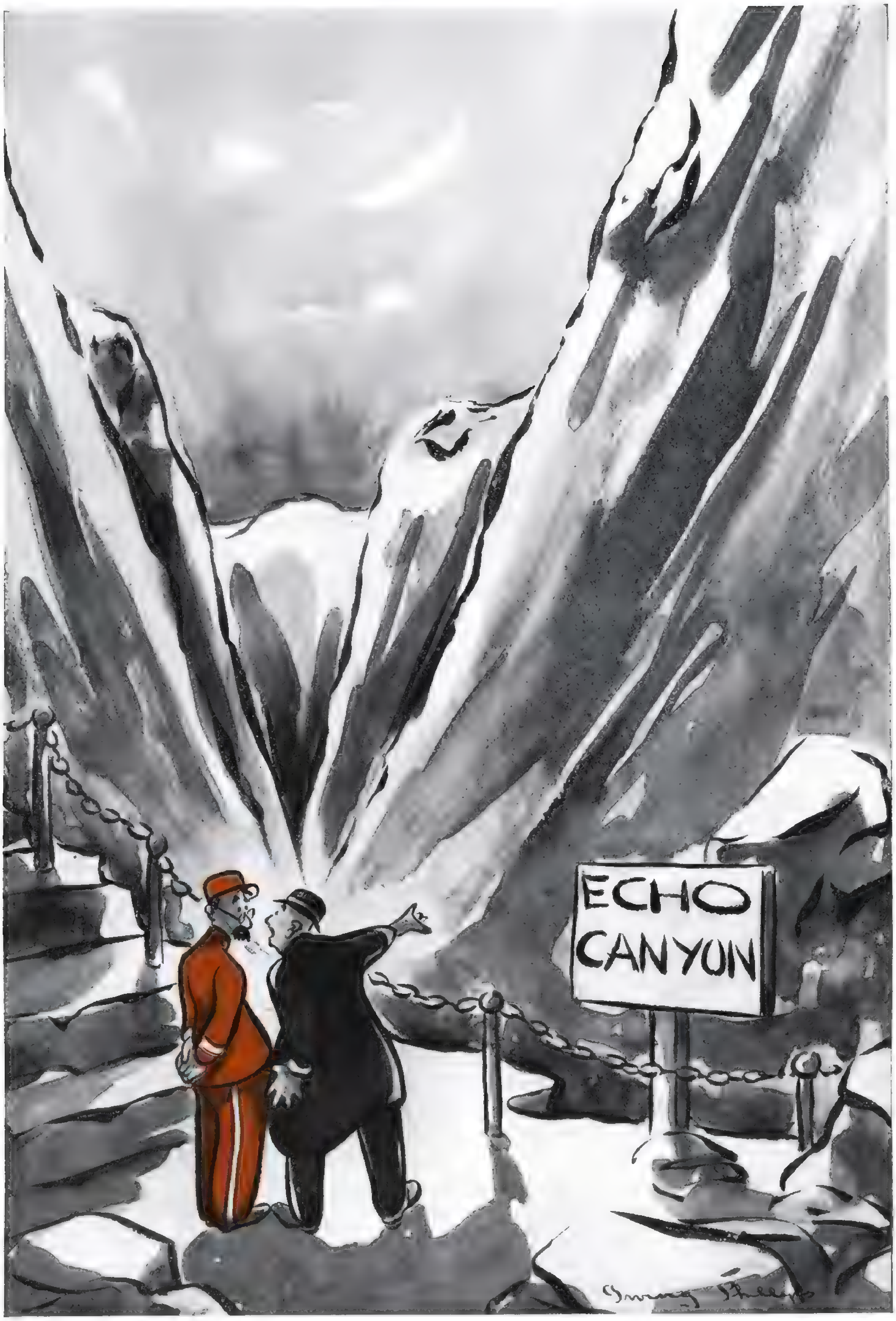
ECHO
CANYON

"I yelled 'Hello' and it came back 'Nuts'"

Ex-Genius

Continued from page 71

of each other, but I heard after a couple of years that Louis was in Europe studying at Vienna with a great master and that he would give a concert in Carnegie Hall when he returned, which would be in two or three more years.

He was about seventeen when he returned, short, thin, and confident. He did give a concert, but it was in Aeolian Hall. "There's time enough for Carnegie Hall later," his father said. "We'll leave that to Ysaye and Mischa now." Louis' father always called him Mischa after his talk with Elman's father. "When Louis gets the kind of advertising they get he won't have any trouble filling Carnegie Hall either."

It was funny, but the notices the papers carried the next day were no longer than the ones they carried after his first concert at the age of thirteen. "They don't pay much attention to you unless you advertise in the papers," said Louis' father. The concert cost a large sum of money, but it was well-known that you have to lose money on your concerts until you advertise heavily in the papers and the reviewers take notice of you.

The families drifted apart, and it was quite a few years before I ran across Louis. I had not thought of him for a long time, and it was a minor shock to see him. I asked him how things were.

"I'm playing in the New York Symphony," he told me. "With Damrosch."

"That's good," I said. "Been with him long?"

"About four years. I think I'll be going into the first violin section soon. Damrosch said at the next vacancy."

Eight or nine years later I saw him, after the New York Symphony had merged with the Philharmonic. I was sitting in the balcony and the orchestra was playing a Mahler symphony, which gives you plenty of time to look the members of the orchestra over carefully and to wonder whether they find Mahler as tedious as you do. I spotted Louis, but was no longer in the violin section. He was playing the viola and appeared to be desperately engrossed in what he was doing.

I watched him, and his bow went up every time all the other bows went up, and it went down when the other bows went down. A complete regimentation. I looked at the rest of the hundred musicians and saw before me a hundred geniuses, a hundred boys who were gifted, and all the violinists' bows went up at the same time and came down at the same time, and each time represented the hard work of an entire family, the self-sacrifice of relatives who knew a genius when there was one in the family. #

Rabelais in a Smock

Continued from page 101

against the East wind—he's talking football, not Mah Jong—in a game with the Navy and only in that way did he score the only touchdown he ever made. To listen to the Peirce of 1936, one would suppose that the Peirce of 1907 and '08 was not ready to do or die for dear old Alma Mater; you would have to believe that he was a football player because he was too much of a coward to refuse, since anyone weighing over 200 pounds, as he did, just had to be one or sport the martyr's white feather. That's the point to which resistance to a legend brings you.

There's the cattleboat story. Wherever good Harvard fellows get together and the name of Peirce comes up, there's an understanding chuckle over the cattleboat story, as if that were the index to the book of personality known as Waldo Peirce. Know the cattleboat story, even if you know it wrong, and you have Peirce. But Peirce himself is sick to death of it. He says he is, convincingly. He suggests that it is not the index to the complete Peirce; he has transcended it and if he had his way he'd crush it under a heel upon which the full weight of his more than 200 pounds would bear. But here it is. Regard it as an index not to the contemporary Peirce but to the historical one, the one who had not yet put aside his football.

It was Class Day of the summer of 1911 and a scorcher. John Reed (he who is today entombed in the Kremlin) had signed to work his way across the Atlantic in a cattleboat. Hanford MacNider (who was later to command the American Legion) was to have come along but didn't. Reed signed on Peirce without asking and Peirce said "Sure!" when he was told but didn't want to go. At the same time he hated to let Reed down. He got his luggage aboard, including a top hat, which he thought *de rigueur* in London, but he himself delayed. The boat was sailing at noon and Reed already was aboard, awaiting Peirce. The unwilling sailor hoped that if he took his time the boat would go without him. It didn't. It awaited him and the moment it put off, Peirce knew he wasn't meant to be a sailor. A cabin boy later testified that Peirce had remarked how good and cool the water looked. Then he acted. He put his luggage and letter of credit in Reed's care and when everyone was at lunch, the captain on the bridge and the boat beyond Boston Light he stripped down to shirt, running drawers and sneakers and went over the side. He was picked up by a crew of Italian lobster fishermen who didn't know a word of English. They put him aboard Spectacle Island, from which he swam out to a fort where he was outfitted with a pair of pants and taken by tug to Boston. He wired his folks at Bangor for money and took the *Mauretania*, planning to take a dip in the Mersey and greet the cattleboat in midstream on its way to its pier at the Liverpool docks. Some wisecrack was also in order. But the boat docked at Birkenhead, where Peirce saw the captain and Reed aboard; he did not hail them, after all, fearing that his own status was suspect. At Manchester, at the Board of Trade maritime office, Reed finally saw Peirce and knew then that the man on whose account he was being held (although not in irons) on the technical charge of murder was alive. Peirce, after clearing Reed by his presence, had to go aboard, claim his possessions at the purser's, and walk through a gauntlet of contemptuous seamen whose only comment was to spit their tobacco juice resoundingly on deck as he passed. He knows he deserved it.

Other versions of this yarn have been told by some of Peirce's best friends, printed and believed. According to one of them, Peirce and Reed signed on at New York and Peirce went overboard, stark naked, 12 hours out, swimming for miles until the *Lusitania* picked him up, clothed him and put him ashore at Boston. Replenishing his purse by the aforementioned method, Peirce took the *Lusitania* back to England to rejoin Reed, but, arriving in Liverpool, he read that Reed was being held for the murder of himself. He bought himself a navvy's outfit and walked into the court room as the jury foreman was announcing the verdict of guilty. Flicking off a couple of interfering court attendants with a turn of his powerful wrists, Peirce went up to the judge to say, in a navvy's accent, that he was Peirce. The judge said he was lying. Peirce dug into his back pocket, drew out a pack of greasy cards and said something like "I'll play you for it." If it didn't happen this way it should have and there are many who will not let it happen otherwise.

There are other Peirce stories. There is the time he and Reed walked up to the steeple of the Cathedral of Rouen and on a stair landing changed their clothes so that they would not have to put up and pay at an hostel. There is the time Peirce, late one night in Paris, broke loose from a band of plainclothesmen who had mistaken him and his companion for Apaches but when he saw his companion had not freed himself, he rushed back to help him and was seized. When the pair appeared before the judge, that worthy laughed it off and let them go. There is the time he threw a young bull, in the interests of scientific inquiry, for the purpose of discovering a more or less intimate anatomical fact. It was done early one morning with the moon riding high and the incident is celebrated in one of the painter's most gay and rowdy pictures. One day he began, and finished—with the help of a bottle of Pernod—a $1,000 portrait and it may be told, on good authority, that the money did not go into a government bond. How far he is from petty prejudice may be seen in the fact that within a short vacation period at Key West he painted a Pietà mural for the convent in return for the nuns' care of the twins, and a mural of captured sharks for Sloppy Joe's bar. He may yet have to paint a mural for the post office of a town so poverty-stricken in its history that Rudy Vallee is the only person of whom it can boast.

Waldo Peirce began making pictures in 1911 in Paris, where he studied—if that word may be applied to him—at the Julian Academy. He didn't begin serious painting until the following year, in Segovia, where he worked in an old church Zuloaga had turned into a studio. Zuloaga, Peirce and the first Mrs. Peirce—now Mrs. P. Hal Sims, the card player—worked like demons, stimulated by the quiet of the town and each other's example. Zuloaga painted Spanish postal cards and Peirce painted better Zuloagas than Zuloaga and in half the time. Hemingway remembers hearing Zuloaga tell Peirce what a great Spanish painter he would have been. "The only trouble," is Hemingway's comment, "was that Waldo couldn't take painting Zuloagas seriously and Zuloaga could." None the less, this was Peirce's slick and competent period, before he had learned freedom through Matisse, in Peirce's case a first-rate influence. He kept his Segovia house until the middle of the war, although he left Spain at the beginning, in 1914, reaching the coast of Maine, via England, and returning to Paris in 1915 to drive a Model T Ford for the American Ambulance Unit.

He drove chiefly in the Vosges and still remembers vividly the roads leading to Verdun. They were horrible days and Peirce's stomach was strong enough for the dead and the dying; the really awful thing was the spectacle of the living mutton that was being shoved forward and going, like mutton, unwillingly. On dark nights, with all lights out, the very men who, after all is said and done, did not let them pass, made driving hazardous, not so much for themselves as for the ambulances and lorries for they (the mutton) would do everything short of throwing themselves under the wheels to expedite a

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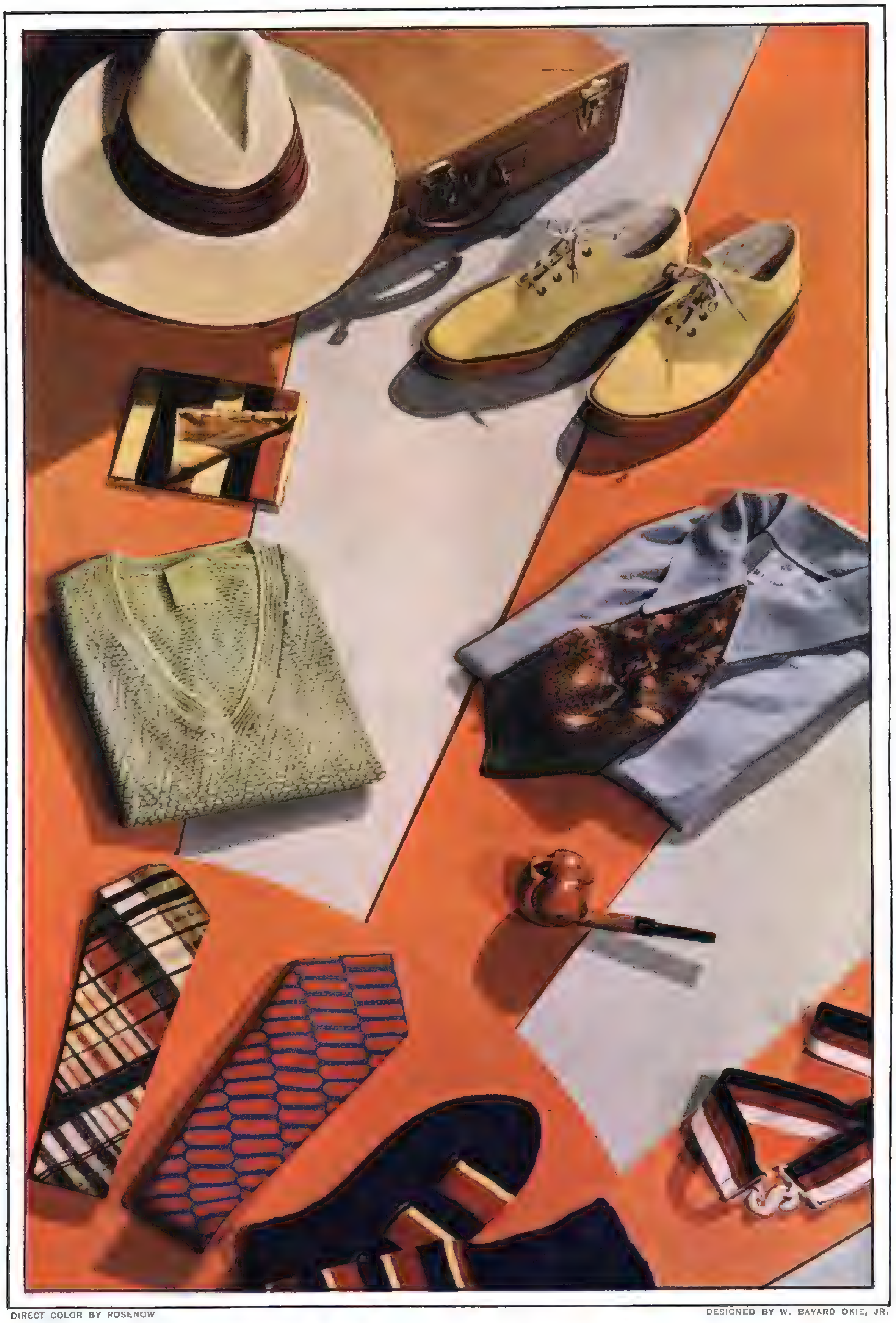


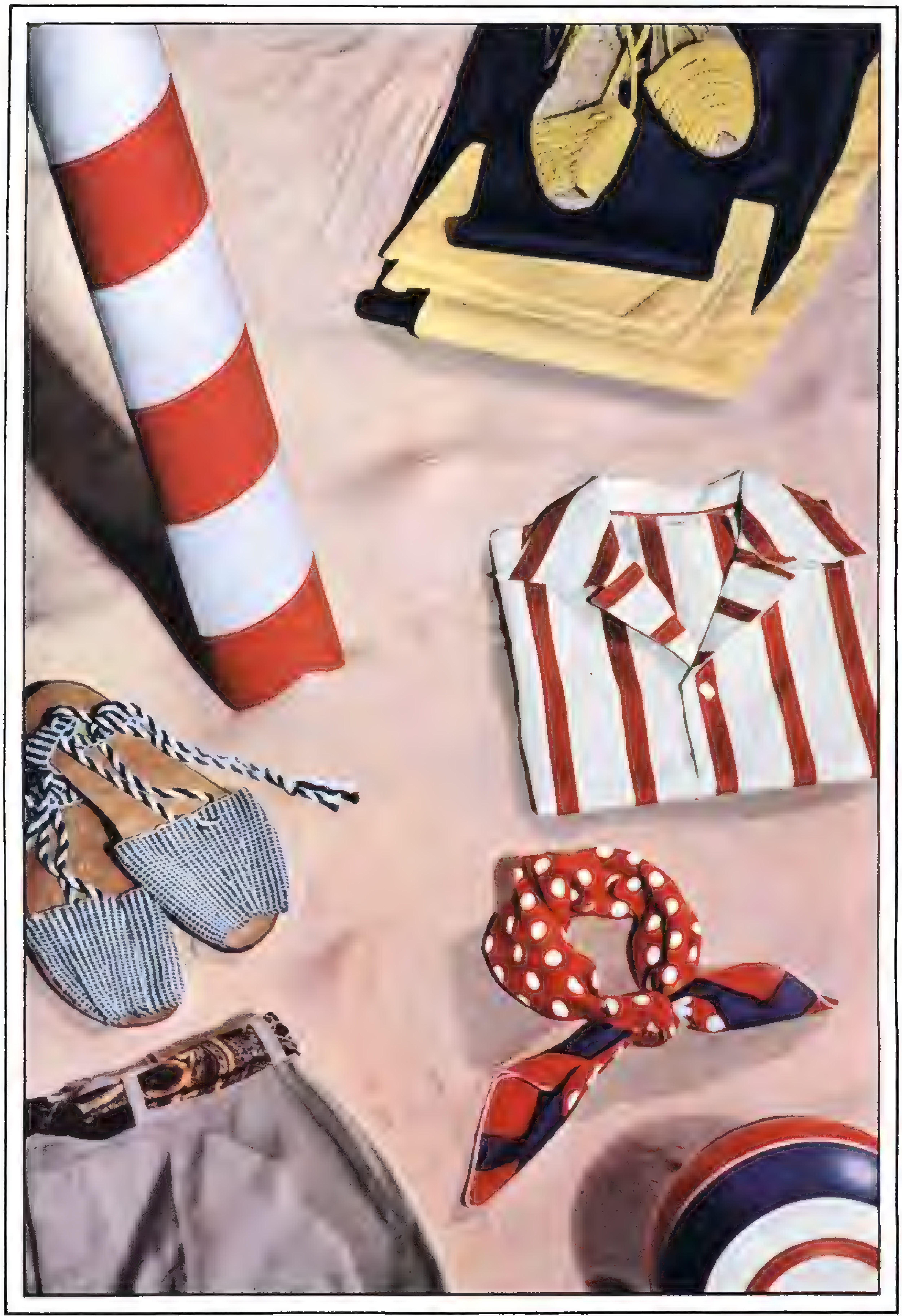
DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

YIP-I-ADDY, A JIPPI JAPPA, YIP-I-ADDY-I-AY

IN THAT corner, gents, is the new resort hat fashion, now appearing in this country for the first time, after a spectacular success in Nassau, where they pronounce the J like Y . . . introducing, then, the Jippi Jappa, *Yippee*, there's something new under the sun. Other resort fashions, for which our sponsorship, if less lyrical, is still lusty are: the reversed calf light weight sport shoes with rubber soles and heels, familiarly known as Skokies, the light weight wool polo shirt worn with a silk foulard muffler thrown over at the neck in Ascot fashion, the sleeveless pull-over sweater of herringbone cashmere, the India madras plaid four-in-hand tie and the bold print foulard one, the regimental striped hose of light weight wool, the oilskin lined tobacco pouch of striped rough silk, the hurricane pipe that won't burn out, the striped ribbed silk sports belt, and the small attaché case made of solid leather.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

STARRING THE PIRATE STRIPE BEACH SHIRT

The comet-like fashion career of the pirate stripe beach shirt is said to have begun one day on the Riviera when a couple of high grade Greeks found themselves fresh out of beach shirts and wore the tops of their loudly striped silk pajamas instead. That's how fashions are born. In its subsequent peregrinations, with prolonged stop-overs at Nassau and Palm Beach, the original fabric seems to have undergone a sea-change from silk to linen, but the stripes are still there. Grouped about the star is a fine supporting cast, featuring gabardine swim trunks worn with a silk foulard paisley square instead of a belt, black and white twine Trinidad beach sandals with leather soles and heels, a colored cotton beach neckerchief, a pair of beach slacks of yellow sailcloth and another of blue mohair crash, yellow raffia beach sandals and a colorful beach ball. The errant barber pole is only in for effect.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Rabelais in a Smock

Continued from pages 101-118

blighty and even worse.

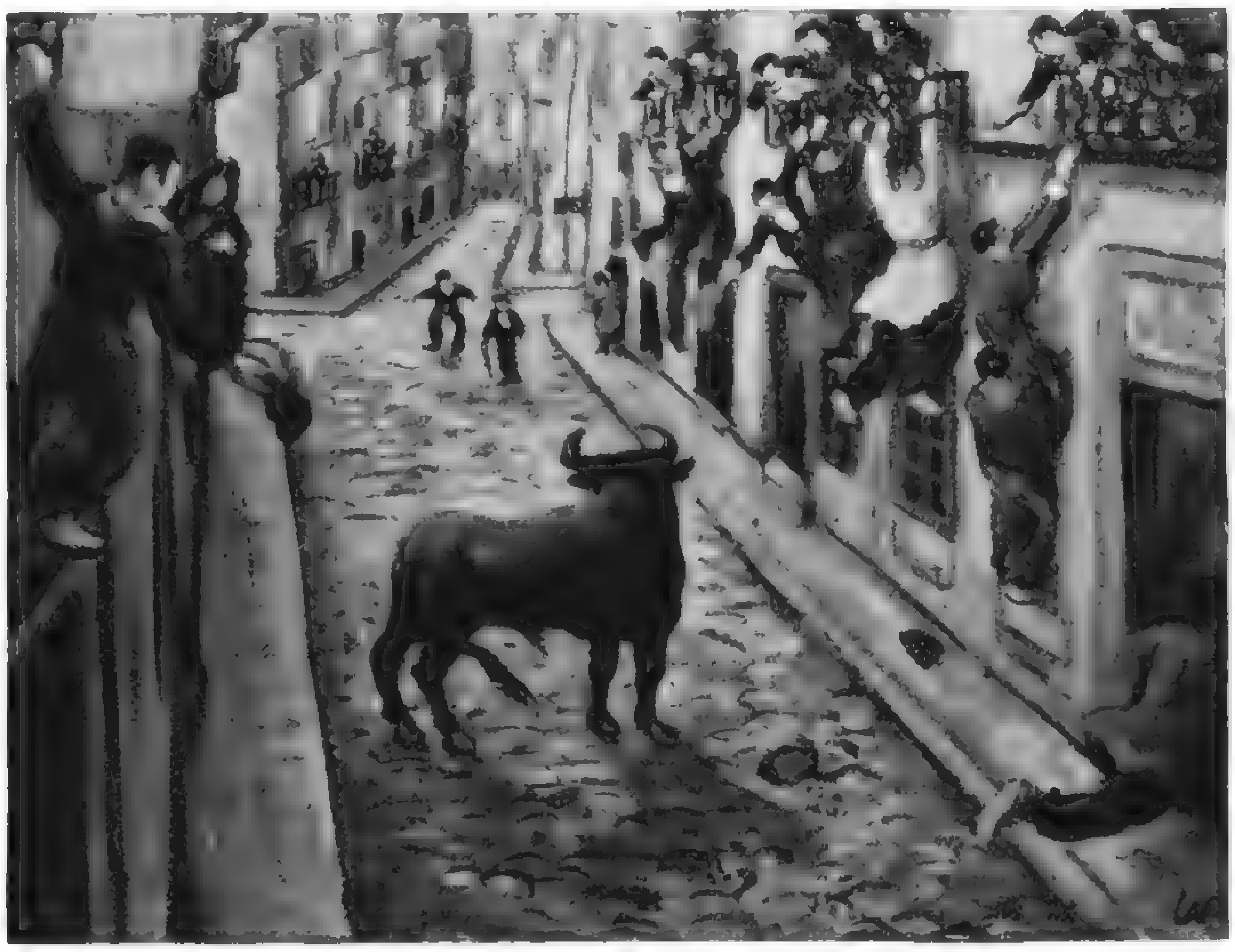
The December before Verdun, in 1915, Peirce survived another harrowing experience, in common with the bulk of the French army. One day that month, he reports, 3,000,000 beards, including those of the marshals and generals and Peirce's, were shaved off, for it had been found that gas masks wouldn't fit otherwise. When Peirce returned clean-shaven to Bangor he was greatly pleased to hear people say he ought to grow it back again, for in his part of the country only patriarchs, normally are allowed beavers. He still has the beard he then restored to his face.

He held a commission to paint the ambulance unit for the French army archives, but never did. Subsequently he was offered a commission in the American aviation unit but refused it and he recalls that during the duration of the war he never held a gun in his hand. In Paris through the war and for a decade after he maintained a flat in the Rue Lille which was occupied by so many unknown guests—who crept in from the street without having to bother the concierge—that he never knew whom he'd find in his bed. His mattress had borne the weight of so many bodies that the hillock dividing the two depressions came to be called Vimy Ridge. Peirce remembers that the Tolstoy family made his flat their Paris headquarters, drinking tea through the night and finally making off with many of his books. Peirce hates war as deeply as any pacifist but he sighs for the fine qualities war brings out—the lack of possessiveness and the absence of ill will—and asks: "Why the devil can't we be like that in times of peace?" The question is rhetorical.

When America entered the war Peirce was still in it, and was appointed to the intelligence division of the U. S. Army, stationed in Madrid. There he spent most of his time copying Goyas, one of which almost broke his arm when he broke its fall to the floor. But the boys of the remount division, whose job it was to get mules for the U. S. army across the border into France and in spite of the Spanish embargo, thought Peirce's job was to snoop on them for the U. S. secret service and were accordingly scared. Jack Johnson encouraged them in this fear for whenever they snubbed him the Negro prizefighter would gloat: "Wait till Peirce's axe falls! Wait till Peirce's axe falls!" Peirce was above color line prejudice, went around with Johnson and his white wife, called the pugilist "Mr. Johnson," who called him, in return, just "Peirce," and successfully resisted Johnson's offer of a staged fight with him, as the result of which Peirce would have emerged not only with the *Croix de Guerre* but with the greater glory of the championship of the Pyrenees. Peirce taught Johnson things about Spanish history and was delighted when Madrid celebrated the Armistice with a cotillon led by the black fighter. Please bear in mind, offended Southerners, that not only does Waldo Peirce come from Maine, but that his father, Mellen Chamberlain Peirce, fought in the Civil War, as aide-de-camp to his brother (and the painter's uncle), Col. Luther Peirce.

After the war, he continued to range far and wide, with his flat in Paris and his parents' home in Bangor as fixed points to which to return. In Giverny, where Monet had his garden, Peirce had a house and like everyone else round about he painted Impressionism, but he balked at the purple shadows. In the winter of 1920-21, after his second marriage, he went to Tunis with a friend whom he describes as the rottenest ambulance driver and the purest Don Quixote. This companion almost bought the city of Carthage and came just as close to taking options on several mirages. Peirce pitched his African tent at Hammamet, three hours out of Tunis, and worked hard painting pictures he now describes as thin and decorative. He sent one to the *Salon d'Automne* and was elected a *Sociétaire*, which must be impressive because he still mentions it. Within the three winters spent in the Tunis sector, Peirce, as is his way, established himself socially, winning election as honorary member of the Aissouas of Hammamet, which he describes as a Friday night Arab lodge of whirling dervishes who think nothing of eating cactus for *hors d'oeuvres*, live scorpions for entree and their knives for dessert. To the end Peirce remained a silent and wondering witness of this gastronomy. The Royal Gastronomic Society of Paris, of which he is also a member, is somewhat more flighty in its tastes, while up in Normandy, whose Calvados, or apple jack, Peirce can guzzle by the tun, they made him one of the *Grand Buveurs de Calvados de la Vallee de la Chevreuse*. The Rabelais of a few centuries ago was also fond of eating and drinking.

At Pamplona, Peirce followed the bulls, as spectator and painter. Some of his best pictures are of that period and setting. They have the verve and the splendor of Goya. His *Fiesta de St. Firmin* has been described as blazing with color, tumultuous with movement, seething with emotion. *Bull Loose at Pamplona* is another striking example of a Goyaesque treatment of Goya material.



BULL LOOSE IN PAMPLONA *by* WALDO PEIRCE

COURTESY MIDTOWN GALLERIES, N. Y.

Painting hard he could still play with the irresponsible abandon of a schoolboy out on holiday. Hemingway tells of the time "we had an arab who was selling rugs wheel Waldo around through the streets at night I don't remember exactly how naked. The arab would offer to sell them a rug. If they wouldn't buy a rug he would offer to sell them Waldo who was twice as heavily furred, and an ornament to any parlor floor." And of course they elected him to the *Bomberos Visitantes de Pamplona*. All you have to do is to see him and he's elected.

No matter whose the influence the paintings are Peirce's. The artist is the man, the man the artist. He swallowed Zuloaga, he swallowed Goya, he swallowed Matisse, which is not to say that he is greater than any one of them; it is to repeat that the artist is true to the man. To look at a roomful of his paintings is a physically exhilirating experience. It may be winter outside but it's spring and summer indoors. His are not studio paintings. They should be hung on the branches of trees. They are liberating and unashamed. They say that it's good to be alive and have a jovial to-hell-with-it air. Hung on museum walls, where they are not, they would send out rays of light which might, possibly, dispel the dirty brown shadows of their neighbors.

His painting is free, bold, anecdotal. He tells stories and paints his family at work and play (play mostly) and doesn't bother much about the rules. First you realize that his pictures are emotionally satisfying, then you may, or may not, learn that they are aesthetically right. His pictures look as if they had been dashed off with neither time nor inclination to round out the edges the way the barber trims your beard—if you have a beard. Some of his best friends wish that he would be a little less heedless about his work and show at least a tongue in cheek respect for the rules and the proprieties so that the museum curators might be tempted to take a picture and leave something on the mantelpiece. Rough as a man he's turbulent as a painter. He says of himself that he likes to get into the rhythm and keep it up and that he would rather paint like Van Gogh—who once, in frenzy, squeezed the tube of paint right on to the canvas—than Cézanne, who told a sitter after several score sessions: "I think I've got your shirt front just about right." Waldo Peirce sheds paintings and sketches wherever he goes, and that even when he seems to be wholly engaged by matters other than picture-making. Much as he has completed, his finished work is but a tiny fraction of the unfinished. A recent visitor to Bangor is ready to lay a bet that there are no less than 1,000 unfinished Peirces scattered about the house.

His painting is serious in its spree. "Painting with *joie de vivre* doesn't make it not serious. Serious painting doesn't mean it has to be dull. I suppose it must be serious because it's so dumb it can't be anything else." And as for the undue influence exerted by the French on American artists:

"You don't hear of people imitating the English and the Germans. The French can send bad wine here because they've got so much good wine behind it. Those who haven't been influenced by the French school have been badly influenced. You might as well like French wine as Central American." As he wrote in his poem of jubilation to Mrs. Juliana Force, after that lady had actually bought a Peirce for the Whitney Museum:

. . . Tom Tom the Craven's son
he went to Paris but away he run
The men were all pimps and
  the gals syphilitic
so Tom became a paintin critic
  Sing fol-di-diddle-darrow
  Li-tu-rol-o-day

But whatever the influence, Waldo Peirce also, like Thomas Craven, the "paintin critic," has come home to stay. He's integrated now. He has discovered his own dunghill. He can paint now or never. Maybe he's tracked

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Rabelais in a Smock

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the blue bird back to his old home town. And the twins, born in Paris in 1930, are the ones who brought him home, to America, to the state of Maine, to a house across the street from the one he was born in, where his robust old father lives. The twins, the devastating twins, are now and perhaps for evermore the masters of his fate. You can't write about the Peirce of today and leave the twins out of it. No twins, no Peirce. That's what fatherhood does to a man when it comes to him after the age of fifty.

To trace the twins to the time when they were but a gleam in their father's eyes, we go back to the Fall of 1929, in the Valentine Gallery of New York, which was then exhibiting a roomful of French paintings. By that time Peirce had been twice married and twice divorced and both his former wives were artists. He was suffering acutely from trouble in what he calls "the Alimonytary Canal" with respect to his second divorce. The wound has not yet been healed. But standing before a Matisse at that show was a Miss Alzira Boehm, painter and sculptor and a level-headed woman of the type that's born mature. (Her father was seventy at her birth.) They were married in Paris in 1930. (Peirce's first marriage was in 1910, his second in 1920.) The twins came late that year. Whenever his father grumbles at Waldo's many marriages, the son points out that he wouldn't have become a grandfather if he hadn't tried just once more and one of the twins is named after grandfather (Mellen Chamberlain) although the name to which he answers is Beeko or Billiko. The other twin is Michael. After them came a girl, Anna Gabrielle, called Anna Gabby. Samuel Eliot Morison, historian who is writing the volumes on the tercentenary of the founding of Harvard College, is godfather to the twins, who were baptized only this spring in Boston, to please grandfather. Hemingway is to be Anna Gabby's godfather. To give you a rough idea of Peirce as father, I quote Hemingway:

"As a painter I think he is one of the very finest in America. As a friend he is loyal, understanding, generous and the best company anybody ever had. As a parent and trainer of children he is the absolute bloody worst in the world. His children's idea of good clean fun is for one of the twins to hit Waldo over the head with a beer bottle while the other sets fire to his beard. Waldo smiles happily and says, 'Well, pretty soon they'll be in school.' It can't come too quick for me nor for the good of American painting?"

It may be a miracle that he gets any work done with the twins about, but one may wonder also what equally joyous and satisfying subject matter he could have found. His brush strokes ooze pride of paternity. He may say that the twins devour him and his wife and that each is devoured by sympathy for the other because the twins hinder and hamper the artist wife and the artist husband. Both look forward to the time when twins will be at camp and school, but what should one expect of the spawn of Peirce—still-life obedience? There will be reason enough for gratitude if Peirce keeps the matches for his pipe out of the twins' reach and the house doesn't become a heap of cinders and ash some winter night.

Scoff all you will at subject matter in art, and Peirce was a painter before he was a father, but the twins on canvas draw the attention and elicit the delight which was not in the power of the pre-twin pictures. *After the Show*, the Peirce in the Whitney Museum, is a grand piece of work, but the real juice—the Renoir juice, so to say—is in the family paintings — the twins having a haircut at the seashore, the twins trying to tear at their father while he's having a haircut at the seashore, the twins and Anna Gabby on *Hallowe'en Night*, the twins in *Concert Champêtre*, playing horn and mouth organ; the twins in *Chamber Music*, the twins building with blocks on the floor. Then there are the pictures with family as part of the general design—the glorious *Spring Planting*, the sun-drenched and spume-sprayed sketch of Mrs. Peirce and the twins on a blanket by the sea, Peirce chopping at a tree while the family gives not undivided attention. He takes joy in anecdote and in jest—as in *Unser Kent* and in *Family Fishing* and the one in which Hemingway is shooting at a sparrow while a scared Peirce hides behind him. His pictures of birds and fish and still-lifes are done with no less joy and unction.

His best friends from whom I sought material for this article were afraid to be helpful, although they were. "Make it plain," they pleaded in effect, "that Waldo isn't all playboy, that he's a serious artist. People ought to be told that he is not only a man to whom things happen and who goes through life having a gay old time. Tell them that he's a hard worker, an artist, that he's putting down roots and is worthy of really serious attention." I promised.

A String of Beads

Continued from page 68

Beth looked into his face. Her eyes sparkling. Then she smiled and put her arms around him. He kissed her and then said, "I've got the moral strength of a piece of taffy." He thought of how happy he and Beth were together. Why couldn't his wife leave him alone. She had always run his life for him and she still wanted to.

Phillip shipped off everything his wife had asked for excepting the beads. Beth wore them every day and showed them proudly to friends. She explained that they were over five thousand years old, dug from the old Toltec pyramids. It didn't matter what dress she wore, the beads were a part of the costume. Always, when wearing them, she felt a feeling of victory.

Soon another letter came from Phillip's wife. "You did not send me the beads. I want them immediately. You have changed into something not quite human. Before you met this Beth person you were a decent human being. Think of the lovely times we had together. Don't you ever think of the past and the great happiness we had with each other. To think that two people, who for years had a married life like ours, filled with such happiness, could separate because of a little trollop. She shall not have those beads. Send them to me at once Phillip or I will deluge you with telegrams. I'll say things that will make you and your sweet little thing the talk of the town. You will surely regret it if you don't send them at once. One week will be the limit of my patience. Why, you simply ignored my request."

Beth was standing across the room waiting for a chance at the letter. Phillip saw her start slowly toward him with the fingers of one hand to her mouth and her eyes opened wide. "Please. Can I see it?" she asked. She moved toward Phillip.

He handed her the letter with no protest.

"She can't have the beads," Beth said. "She can't. You've told me twice they are mine. I don't know what makes me feel so mean about them, Phillip. But they mean so much more to me than just beads."

"But why, Beth? Why?" Phillip asked.

"You know yourself, Phillip, they mean more than just beads to her too. She wouldn't make such a ridiculous fuss over them if they didn't. It's like a tug of war. We have given in on everything. She is stronger and feels more secure than I do. She knows she has got power and she uses it. Even with the beads. They're just a symbol."

"Don't be silly, Beth," Phillip said. "And if she is idiotic enough to demand them, you're not going to be silly enough to refuse to send them back. Please darling."

"Phillip, please, can't you see it? You just don't understand," Beth said.

Phillip walked out of the room. He could understand his wife's making a stupid fuss, she had always done things like that. But Beth's attitude puzzled him. She had always been easy going and agreeable. Why, the whole mess of beads had cost only a couple of dollars. It was crazy the way women acted. He turned and went back to Beth.

"Look, Beth, she is just as likely as not to send those telegrams. And you know in a small town, everybody would know about it. It would just make a nice little scandal. Those old Aztecs or Toltecs must have put a hot little curse on those beads. I'd like to get them out of the house."

Then Beth walked out of the room and Phillip heard the outside door slam shut. He picked up a newspaper and tried to read. Let the telegrams come, he thought, I can't do anything about it.

Soon he noticed Beth come tiptoeing into the room, holding the beads in her hand.

"Where were you?" Phillip asked.

"Here are the beads," she said. "You decide what to do. You know the way I feel about them."

Phillip was puzzled. He got up from his chair and stood holding the beads in his hands. "We'll send them back and forget all about it," he said. "That's the best thing to do." Beth will forget all about it in a day or two, he thought. I might as well get rid of them.

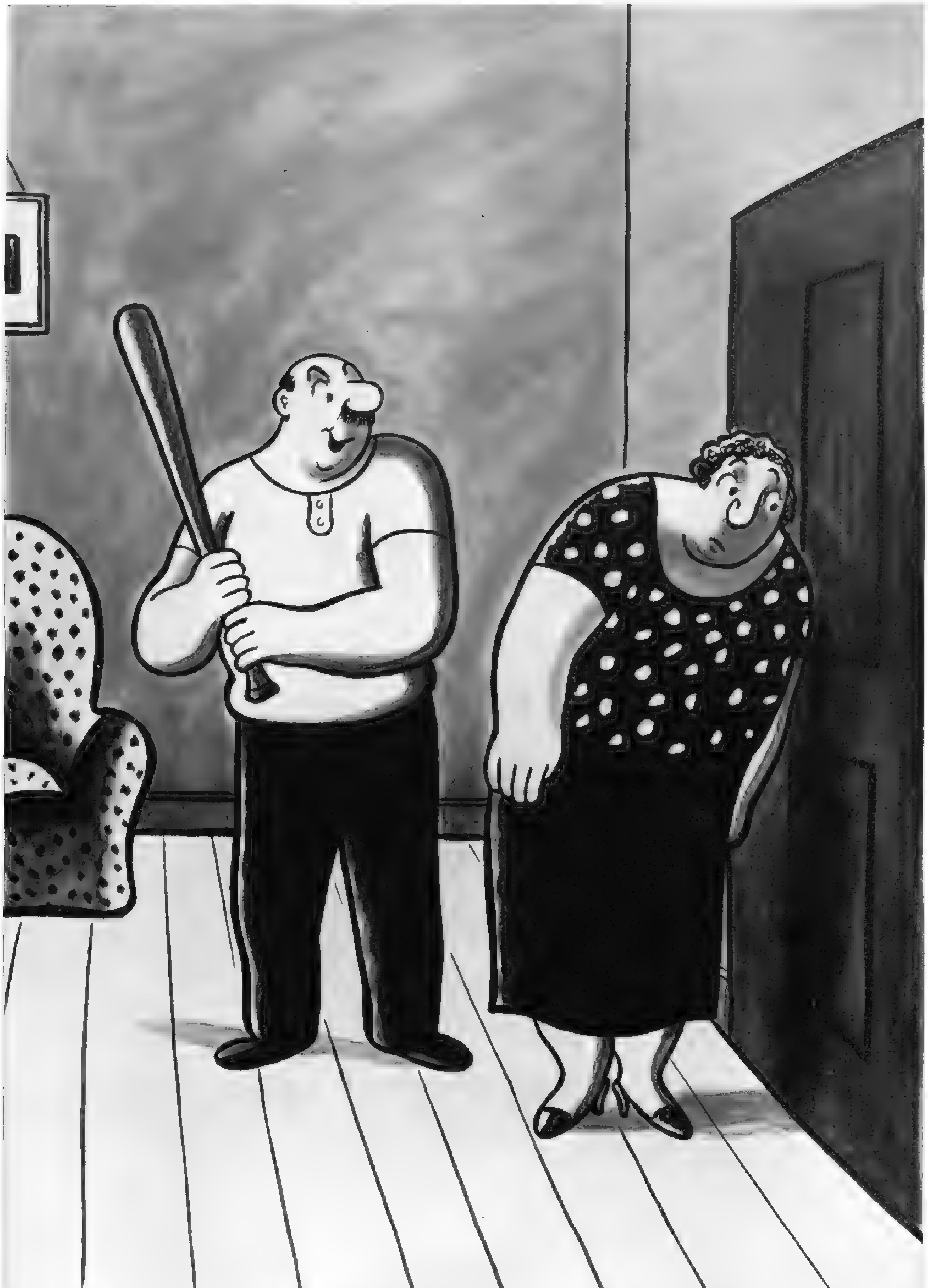
He packed the beads for mailing and in the afternoon when they drove to the village for provisions, he mailed them to his wife.

He thought Beth had already forgotten them. She was unusually quiet and said nothing about the beads. For two days he noticed nothing unusual in her actions and thought that her less talkative manner was a product of his own imagination.

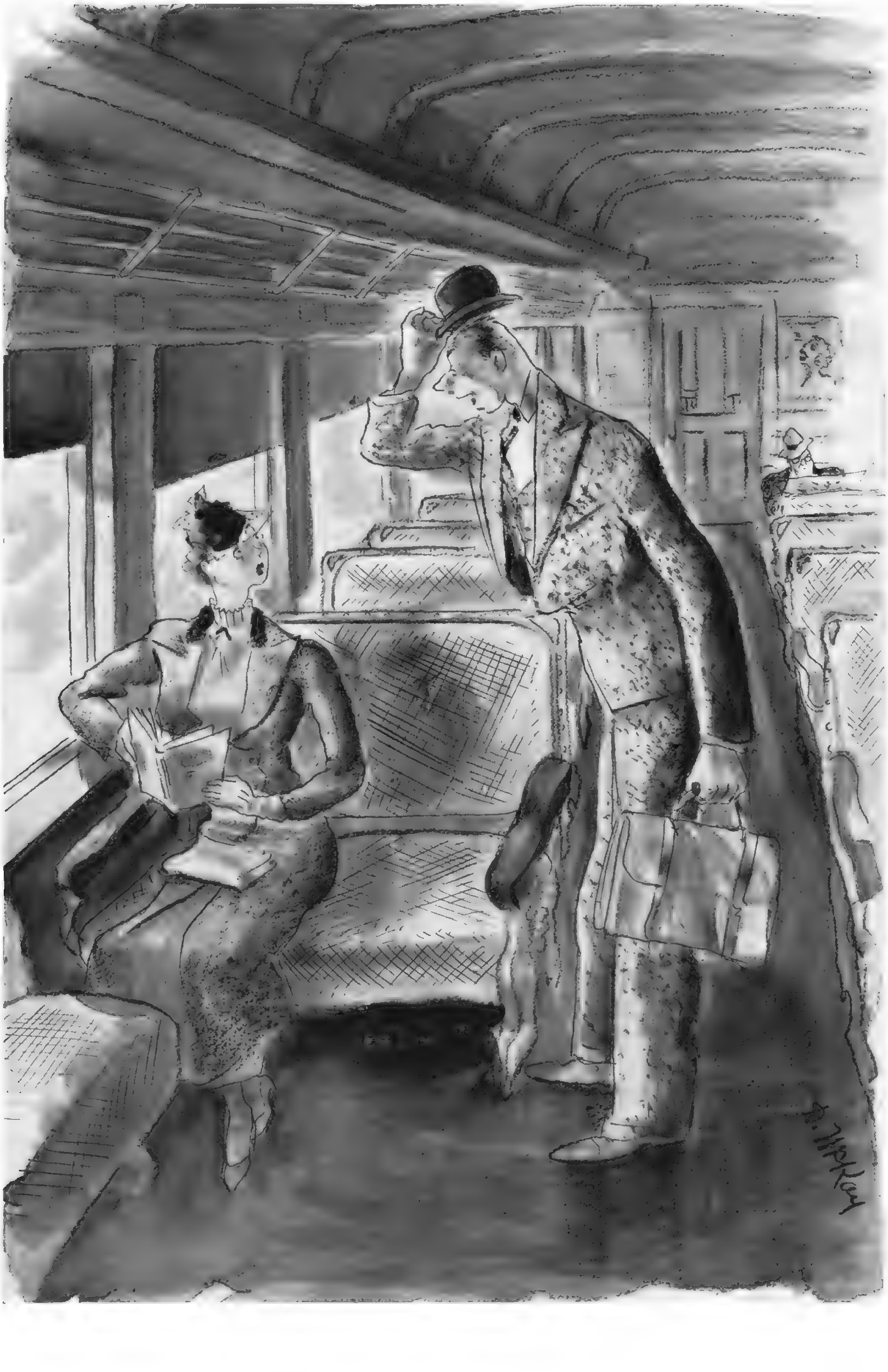
Three days later she went to New York on a shopping trip. Phillip was glad she was going there. It would do her good and she would come back in a happier frame of mind. He missed her terribly, even when she was away from him only a few hours. He thought there was nothing he wouldn't do to make her happy. And her trip would leave him free to help the gardener set out some evergreens before the frost set in.

The day after Beth went to the city, Phillip got a letter from her. He looked at the envelope, surprised. Why had she written? She would be back on the evening train. He turned the envelope over in his hand and then opened it.

Beth wrote, "I'm sorry Phillip but I am not coming back. I love you Phillip, but you are not free, not in any sense. We can't make a life together if no part of your life is your own."



"O. K. honey—let the landlord in!"



"Pardon me, is this seat taken?"

Strings on a Box

A physicist, asked to design a perfect tone instrument, could not improve upon the violin

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

The scraping wail of a violin—does something to man. It sets his body aglow with a rush of conflicting emotions. It soothes and arouses, depresses and uplifts, stirs the embers of his passions, raises him to magnificence. It suggests the warmth of yielding flesh and the crush of swelling lips —memories—anticipations. It sings the angelic seraph's call and prays for consoling peace. It is nearest the celestial voice. And as no other instrument, not even the human throat can do, it brings the whole being from the hormones to the tympanum into a state of ecstasy.

Scholars have been trying for centuries to discover the origin of this voice from our past; precisely what primitive urge it satisfies. Incredible speculations have been made. After all, it was with the help of the string that Lilith called man from Eve . . . that burning Sappho loved and sang . . . that Cleopatra beguiled Anthony. It was a fiddle that Nero played . . . and that the devil trilled. Just as it is to a string's breathing that Thais meditates . . . a bumble bee bumbles . . . and Salome abandons her seven veils.

It was the substitute for the ancient bard. When man had finished with burning words, his eye glistened, and his song ended. He called for persuasive, melting music that would swell his veins with blood, add fuel to his passion. He wanted no twattling babble. The stammering saxophone, the jabbering flute (that poets pipe about for no better reason than that it rhymes with lute) would have been too crude. He wanted the subtle suggestiveness that only a gut string can provide.

And times haven't changed. Statistics are not available, but something assures me that if they were, the point would be proved. If the radio is left on when people pull up the covers, violins are playing every time. Why? Perhaps it is that they sound more soothing afterwards.

Of all instruments the stringed box sang clearest. The division of tongues at Babylon affected it not at all. It continued to tell its story to the whole human race. It uttered best the pastoral reverie, the noble lay, the visionary soliloquy, the tender lullaby. For centuries its tone has led all the dances: the minuet!—the sarabande!—the waltz! even the quadrille and the Virginia reel. And who can ever forget the honest jollity of the old time country fiddler. He gave our grandmothers and aunts the best fling most of them ever had. All out of a fiddle, too!

Our musical alpha and omega—the symphony orchestra—is built around the violin. The string choir plays almost continuously! even when you wish it wouldn't. If there are no notes scored on the page for them, they amuse themselves by tuning up.

The sound of animal gut is not supposed to grow tiresome. The ears do become accustomed to it. (You'll notice that soon after your son starts his first violin lesson.) Then, too, violins are capable of infinite variety. They can make the loudest tone (by decibel count, the biggest noise)—and also the softest murmurs. They have more shades of meaning than a woman. And finally, the violinist can fiddle for a longer time without dropping dead than either a trumpeter or a clarinetist who must pause for breath or rest of lip. If you have ever had the apartment next Jascha or Toscha who was practicing for the Rubinoff gold medal you'll agree instantly.

The story of the stringed box is the most romantic in the whole history of music. No book will tell it to you either. You find it in the mountain passes of Khevsuria. You look at the Rababah of the Bedouins, and you know that it sprang from the very womb of time. Its origin is common with the cradle. It has been man's travelling companion through the ages.

To study its development from the beginning is to be reminded of the pictures in the biology books. You see the ugly, ill-shaped, grotesque, even *fatuous* instruments at the outset, similar in many respects to the clumsy experiments nature makes with the individual in the womb on her way to the perfection of the paragon. And just as some noöscopic foetus or other contains within itself the ultimate possibility of a Beethoven or Helen of Troy, so there is hidden in these awkward forerunners of the violin the perfected soul and body of the *Guarnerius del Gesu.*

As every one knows from the frequent neighborhood discoveries of "Strads," violin-making flowered to perfection with the famous Stradivari and Guarneri families of Cremona. In the two hundred years since they lived, the instrument hasn't been improved one whit. But in that time, the secret of making incomparable violins has been lost. The great instruments of that day retain their secrets as inviolable as the Sphinx.

Their construction can be reproduced as accurately as scientific instruments can measure. Every infinitesimal variation in the design and shape of the original Cremona master violin can be duplicated by the modern maker and is. The wood that was used in Cremona can be duplicated, and every now and then some Italian digs up from old family archives another version of the "lost" recipe used for the varnish. When all this is put together nothing happens. The new instrument resembles the original more closely than two peas. Only the tone is missing. Why? No one knows! It is certain, however, that the violins made in Cremona today are no better and little worse than those made in South Bend.

Mysteries of all kinds have been explained away, but no one knows the secrets of the Cremonese wonder-workers. Some say the trees are different today, that one can't match the kind of wood that Stradivarius stored in his loft and guarded as Michelangelo cherished his most precious marble. Others contend the tone results from the varnish, and the chemical action of climate and time. No one knows. But when the actual formulae are used today a damned inferior varnish results.

The foremost living authorities on violins, their history, their qualities, and their values—the distinguished Hill family of London—somewhere in their two masterful books on the characteristics of the great violin makers say: "The seasoning of the fabric to withstand the tension of the strings and the stress of playing, and the maturing of the tone by diligent and regular use, were processes which for their successful completion must be spread over a number of years." They give a table of the time they estimate it has been necessary to season the tone of the most famous instrument. The larger and more robust types naturally take longer.

Some people won't believe there is any difference in the tone qualities of good violins, just as the wife of the president of a large automobile company couldn't (for the life of her) understand why her husband paid six thousand dollars to an eighteen year old boy for twenty minutes fiddling on their radio program. "Any man in the orchestra would do as well for one-fiftieth the price," she said.

The proof of the tone is in the hearing, and artists wouldn't pay $25,000 and $30,000 for a violin if there were factories today which could duplicate the tone of the old instruments.

Continued in center of page 142

Puck on the Campus

Continued from page 77

and their staffs were utterly, completely, insane. That was the day of the wise-cracking editor, who punned at the rate of ten times a minute, and who never read *Whiz-Bang* because he knew all the jokes. Most of the work on any month's issue consisted of playing poker and drinking beer. One morning the editor would have the sudden realization that it was about time for another magazine to be published. Through the day, as he met his acquaintances about the campus, he would say: "Putting out an issue tonight, Joe; come over to the house."

As the beer would flow, over at the house, so would the wit. A pair of rickety typewriters would be kept clicking, while a morose artist or two drew cartoons in a corner. As the night wore on and inspiration wore out, there were usually two or three blank pages of the dummy left to fill. Every joke the staff could recall would go down on paper for the magazine. Since most of the jokes they knew were dirty jokes, it is no wonder that the magazines were dirty.

Most college administrations considered it a regular duty to dismiss the editor of the humor mag, and to abolish the publication every decade or so.

As a general rule today, however, the college comic is a comparatively business-like institution. If you should write a letter to the editor he would probably reply. If you send in money for a subscription you are fairly apt to get your copies.

The wise-cracking editor is gone and in his place is a faintly melancholic individual who has heard all of the clean jokes as well as the dirty ones. The typical editor of today is a cartoonist rather than a gag man. If hard pressed, he could probably write the entire magazine, as his brother of ten years ago often did, but now he doesn't have to. The office is full of geniuses who are not only willing, but eager to do it for him.

The staff-member of yesterday was loud-mouthed, egotistical, and rather stupid. The staff-member of today is loud-mouthed, egotistical, and a pseudo-intellectual. If you do not believe he is a genius, you have only to ask him, and he will put you right. He claims to like good music, plays a mean flute, is an authority on good books and brothels. He will tell you, confidentially, that he thinks the communists may be on the right track, after all.

It is a queer fact that the geniuses actually turn out fairly good stuff. And the volume, of course, is vast. *Kitty Kat* receives, every month, at least twice as much usable material as can be crowded into an issue. On the other hand, there are any number of very witty individuals hanging about the office who sparkle in conversation, and who think they will go great guns on the humor rag, but who cannot write anything funny no matter how hard they try. These are the lads who give an editor gray hair; he finds himself lying awake nights trying to think of ways to reject their stuff but keep them interested. Staff morale is such a touchy thing that everybody must be kept happy if possible.

Toward the end of a year the editor carries a gun for two purposes. He can never tell when he may want to shoot some sorority girls, and he wants it handy in case he should decide to commit suicide. The worst scourge of all is the perfect flood of femininity that drenches the office. All the girls have to have an "activity," but not one of them knows exactly what she wants to do on the magazine.

"Can you type?" she is asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she says, "I took typing in high school, but (giggle) I'm afraid I've forgotten all of it."

"Can you draw cartoons?"

"Well, (giggle) I draw pictures in my notebook during lectures."

All of which, in the specialized field of humor, is very, very helpful.

If there is an occasional girl who *can* do illustrations or cartoons, she is usually a coy and artful creature, who expects to be wooed as for marriage. She will drop into the office when no one is there and write little notes which say: "My name is Mary Ellen Proctor. I am very pretty. I can draw pictures. But I do not know what to draw. Please call me at 9 o'clock. My phone is 3660." And again: "Why did you not call me yesterday? I can still draw pictures. I am still very pretty. Today I am a blonde. Please call me."

There are female gag writers who worked on the school paper back in Johnsonville High, and female poets who think the words "farm" and "darn" make a swell rhyme. Every so often the whole office group has to be given a banquet to keep them happy. Then the geniuses, who have drunk more than they ought, make highly insulting remarks to the female poets; the female poets snarl out what would be devastating replies back in Podunk Junior College, and the whole brawl gets louder and louder until (1) the editor refuses to order any more liquor or (2) the restaurant owner and seven brawny assistants hurl the entire group out through the front doorway.

On the whole, the comics are on the up-grade. They are getting away from the old Rah-Rah, smart-aleck type of humor, and becoming more interested in national and international affairs. The California *Pelican*, perhaps the best in the business, spends its time hurling quips at the League of Nations, Disarmament Conventions, the New Psychology, and William Randolph Hearst.

As a matter of fact, no figures in the world have received so much attention from the campus periodicals as have Hearst and his henchman, Arthur Brisbane. Possibly because his style of writing is very easy to imitate, Brisbane has been ribbed with great glee by student magazines. Publisher Hearst escaped for a time, until the *Pelican* started things off with a satire titled "Oh God, the Horror of it All! or, Give Till it Hearsts!"

A great deal of improvement in the magazines can be traced to a more rational technique. For some years now, young humorists have actually been learning something while wasting their sweetness on columns of quips.

Presidents of Harvard's Lampoon Club enjoy telling of the time when Robert Benchley used to draw cartoons of very slight merit. One day he took a drawing to Gluyas Williams, who held a position of responsibility on Lampy's staff. Williams looked at the cartoon for a moment, then turned to the artist. "Benchley," he said, "why don't you take up writing?" Benchley did.

The magazines have also improved due to a sort of syndication which has grown up through many years. Engravings of cartoons and illustrations are freely borrowed by all the humor editors, and co-operation is usually obtained. If I should request a cut from another editor, he may not overcome his native laziness for a week or two, but eventually I'll get my picture. Most magazines return a borrowed cut with fair promptness, although this is not quite so common. The Yale *Record* is a bit unusual in claiming that the only cut returned to it last year was one that had been sent out sometime during the World War.

College comics are looking up a good deal in regard to plagiarism. While borrowing of ideas and material is still rife, credit is much more freely given than used to be the case. However, several magazines are still noted for persistent copying. The Cornell *Widow* reprints many a filler without a "by"-line. Michigan's *Gargoyle* lifts cartoon ideas. But of all the comics, the Annapolis *Log* is most widely famed for its lack of scruples. So notorious have the sailors become that the Pennsylvania *Punch Bowl* credited a joke to the Naval Academy publication thus: "From *Log*, tireless thieves that they are."

The *Kitty Kat* has long had a private fight with the *Log* over copied jokes, *Log's* reply being that it is a weekly, while most college magazines are monthlies, and that it does not have time to check sources. Two years ago, with the exhilarating battle in mind, I wrote the "Life of a Joke" as follows:

Birth—A freshman thinks it up and chuckles with glee, waking up two fraternity men in the back row.

Age five minutes—Freshman tells it to senior, who answers: "Yeah, it's funny, but I've heard it before."

Age one day—Senior turns it in to the campus humor rag as his own.

Age two days—Editor thinks it's terrible.

Age ten days—Editor has to fill magazine, prints joke.

Age one month—Thirteen college comics reprint joke.

Age three years—Annapolis *Log* reprints joke as original.

Age three years, one month—*College Humor* reprints joke, crediting it to *Log*.

Age ten years—Seventy-six radio comedians discover joke simultaneously, tell it, accompanied by howls of mirth from the boys in the orchestra. (Five dollars a howl.)

Age twenty years—Joke is printed in *Literary Digest*.

Age one hundred years—Professors start telling joke in class.

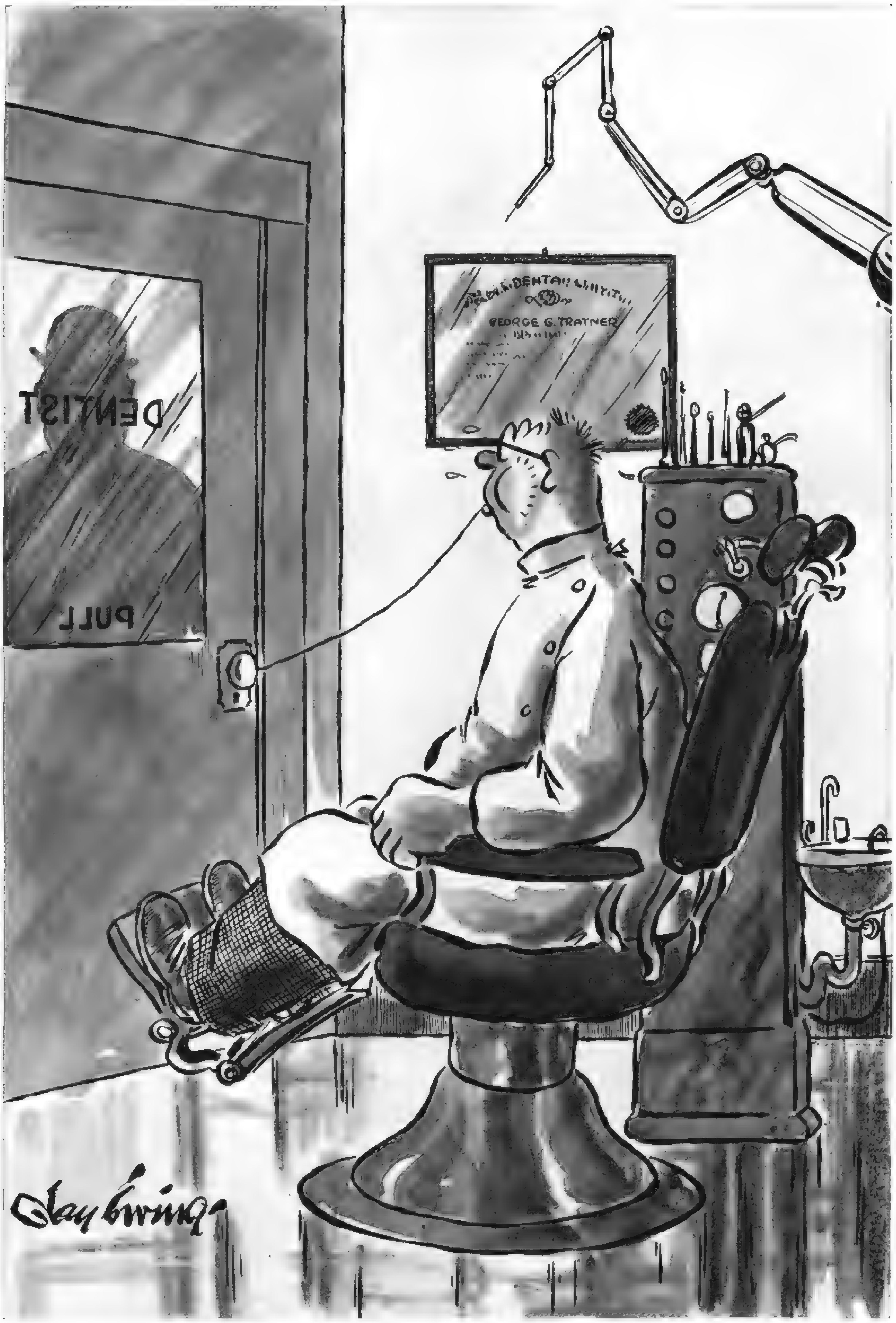
The little filler was reprinted by nearly every college magazine in the country, and was also run once by *Life* and twice by *College Humor*. The *Log*, we thought, was thoroughly crushed. Then, unbelievably, the *Log* reprinted "Life of a Joke" as original, making slight changes so as to insult *Kitty Kat* instead of themselves!

Material in all the comics is copyrighted, of course, but the precaution is useless: none of the magazines has enough money to instigate any lawsuits, and even if it should win the suit, little could be collected from the loser.

That is the thing that makes the mad business of publishing a comic even madder. All the work of the staffs and business managers, and all the editor's sleepless nights may put a couple of persons through a single year of college, but no great fortunes are made, unless one is as crooked as the fellow who kept all the ad checks. If an editor could but die rich, his struggles would not have been useless.

Last year's editor of the *Pitt Panther* ended the year flat broke. He had a girl, and hence needed money. Then he had a brilliant idea—the old cuts lying about the *Panther* office were valuable: he would gather together a vast pile, and sell them for the copper, lead, and zinc they contained. The editor began the task, straining many a ligament toting the heavy boxes.

When he had finished gathering, the pile was vast indeed—the collected works of *Panther* artists from time immemorial. He was filled with fear that the faculty might discover the theft, and he felt remorse as well, at the thought of selling all this loving effort for Gold. But, conquering his feelings, he sold the cuts for the highest price he could get. They brought the princely sum of $1.35.


DENTIST
PULL
GEORGE G. TRATNER

"Come in!"

The Hearst-Pulitzer War

Continued from page 64

and corruption as of old. He exposed and was the prime figure in the removal of white slavery, gambling rings, lotteries, and political graft. Before the summer he was riding again on a great wave of personal popularity and public respect; a wave of his own creating. In the second year of the new paper, the still young Pulitzer became sole proprietor and publisher. Circulation was growing strongly. For four intensively busy years, Pulitzer built the *Post-Dispatch*, learned all the tricks of the trade, became a great publisher as well as a great editor. He was ready to go to New York. So, in 1883, at thirty-six years of age, he bought the old *Morning World* from Jay Gould for $346,000. Gould had picked up the paper incidentally to a railroad deal, and it had turned white elephant on him. He was glad to get rid of it.

The swiftness with which Pulitzer's personal genius made itself felt was amazing. His own interest centered on the editorial page, yet he was able to handle every other department of the business with insight and quick firm judgment. By 1886 the earnings of the *World* were over half a million. Its circulation had jumped from twenty thousand a day to comfortably over three hundred thousand. The important papers of New York sold at this time for three or four cents. The *World* was a two cent paper; and it quickly pulled the others to the same level. Pulitzer never stopped attacking organized vice and corruption, without fear of harm to himself or his interests. A very good policy as practised by him; for as he made bigger and bigger enemies, he became better equipped to fight them. By 1895, twelve years after he bought the *World*, Pulitzer's personal fortune amounted to just under nineteen millions of dollars.

Here then you have Joseph Pulitzer. The greatest and the last of the Titans of newspaperdom. Obviously the greatest. The last because during his lifetime the concept of the newspaper as a purely business investment and as a casual detail in the capitalistic control of all that is vital in American life was coming to the prominence it has since gained and consolidated. The Editorial became the editorial department with a small "e." On the one hand we have spirit and honest conviction, on the other a traffic in day dreams, prejudices, and passions, aimed for the building and manipulation of power. Pulitzer made money; he couldn't help it. The crowds supported him because he felt for them and spoke for them. But no man yet—and Pulitzer died in 1911—has accused him of employing his crusades for personal profit. In 1889, his ever ailing eyes at last gave way. He became almost completely blind. His active days appeared over. He withdrew from the *World*, leaving an editorial board to take charge of the paper for him.

And he was only forty-two.

But he was coming back, eyes or no eyes, to do battle with another sort of Titan, the new sort, who, gifted, wealthy, still in his middle thirties, was heading east from San Francisco to take up the cudgels for the new ethics of the United States of America.

Money.
Profit.
Power.

In January, 1896, the new Titan struck. The entire Sunday staff of the *World*—the strongest staff that had ever been assembled—went over to the *New York Journal* and the magic check-book of William Randolph Hearst.

It was no unpremeditated raid. For years young Hearst had studied the Pulitzer policies and properties, maintaining his offices under the golden dome of the *World* building itself. He was the son of George Hearst, who had built up a fortune in California mines and ranches, becoming in time a United States Senator. Educated briefly if expensively at Saint Paul's School and Harvard, young Hearst had refused to join in the management of his father's wide-flung interests, but had taken over the *San Francisco Examiner*, one of the lesser items of the estate in 1887.

For eight years he experimented with the *Examiner* and met with uniform success; circulation and advertising revenues mounted swiftly. Outwardly he followed the Pulitzer policy of crusading against civic injustice—with the difference that in his case it was a deliberate policy rather than the surging upward of a soul that instinctively rebelled against all forms of political and corporate injustice. He discovered that the average mental age of United States citizenry is approximately twelve years. And it is hard for the twelve year old mind to achieve consistency. So, where Pulitzer had on occasion driven his crusades beyond the general mental saturation point, Hearst, when he felt interest was beginning to lag, would turn his attack to something else. It didn't much matter what; just so long as he could keep his readers emotionally inflamed, keep them reading his paper. He mastered the art of inconsistency, always with the goal of money in view. And money is only consistent to itself. And he made it. In the course of those eight years, he made himself intensely unpopular in California. But that did not hinder him. He simply shifted his main attack to New York. For some years he studied conditions from the offices above the presses of the *World;* and in 1895 opportunity arrived. And, strangely enough, it was Joseph Pulitzer's brother, Ralph, who indirectly placed the instrument in Hearst's hands.

The younger Pulitzer, independently of brother Joseph, had made a very good thing of the *New York Morning Journal*, a one cent paper. Early in 1895, John R. McLain, who had made a fortune with the *Cincinnati Inquirer*, bought the *Journal* for one million dollars and promptly doubled the price. Why not? Joseph Pulitzer had done it. But it didn't work out. And so, in September of the same year, he sold out to William Randolph Hearst. And then in January of 1896, came the raid on the Sunday *World*.

The *World* struck back. Bought back its staff.

But only for an hour or so. Again Hearst waved his check-book; and this time they stayed with the *Journal*. Hearst, not Pulitzer, was in possession of the finest Sunday staff in existence, along with all their plans, work in hand, and future material. And at once Hearst was ordered out of the World building—almost literally thrown out—files, furniture, rugs.

Pulitzer's next step was to cut the *World* to one cent.

It was war.

Once battle was joined, Hearst moved swiftly forward in a general attack all along the line. It was evident by this time that the Westerner's immediate objective was the destruction of the *World* as the necessary preliminary step toward supplanting it. One after another, he continued to pick off Pulitzer's best men. Richard A. Farrelly, a gifted young man who was selected to be managing editor after the desertion of Morrill Goddard with the Sunday staff had left the post vacant, went over to the *Journal* on the night he was to be honored by a dinner testimonial to his promotion. Pulitzer promptly took William Bradford Merrill from the *Post* for his new managing editor. Then S. S. Carvalho, publisher of the *World* and Pulitzer's chief lieutenant, resigned after a tiff with his boss and was promptly snapped up by Hearst.

Throughout this period, Pulitzer, while nominally not associated with the *World*, was actually directing the campaign against the Westerner. He travelled constantly; owned homes in France, England, Jekyll Island, and Bar Harbor; but was in close contact with his paper by telegraph and cable. He could not endure sitting in his office, blind, and could not bear to be out of the newspaper business entirely.

After the early raids conducted by Hearst on the staff of the *World*, Pulitzer brought Arthur Brisbane over from the *Sun* as editor of the Sunday. Brisbane was an extraordinarily gifted young newspaperman who had been London correspondent and later managing editor of the *Sun*. He was resourceful, wrote with a brilliance that commanded universal attention, and was willing to use sensational methods to combat Hearst and the *Journal*.

He promptly increased the Sunday comic section from four pages to eight, used two-color printing for the first time, and employed better artists and writers to give new zest to the paper. By Easter of 1896, the Sunday circulation had been raised to 600,000 copies, and shortly afterward Brisbane was in charge of the entire *World*. And the appearance of the *World* began to change. Until Hearst and Pulitzer began stirring things up, newspapers had been dignified in appearance if nothing else. But now comics and Sunday features began to turn up among the news columns and advertising. And the so-called nicer people of that more sedate era were soon wiping the *World* from their subscription lists. And the *Journal*, but this did not bother Hearst. He was after bulk, not quality, in circulation, and he was getting bulk.

Pulitzer reacted differently. All his life he had been a champion of "decent" people, and now his paper had fallen into disrepute among them. It was an unbearable smirch; so the blind genius stepped in. Brisbane found himself wandering around the office with little to do and less authority. This lasted through the summer of 1896. By September he was in that haven of all good Pulitzer men, the New York *Journal*, where, for decades as editor, idea man, and general inspiration to a newspaper which was supposed to be almost the perfect outer expression of the Hearst personality, he was to out-Hearst Hearst.

And with Brisbane to the *Journal* went the "Yellow Kid." The "Yellow Kid" was the outgrowth of a half-page Sunday comic submitted to the *World* by artist R. F. Outcault. It was originally known as "Hogan's Alley," a crudely humorous rendition of boy life among the tenements. The "Kid" was a character of the "Alley" who suddenly caught the public fancy and became the most popular newspaper feature that had ever been known. He was the most flagrant example of the cheapening influences that had virtually destroyed the *World's* upper class circulation, yet when Hearst and Brisbane took him over to the *Journal*, Pulitzer at once sued. More than that he hired an artist to continue the "Kid" in the *World*. That artist was the late George B. Luks, who later became one of the really famous American painters. But at that time nothing was known of him except that he made the "Yellow Kid" funnier and better drawn than Outcault had; so Hearst promptly sued the *World*. It was a lawyer's holiday. The two "Kids" ran side by side in

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—for Digestion's sake ...smoke Camels

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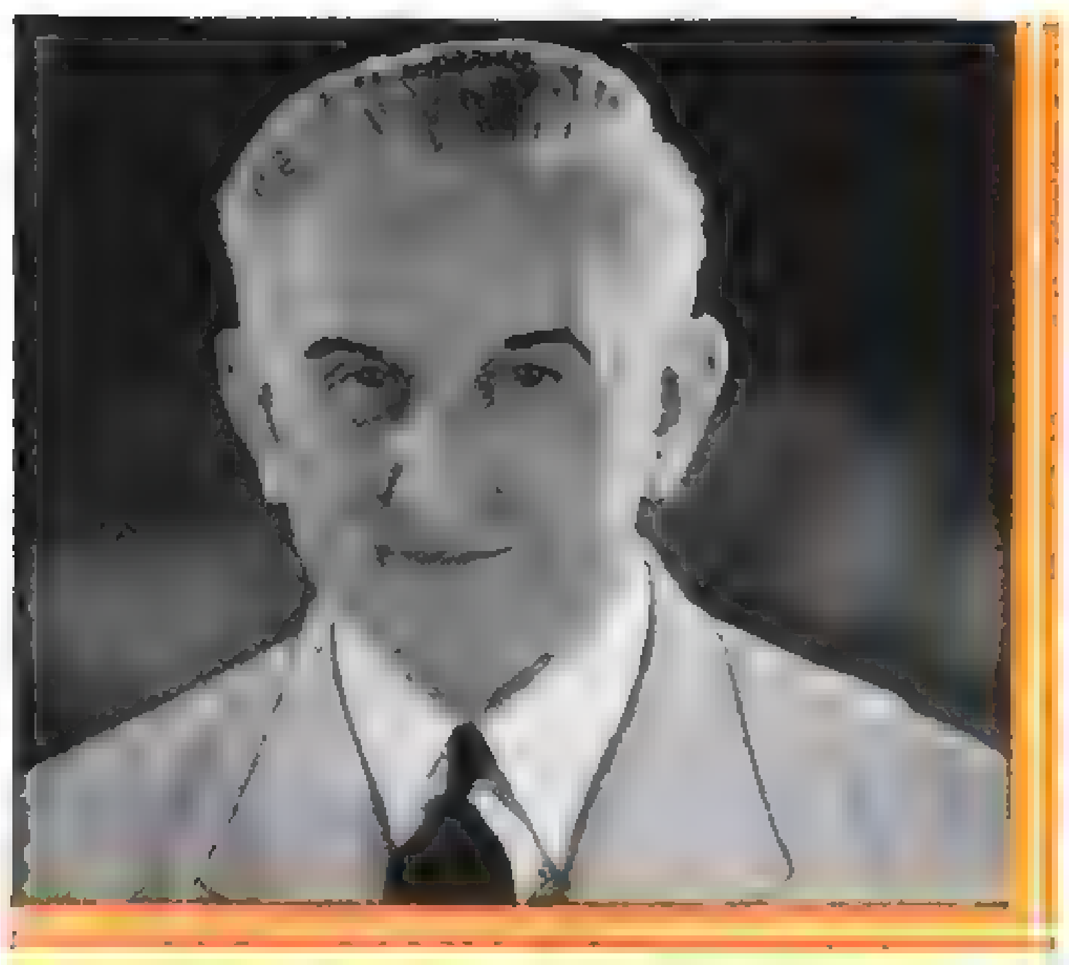


Fred, Mayflower maître d'hôtel, whose guests include bon-vivants, presidents, and kings.

When Washington Dines in This Stately Room

The Presidential Room, main restaurant of the Mayflower Hotel (*right*), presents a memorable scene as famous men... beautifully gowned women... diplomats and statesmen with foreign orders... gather for relaxation, entertainment, and choice foods. The famous Mayflower kitchens give forth a stream of rare and tempting dishes. Good taste reigns supreme! And from table after table the fragrant smoke of Camels rises. Commenting on the preference for Camels at the Mayflower, the famous *maître d'hôtel* —greeted as "Fred" by thousands of the world's epicures—says: "Of course, our cosmopolitan clientele prefer Camels. They are a great favorite with our guests."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

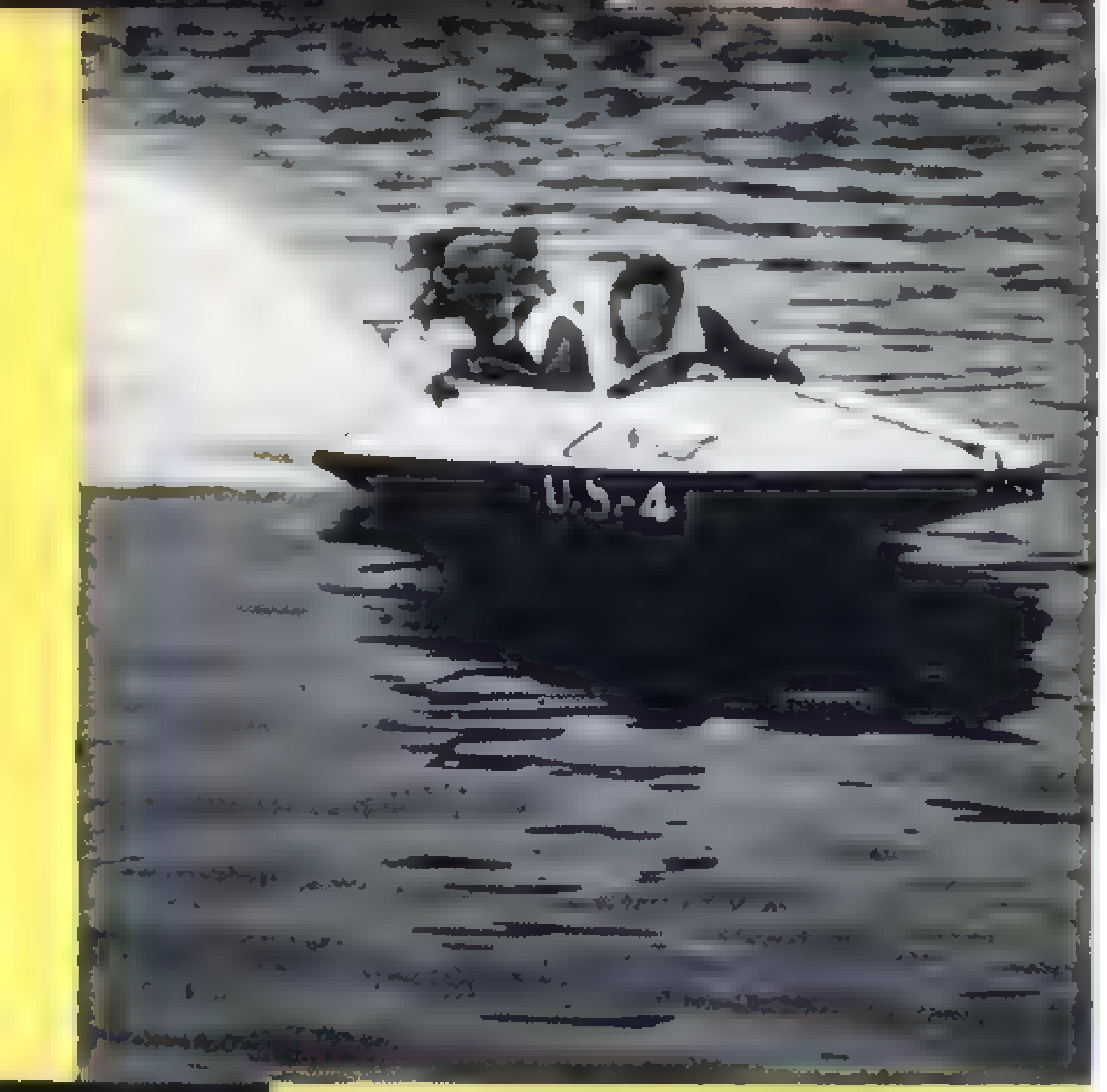
Science Confirms the Truth of "For Digestion's Sake...Smoke Camels"

Whether your meal is a banquet or a quick sandwich, a Camel gives it more zest. "A Camel helps me enjoy eating," you've heard people say.

Scientists have found that Camels promote well-being by gently stimulating the flow of the digestive fluids...alkaline digestive fluids...necessary for good digestion. Often fatigue, worry, nervousness interfere with this flow. Camels *increase* it—assist digestion to proceed normally.

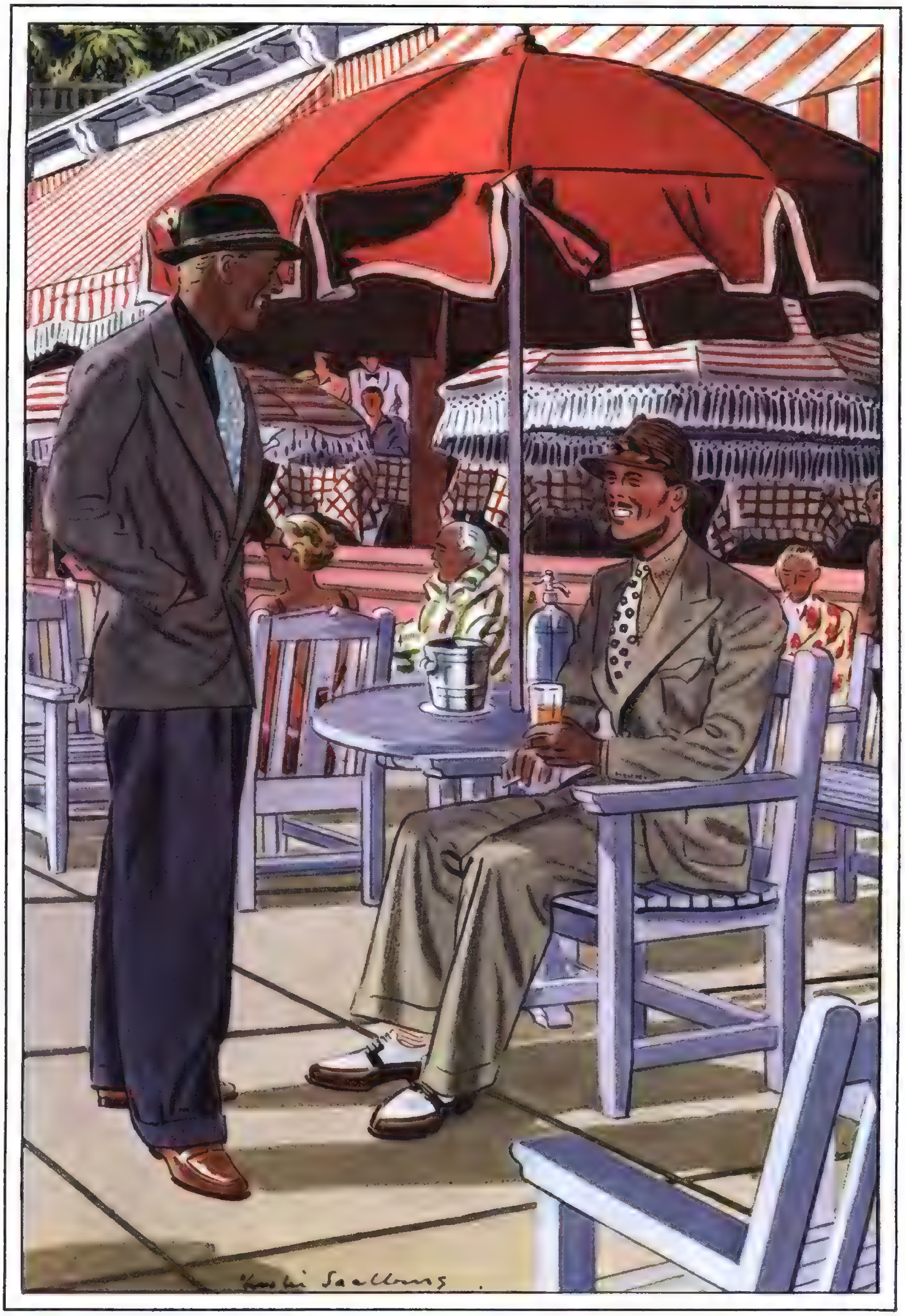
With their finer, costlier tobaccos, Camels give mildness a new meaning!

ROARING WIDE OPEN to set a new mark for Class "B" Outboards! Fred Jacoby, Jr. (*right*), takes a terrific pounding as constant vibration hammers at his nerves and digestion. "Good digestion is all-important in this game," Fred says. "I smoke Camels. Camels make food taste better and help me get the good out of what I eat. Camels set me right!"



WHEN ALARM RINGS, Fire-Chief Frank Gilliar (*left*) forgets about food and rest till the last spark is out. He says: "Smoking Camels while I'm eating and after gives me a great feeling of cheer. Camels put back into eating the joy that nervous strain takes out of it. They're the last word in *flavor!*"

Costlier Tobaccos!



IT SEEMS THERE WERE TWO ENGLISHMEN . . .

And these two Englishmen happened to be at the cocktail and lounge pavilion of the Monte Carlo Hotel du Beach when our Mr. Saalburg happened by, and because their clothes were typical of what's coming up on the resort fashion horizon, by way of Nassau and Palm Beach, he sketched them then and there. The one on the left wears a double-breasted grey flannel jacket, evidently part of a suit, with a navy blue silk polo shirt and an Ascotted silk foulard scarf, blue mohair crash non-wrinkling beach slacks, wool hose and Weejuns of brown polished calf. These were an important shoe fashion at southern winter resorts. Noteworthy, too, is his green Tyrolean hat, of a grass-like fabric, with cord and feather plumage. The other wears a tropical worsted suit of the new Burma shade, a checked shirt, a white ground wool or cotton tie, a fedora of cocoanut straw and brown and white Norwegian shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Hearst-Pulitzer War

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the two papers. And during that Autumn a new word was born into the language—rather a new meaning for an old word. Indiscriminately the *World* and the *Journal* were lumped together in the popular mind as "yellow." To this day it is an insult to a man's spirit, even to his courage, to call him "yellow." The *World* was later to become again a respectable paper; but not just then.

Joe Pulitzer was fighting fire with fire. And the litigations ran on and on. And the circulation battles attained a new venom.

Naturally the "newsmen," as the street vendors of newspapers used to be known, were a pretty tough lot. Before the city authorities allowed sidewalk stands, the constant battles of the newsboys for favored positions were taken for granted by the public and unmolested by the police. With the coming of the newsstands an older and even tougher type appeared. The stands were really places of business with magazines, candy, gum, and novelties as well as papers on display. Hours were long, politicians grafted upon them, and the owners grew tough and wary in protection of their places of trade. Then delivery trucks came on the scene; and the truckmen were tougher still. Real battles began to be fought, and gangs were formed as the agents of one paper would try and run their rival from the streets. Some of the most murderous present-day mobs are lineal descendants of these pioneer truckmen. Naturally these wars never reached the public prints; and the police were glad enough to let well enough alone. So the war raged on unhampered on all fronts.

Meanwhile the troubles of the people of an island in the Carribean were rising in the national consciousness and were destined to bring the United States into full development as a world power. These troubles were also to bring the Hearst-Pulitzer war to its climax.

The Cubans were in insurrection—had been in constant insurrection for the greater part of a century. It is doubtful that Spain drew much profit from the island in the light of the continued expense of keeping it in civil order, but it was the last vestige of their once great American empire and they desired to hold it.

It seems to have been Hearst who decided that Cuba should be freed. As the mighty champion of the down-trodden, he would build such a circulation as the whole world had never seen before. And Mr. Pulitzer, as seemed perfectly natural, would free Cuba too. The pair of them in a whirlwind three-cornered war with a Continental Power.

Respectable people, who no longer read the *World* and the *Journal*, went quietly on their way. The Federal Government didn't mind. Politically it pays to give the papers their heads. Business was good.

But Hearst thought that a war was about all he needed.

And Pulitzer was gunning for Hearst.

A quick glance at the odd elements that combine to form the Cuban population supplies ample reason for the continued political and social unrest of that island. Descendants of African slaves were mingled with half breed descendants of aboriginal Cubans, poor whites, slightly better off whites, and a wealthy upper class made up of descendants of Spanish Grandees, sugar planters, and British and American capitalists who had invested money in the island; for leaven there was a large group of soldiers of fortune, fugitives, and general riffraff of a hundred nationalities. Sugar and tobacco were the chief industries; the former important to foreign countries, especially the United States, the latter a native industry needing special knowledge and a grading and manufacturing touch.

Many times, since the administration of Thomas Jefferson, attempts had been made on the part of interested groups to buy Cuba for the United States. Our business men knew it to be the most valuable unit in the Carribean, where they had long since begun to dig in for profit and, presumably, for keeps; and the navy knew of the excellent ports along the Eastern and Southern coasts.

So there was a natural wave of sympathy in this country for the multicolored revolutionists against the afterglow of the Spanish Empire. And the old school politicians would be more than thankful for such a unifying patriotic outburst as a war. Bryan was in the midst of his great free silver campaign and had the Eastern money men and the conservative elements of both parties thoroughly uneasy. Anything to take the public mind off that issue would be welcome. So when the *Journal* and the *World* commenced their attack on the already dying Spain, they found a country ready to fall into line. Offense after offense was charged against the Spanish governors of Cuba by the rival papers two or three years before war was declared. American ships were fired on in Cuban waters; American women were stripped naked and searched by Spanish officers, the brutes; and American property suffered. The tidbit about the women was sent in by Richard Harding Davis and illustrated by Frederic Remington for the *Journal*. Then General Weyler was sent from Madrid to govern the island. And the papers had a new field day. Weyler, a likeable and honorable officer and gentleman, was forced by the continued and too frequently accurate sniping at his limited soldiery, to establish concentration camps for the malcontents of the population. And something about a concentration camp, anywhere in the world, seems to make a certain type of American busybody rise up and scream, whether he is concerned or not. The horrors of these camps were described in as full exaggeration as the other incidents, and circulation took another leap. Public opinion was falling into line. Gun runners were busy, smuggling their wares into Cuba from New Orleans and the Florida Coast; adventurous young Americans joined the rebel guerilla bands and created new incidents by their savage attacks on the unfortunate Spanish.

The only real difficulty was keeping the Cubans interested in the revolution. The message to Garcia meant nothing to them. They'd been at it for years, most uncomfortable years of hiding in swamps and jungles from better equipped foes, and were ready to take a furlough. However, late in 1897 the American government was so swept away with the current that the Navy Department sent the second-class battleship Maine to Havana to "protect Americans," perhaps from further newspaper atrocities. And there she was blown up.

So with a mighty whoop Messers Hearst and Pulitzer, though fighting a battle to the death between themselves, set about getting the country into war before any conciliatory measures could be taken. And they succeeded.

The battle of the rival newspapers had dragged the country into a foreign war.

Both the *World* and the *Journal* pitched in with a will. Again circulation leaped ahead for both papers, the *Journal* getting something the better of it—not a great deal, but the war was known in many parts of New York as the *Journal's* war; this was never said of the *World*. In fact the war, like most climaxes was the beginning of the end of open conflict between the two great dailies.

The national conflict lasted less than three months—about as long as the period between Napoleon's return from Elba and the battle of Waterloo—but even before the end there were numerous indications that Pulitzer was growing rapidly tired of his personal struggle with Hearst. The quick peace came as a definite relief.

He abolished the big block letters from the *World's* headlines, and while he ordered a big crusade to get the volunteers out of the fever-infested cantonments, the drive lacked, somehow, the crushing power that had marked his earlier ventures in reform.

The *Journal* went serenely on. There was no question but that Hearst was better at the sensational business than Pulitzer. In the frenzied high-pressure emotional pitch to which the rivalry drove the two newspapers, he found the level for which he was best suited; while Pulitzer, driven to such extremes only by the urgencies of the contest, was uncomfortable all through this bitter struggle. Remember, he was, fundamentally, an apostle of decency.

And so, in 1899, a tentative peace was patched up. Who made the first motions is unknown, but Pulitzer sent this message to his managing editor.

"There is a proposition before me to stop all unfriendly utterances between the *World* and *Journal*. I don't know whether the proposition will be carried through or not, but in the meanwhile, you might suspend such utterances unless there is provocation.

"You might tell the others also, but very discreetly, as I doubt whether the thing will finally go through. This until further notice."

There was no further notice. The *World* slipped gradually back to its old position in the more reputable field of journalism, while Hearst, delighting in his comparative isolation in the more sensational field, went on to new attacks and inconsistencies.

And so the armistice endured. Pulitzer was rushed from his yacht to Charleston, South Carolina, where he died on October 29, 1911. And by that time the papers were so far apart in the spheres which they affected, that there was little or no scrambling for spoils on the part of Hearst.

The final chapter was written in 1931. Mismanaged for years by a board of governors who could not seem to agree on vital issues, the *Morning World* went under when the sapping of the depression really made itself felt in the advertising columns. For the last time Hearst moved in. The *Journal* was now an evening paper; but the *American*, which had become his forenoon publication, was suffering greatly from the inroads of the Tabloids, the *News*, a *Chicago Tribune* paper, and the *Mirror*, its own stablemate. Hearst saw a chance to jump the circulation figures of the *American*, and jump he did. He took a large part of the executive editorial staff of the now defunct *World* and had them make his paper over as much like it as his journalistic system would permit. The *American* was toned down until it became the least Hearstian of the Hearst service; and it took over a large part of the old *World* circulation.

So the earlier stalemate was at last broken, and William Randolph Hearst emerged the victor; but perhaps, it was not Hearst who triumphed over the idealistic Pulitzer tradition, perhaps it was a change of eras, the arrival of a time when the commercial is pedestaled, and the idealist is a crank—perhaps. ⧺

Four Years Since Pay Day

Continued from page 74

we can go on relief. "I'm selling out," a man told me two years ago. "I ought to get two hundred dollars from some poor sucker and then I'm going on relief. I got four kids and a wife. I'm back in the rent. I couldn't be any worse off."

He couldn't sell out. He merely moved what was loose up to his house and let the landlord have the rest. He's been on relief since then. Part of the time he has had a foremanship. I met him again the other day. "I'd been a fool to stay in business," he said. "I was slaving night and day and getting nowhere. Been pretty hard this way, but I've had less worry. Between relief jobs I've had a few other things I've picked up. We've all had dental work. My wife had glasses fitted. We've had a doctor several times. Once we had a nurse for two weeks. The county has paid the bills. Why should you go along worrying and spending long hours on a job like you do?"

Maybe he is right—I shouldn't. I'm not arguing the question. I'm merely stating that we don't have to stay on this job. We do have the other choice.

When a man tells me how soft it is being my own boss I just like to point out that I worked on a store truck for twenty-five years, and eight hours was my day except on special sales. I had an hour for lunch. Now I really put in the hours. I'm on the job twelve to eighteen hours every day in the year, Sundays included.

During the winter months we close at seven. I eat my three meals right here. In fact if business is dull all I have to do is to begin eating a hot lunch and immediately it picks up. If I could only eat all the time what a business I would have.

"Oh, but you could take a day off now and then?"

Says you. Not when the landlord is due tomorrow and we need ten more dollars to be able to face him and the profit is net nothing—when there is a profit. It sounds penurious I know, but the landlord comes to these little places every day. There is always a crisis. Sometimes a Waterloo. One business closed its doors while the family took a trip to Wisconsin.

"If we'd hired someone to run the place we wouldn't have had the money to get away," the owner said. "We hadn't been off the place for two years."

We're not complaining. We're merely telling things we are up against in our submarginal business.

When I had a boss I used to draw my pay every Monday morning—paid for holidays, a week's vacation, occasional illness. Then, I didn't have to worry about how to get the money. That was up to the boss. Now, I haven't had a pay-day in four years. We used to count the months on the calendar—the ones with five pay-days in them. Now we scan the ledger to see if we made a dime or two-bits. I used to get my hair cut on the boss's time. Now I look like a sheep dog before I hunt up a barber who puts in longer hours than I do.

Working three hundred and sixty-five days a year straight through is apt to make a man lopsided in the head if he doesn't contrive some means of escape—some way of gaining perspective or mental poise, whatever that is.

The best doctor in our town when I was a boy used to go to the Cheyenne Frontier Days every summer. In the winter he spent ten days in Kansas City. Folks said he got on a prolonged toot in those places. Toot or no toot he had to get away from his patients every so often or become one of them. I understand that now.

So entertainment—or at least something out of the ordinary routine—is as much a part of our overhead expense as is the utility bill. We don't have to worry as much about how to spend our six hours leisure as the man who works a five day week, but we do have to plan it and jar ourselves into it for the easiest way is to settle into the most comfortable chair in the house, growl to Ione that the day has been especially lousy, bed the old brain down in the sport page and drop off to sleep until 6:10 next morning. Just exist to work and work to exist. That would be swell for Ione now wouldn't it? She has already bought a Pekinese pup to take my place around the house. At that I bet a dog is a lot more appreciative company than a lot of us men make of ourselves.

I used to deliver packages for a sanitorium to a little store on the edge of town where their truck stopped. The man who ran the place was undoubtedly the grumpiest old geezer who ever sold stale candy. It's a wonder he kept any trade at all. I'm sure he never made an effort to get away from it all. When I find myself becoming like him I bestir myself. If I didn't I'd probably bite some good cash customer and land in the dog house with Towser.

Whenever folks get on our nerves and we feel like blowing up the trouble is not with people.

Let us get away for awhile and brush the cobwebs out of our minds and even a haggler over the pennies will look like a spendthrift.

So we compel ourselves to play and relax just like we take our spinach. We've taken a cross road in a pitch dark night just to see where it would bring us out and if we could find the road home again. It wound us up in front of a ranch house and the rancher came out in his night shirt and flashed a light on us and ordered us off with: "Get the hell out of here. This ain't no lover's lane." We've driven a black fog with its chance of disaster. Ione hung out on one side to watch the curb line. I followed the car ahead and watched the white line on the paving. We had no business in it and were mighty glad to return home, but it changed the whole of the next day for us. We've taken our blankets at midnight and traveled ten miles to the beach and lain on the sand and listened to the ocean and watched the stars when we'd a lot rather stayed at home.

Silly? We know it sounds silly. But a neighbor of ours got so fed up on his business that he walked away from it one day. They found him down the highway a couple of miles as harmlessly crazy as a ladies' aid quilt. We'd rather do silly things than be goofy.

We see very few of the four-star shows before they reach our fifteen-cent showhouse. But we can wait.

We have never ridden in an airplane but we've made the altitude record in the Shrine auditorium and got an airplane view of the stage and actors for two-bits a seat.

Church is quite out of the question. Closing at seven on Sundays in the winter does not let us get there in time for the collection. You know how embarrassing that would be. Anyhow we performed most of our church duties at church suppers and who wants to be late at a banquet? And we stay at home, too. We have the radio and a pup. When I get home all crickety from the grind there is little more stimulating than to bound a red ball against the kitchen door for the pup to chase.

I've stressed relaxation for it is one of the important things in a one-family business to keep from going stale. Stale business is just like stale bread. Nobody wants it.

Two other things kill a little business very quickly. One is overstocking the merchandise. A store is quitting down the highway the first of the month. Wanted me to buy some of her stock. "If I had it to do over again," she said, "I'd buy a variety of numbers but only a few of each number until I found what kinds and what prices my customers wanted. I would keep a record of calls and stock accordingly. As it is I've got my money tied up in too much and the wrong kinds of merchandise. I'm losing two hundred dollars in the three months I've been in business."

A grocer from the other side of town warned me about a newcomer in my neighborhood. "Owes me ten dollars I can't get," said the man. "Why I've got around a hundred and fifty dollars out in credits. Though most of the credits are good they never all get paid up. So I have half as much on the book as I have on the shelves. It is hard to keep doing business that way."

Ione and I haven't had to worry about either of those disasters for the very good reason that we lack the capital to even start on those roads. We have let an occasional can of beans to a neighbor for two or three days, but we have explained honestly our position. We have lost some of their business because some families must do business that way but we have retained their good will and their run-in cash business. We are proud of that.

The biggest word and somehow the most futile to us is security. The balance sheet is all against such a thing. We "can make a living" for today only. If and when the inevitable comes and we can no longer work we'll have to go to our children to live. We dare not look backward to yesterday when security meant so much less than pleasure—still I should hate to have security at the expense of pleasant memories. I wouldn't want security and stupidity.

Not long ago I received a letter telling me a boyhood friend had died. Only two years older than I. I wonder if he left his widow a competence. I wonder if he had enough saved to pay for the privilege of dying.

A majority of us in these little places have reached the age where we can turn the pages of the family album without laughing. The hair is a little thin, though not so thin as the barber predicted at age sixteen when he tried to sell us that course of hair treatments. We are interested now in the stomach bitters interlude that splits *When You and I Were Young Maggie* from *Wicked Wiggle Rhumba* on our national hookup.

For relaxation at the end of the day we are contented to wind the clock, put our teeth in a tumbler of water on the bathroom shelf, and rest our wayward arches beneath the covers at the sign of the gong. Our women, of course, are much younger—God bless whoever invented rouge and lipstick.

Don't get the idea that we are laying down on the job. We are still fighting for that fuller, richer life and we ain't dead yet. We may not win but we can continue to mop up the place. We can make a living. One of us, even, more energetic perhaps than the rest, may forge ahead. He may force his little business into a big establishment or maybe it will grow into a chain of such places while the rest of us still stretch out calloused signs toward the highway and tell ourselves while we wait for taps to sound: "I knew him when—" #

Only a movie camera gets it ALL

THE wild rhythm of tumbling surf—wind-blown spray, tossed through the air like handfuls of diamonds—the laughing play of girls and boys as they run, leap, dive through the big breakers—how can you get it *all* with anything but a movie camera?

Use a movie camera for *action* pictures. You'll get a wonderful thrill when you see one of your own movies, for the first time, on your home screen.

You'll realize how motion makes pictures come alive. Just a touch—and your baby begins to laugh and play, clouds start sailing across the sky, trees blow, water rushes . . .

You're not looking at pictures any longer, you're looking at life itself.

Eastman's finest home movie cameras—Magazine Ciné-Kodak and Ciné-Kodak "K"—make it the simplest thing in the world to take movies.

FULL COLOR KODACHROME

These 16 mm. cameras give you either black-and-white or color movies. For full, vivid color—just load your camera with Kodachrome, Eastman's wonderful new color film. No extra equipment.

Drop in at your dealer's—let him put these cameras through their paces . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

1. CINÉ-KODAK "K" is the world's most widely used home movie camera—it's so simple, yet so fine. Results are clear—brilliant. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and as your skill increases, responds to every exacting demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f*.1.9 lens, $112.50; including case, $125.

2. MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK loads in 3 seconds. You don't touch the film. It comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover and shoot. Effortless loading is only one of six new features in this remarkable pocket-size movie camera. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including carrying case, $137.50.

The Poet Pays

Continued from page 90

eyelid, arched brows, lips slightly parted). Below the face would be discerned a negligé shirt, open at the throat, with the collar worn outside the suit-coat, and a cravat (*not* a necktie, please) tied in an enormous bulbous knot and transfixed with a cameo stickpin the size of a half-dollar. To complete the last noisome detail, the shirt-cuffs were rolled back over the coat-cuffs. (See photographs of Walt Whitman at his most Whitmanesque.)

I had by this time arrived at the stage where I wanted to have my poems published. "Wanted" is not the right word. "Yearned" would be better, or "desired fiercely."

An amateur poet seeking to have his poems published puts a bloodhound to shame for sheer tenacity to quest. There is no ego to equal a mediocre poet's, unless possibly a mediocre actor's. His verses are his worshipped darlings, his supremely cherished possessions.

With countless tears and sighings he has wrought them, and he thinks they are just about the greatest things in all the history of literature. He longs to Give Them To The World.

There are not, in this country, very many magazines devoted exclusively to the publication of poetry. But there are more than you might think. Little feverish groups of enthusiasts, all aglow with poetic fervor, band together in Hemlock Junction or Mooselake Crossing and all chip in toward the publication of a poetry magazine.

A good many of these poetry magazines are run single-handed; one man (or woman) is editor, publisher, distributor. Wonderful names these publications have: *The Winged Horse, The American Poet, The Sea & The Dunes, The Protean, The International Quarterly of Verse.*

The first poem that ever I submitted for editorial consideration was called, if I remember rightly, *Chimes.* It began with a masterly delineation of Nature Snowbound—trees a-glitter with icicles, snow drifted athwart the wheatfields, bushes exquisitely rimed. (If you don't know what "rimed" means, you are not a poet. It means "covered with hoar frost," is found in all Poetical Dictionaries worthy of the name, and comes in extremely handy in writing poems about winter.) Then, having described my locale, I told of how I had wandered through the silent snowbound scene, and had suddenly heard, from far away, the peal of the Sunday chimes. After that, the theme became exceedingly metaphysical and abstruse, and I am sure I could not understand it today even if I could remember it. I considered this one of my greatest triumphs, for the special reason that everyone to whom I had read it it had pronounced the last few stanzas to be unmitigated gibberish. It was too subtle for them, the meanings were too delicate for their crude matter-of-fact understandings.

I sent *Chimes* off to a magazine called *The Parnassian Eagle.* (That was not its real name, but for all I know it may still be in existence and its editor may be touchy.)

For all of my affected nonchalance, I was tremendously excited. Would it be accepted? For, should it be, I would then be a *real* poet. Oh I was very much agog indeed.

At that time I knew practically nothing about literary affairs or magazines or editors.

As *The Parnassian Eagle* was located on R. F. D. in a small town in Arizona, it took quite a long while for me to get a report on my manuscript. It was a time of agonized waiting. I continued to riffle my fingers carelessly through my long hair, and toy with my stickpin with pale tapering hands . . . but there was a tremendous turmoil going on inside me. *Would* I turn out to be a real poet? — a published poet? Finally a letter came from *The Parnassian Eagle.* I tore it open, and read something like this:

Dear Mr. Devoe:

I am delighted with your poem entitled, *Chimes.* It is one of the most beautiful and one of the most expert poems that has come to us in a long while. We want to publish it in *The Parnassian Eagle*, that thousands may read it.

We have had to make a rule to publish only the poems of subscribers to our magazines. I know you will understand this. In this way, you see, each poet plays a vital integral part in the life of *The Parnassian Eagle*, and also we are enabled to print only poems by poets who have shown themselves sincere.

The annual subscription is $3.00. We trust that you will lose no time in enrolling yourself as one of our Poetic Fraternity, that we may publish *Chimes* with the least possible delay.

Cordially yours,
The Editor

Ten minutes after receipt of this letter, my check for three dollars was in the mail, winging its way to join *The Parnassian Eagle.*

It did not impress me as curious that the check should be travelling from Devoe to Eagle, instead of from Eagle to Devoe, which is an adequate commentary on the Poetic State of Mind. The only thing, in fact, which impressed me at all was the fact that my poem was going to be published; thousands were going to read it; an editor had given his opinion that it was a masterpiece.

I plunged into poesy with new zest. I wrote *Winter Scene in Dorset* and *Spring Scene in Avignon* and *Summer Scene in Montclair, N. J.*, and my hair grew longer and longer, and my friends became fewer and fewer.

I sent *Impression de Mer* to *The American Poetic Quarterly*, and they accepted it, and asked me for four dollars, and I paid it in a delirium of delight. *Portrait of An Ancestor* was hailed by the editor of *Beautiful Verse* as the finest thing he had read in forty years, and he accepted six dollars from me to print it. I published poems here, there and everywhere else. The ripping sound of checks being torn out of my check-book became practically a continuous buzz.

And then—Oh delight of delights!—the Anthologists got after me.

Practically every mail brought me letters like this:

The *Atlantean Anthology of Verse* is now in process of compilation. It will be a representative selection of the best American verse of the past ten years. The Editors of the *Atlantean Anthology* would like to include one or more of your poems. Inclusion of your work in this anthology will establish you definitely as a poet.

For ten dollars you can have one page in the anthology; two pages for fifteen dollars; three pages for twenty dollars. Rates for more than three pages given upon request. Send your poem, or poems, with remittance, to the Editor today.

Sometimes I took only two pages; usually it was five or six. The editors of the *American Anthologies* passed along the good word to their European confreres in the racket, and I began to hear from anthologists in England, France, Italy. I was becoming internationally famous. I was also going rapidly broke but I didn't notice it. I was a Poet. An Established Poet. I took to writing all my manuscripts in bright green ink on onion-skin paper, with the notion in the back of my mind that it would make a very interesting item for my biographers. I cultivated an exceedingly delicate and highly peculiar script, modelled on the handwriting of the late Oscar Wilde. I cannot be positive about it, but I think I occasionally addressed my dwindling male friends as "dear boy."

Every now and then I sent poems to the better-known magazines . . . *Delineator, Woman's Home Companion, Poetry, McCall's, Ladies' Home Journal* for serious things, and *Life* and *Judge* and *The Saturday Evening Post* for my humorous compositions. They inevitably came back to me with rejection-slips, in about forty-eight hours. Even this caused no light to dawn upon me. I would toss my rejection-slip from the *Atlantic Monthly* into the waste-basket with a contemptuous pooh-pooh, and salve my ego by sending a sonnet (with check to *The Gilded Swan*, secure in the certainty that it would be accepted and printed.

One day I received a letter from a firm that wanted to "bring me out" in a Collected Edition. They wanted to garner all my published works and print them in book form.

They sent a representative to interview me on the subject. He had no trouble at all in persuading me that I had nothing to lose by financing such a venture. The whole project would cost me but a hundred dollars. I reached for my check-book, and the deal would have been clinched on the spot, but . . . it crept into my Poetic Consciousness that I did not possess a hundred dollars. In my character of dreamy genius I had never given very careful attention to keeping my accounts in order, and consequently my check-stubs told me nothing. I asked my interviewer to excuse me, and I went in the other room and telephoned my bank. I asked if I had a sufficient balance to cover a check for a hundred dollars. They said, no I didn't. They said, in fact, that my balance was only three dollars and eighty cents.

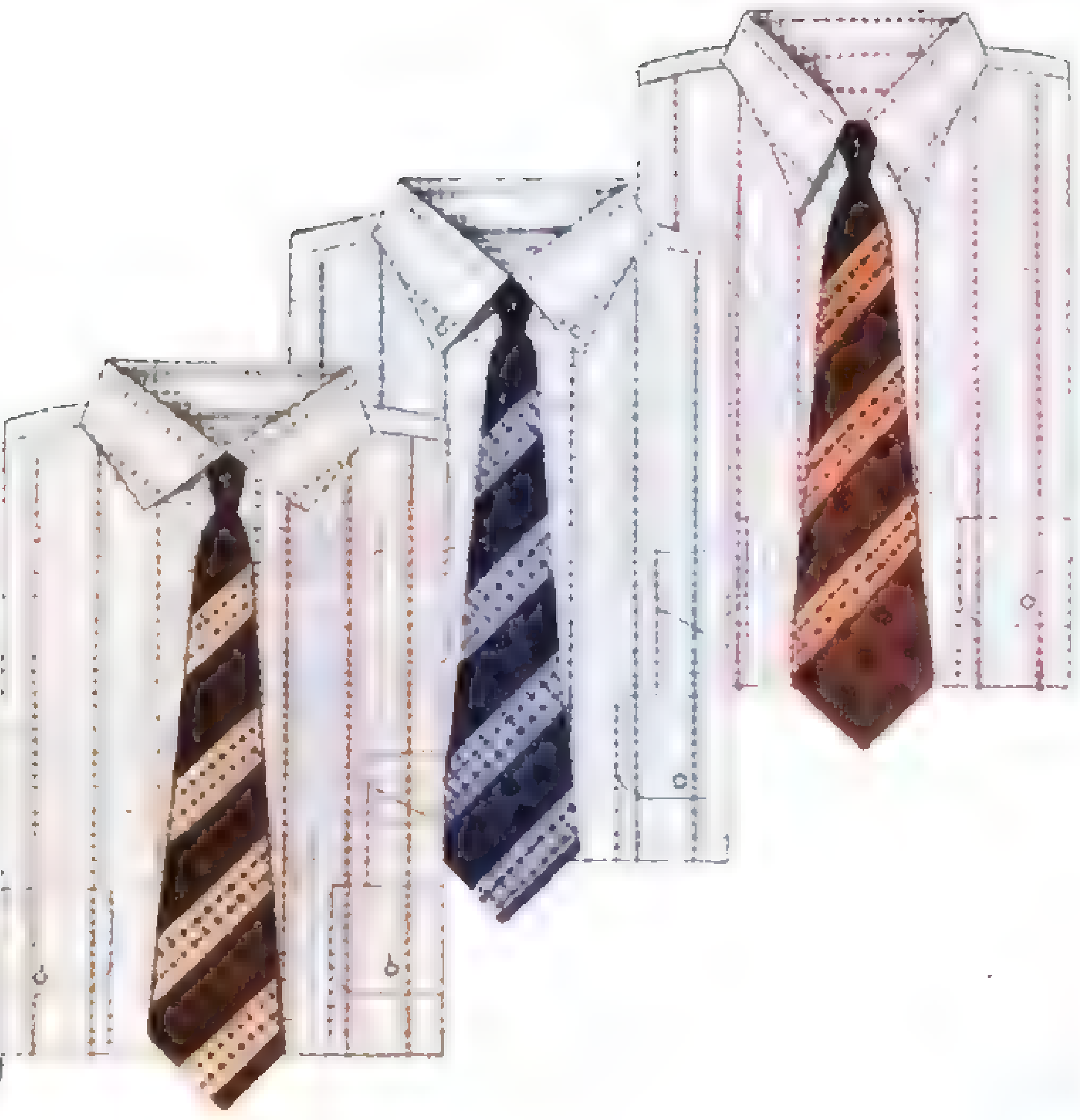
I came back to the interviewer, and told him to go away.

The higher they ride, so it is said, the harder they fall. My fall was absolutely dizzying, and I landed on the hard ground of Reality with such a prodigious thwack that it seems as if it must have made an audible noise. I was stunned but not for very long.

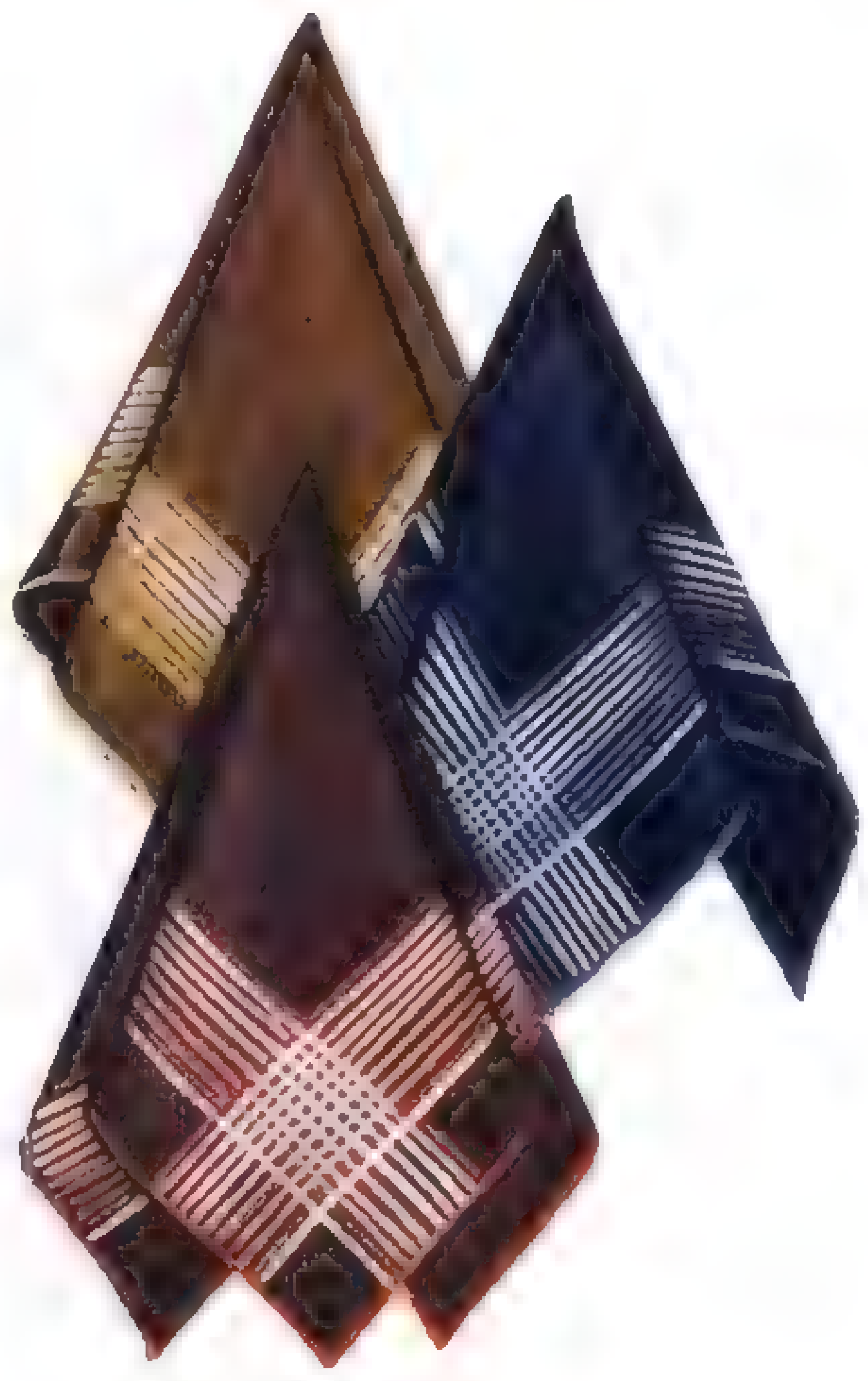
When the whirling mists had cleared away, I seized my ponderous scrap-book of poetry-clippings and retired with it to my room. I took a pencil and paper, and turned the pages of my scrap-book slowly, computing what it had cost me. When I finally closed the book and added up the total, I was a New Man. There was a flinty and definitely un-poetic gleam in my eye; and my pale tapering hands were clenched in purposive fists.

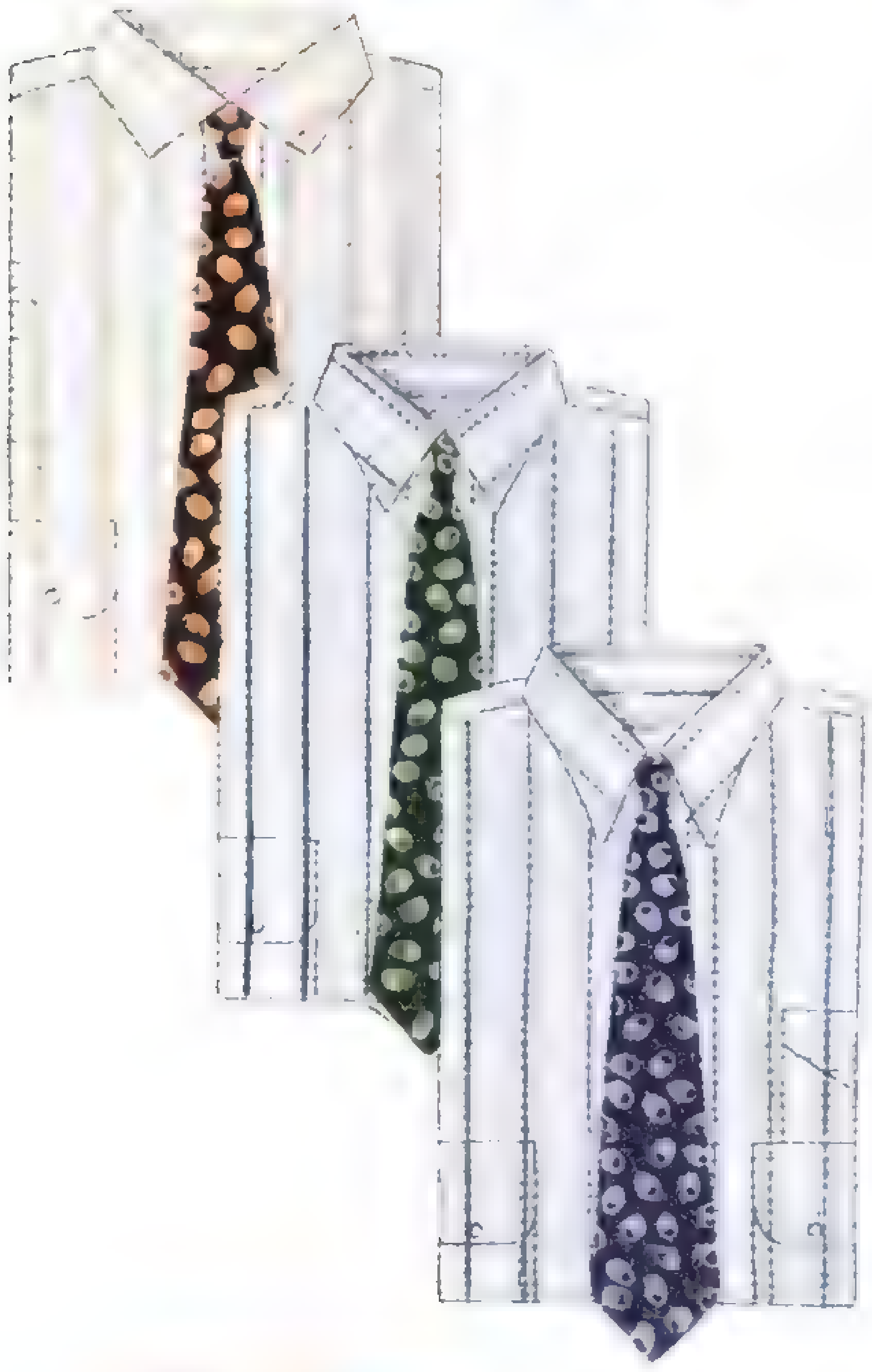
I went into a barber shop and said I wanted my hair cut. "Not only cut," I added, "cropped." The locks and the side-burns gone, I came home again and went down the cellar and disposed of my poetry scrap-book in the furnace. I removed my negligé shirt and put on a pullover sweater. If there had been prize-fights in our town, I would have liked to attend one. I have not written a line of verse for a number of years.

A good many people have inveighed against the "racketeering" poetry magazines and anthologies, which make the poet pay to get his contributions printed. To me, they are one of the greatest Agencies for Good that we have. I owe them a debt of gratitude which I shall never be able to pay. #



Arocool—a new mesh-weave fabric with the happy faculty of keeping you cool and smartly dressed at the same time. Sanforized-Shrunk. An Arrow style.—\$2. Arrow Ties \$1.

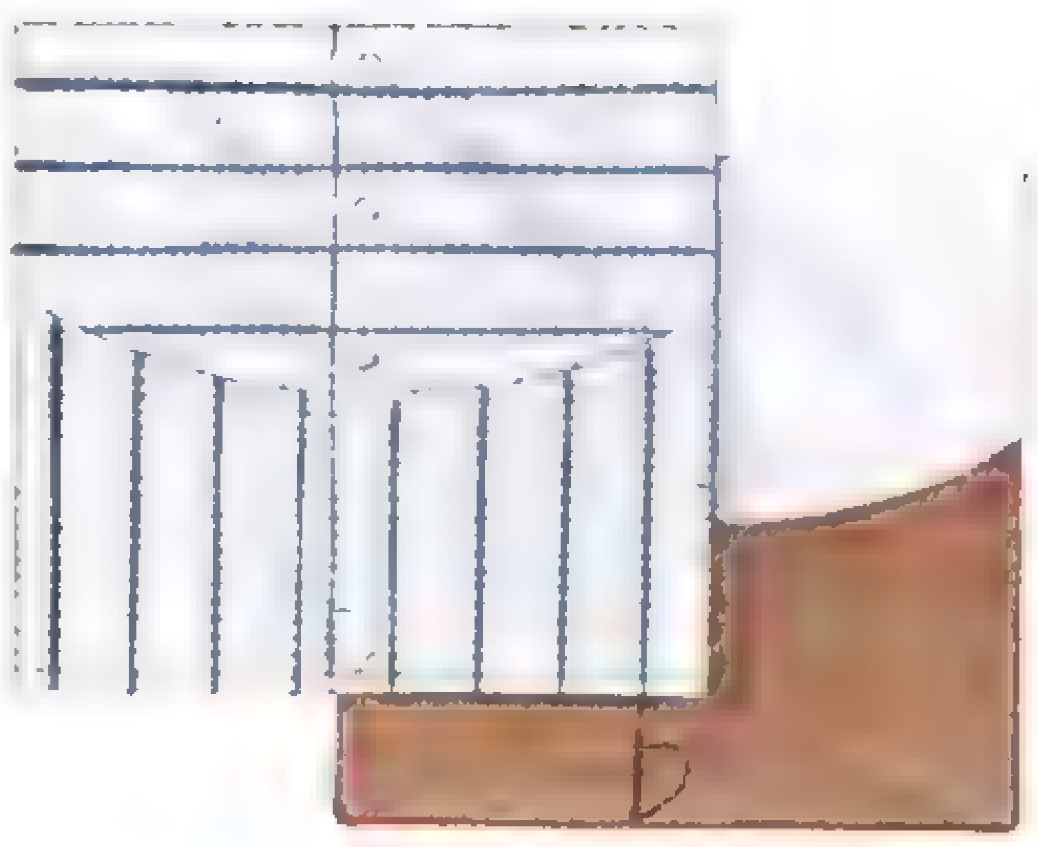




A tip to dutiful families:
Sunday, June 21st is Father's Day

Three more versions of the cool Arocool. Also comes in over-the-head sport models—long and short sleeves.

The Arocool motif in Arrow Handkerchiefs. Good-looking—35¢.



Carrying the cool idea to Arrow Summer Underwear. Arocool and Tropictone Shorts.—Sanforized-Shrunk Arocool 65¢—Tropictone \$1.—

ARROW
SANFORIZED SHRUNK
SHIRT
WITH
ARROW COLLAR

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

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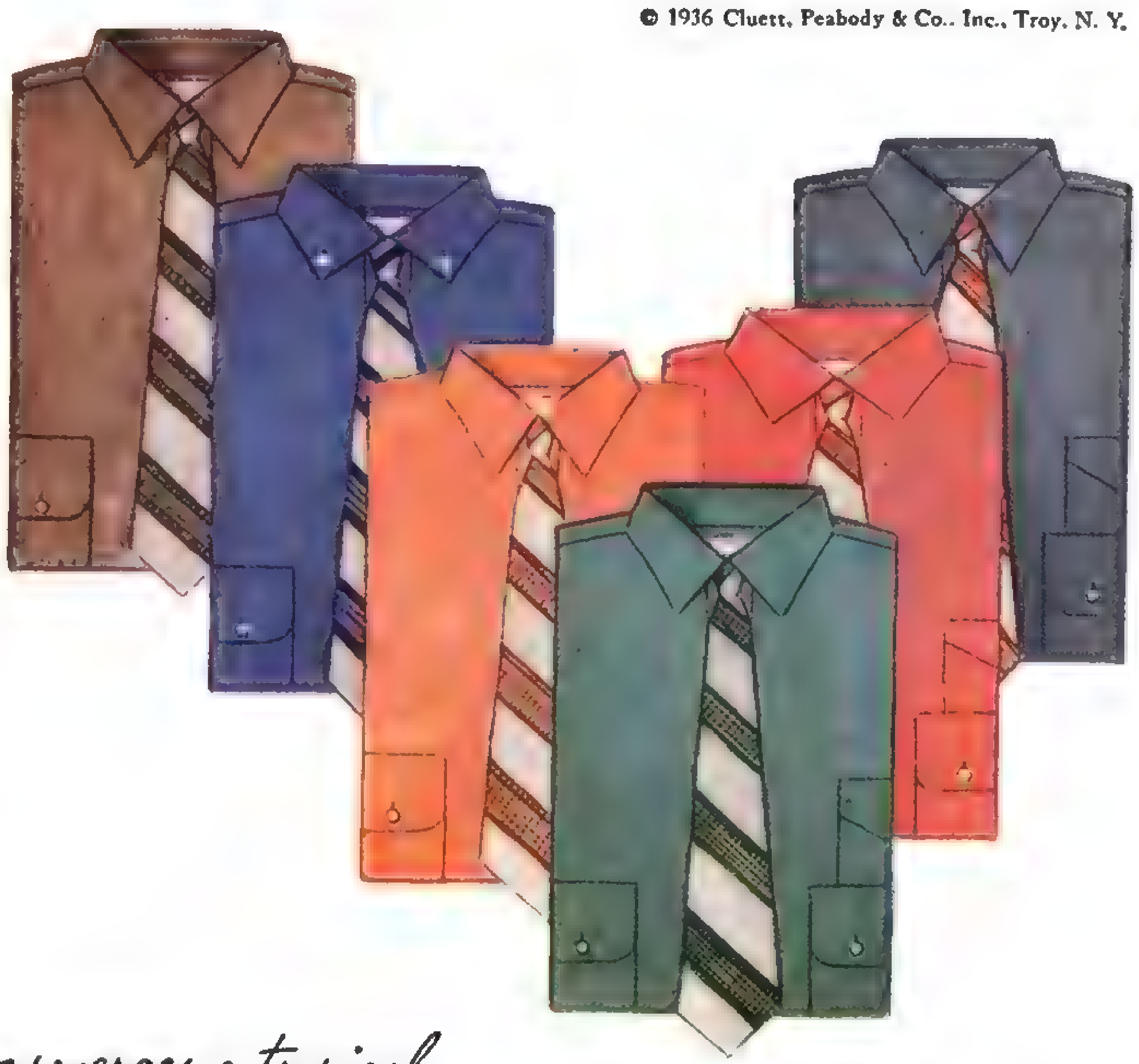
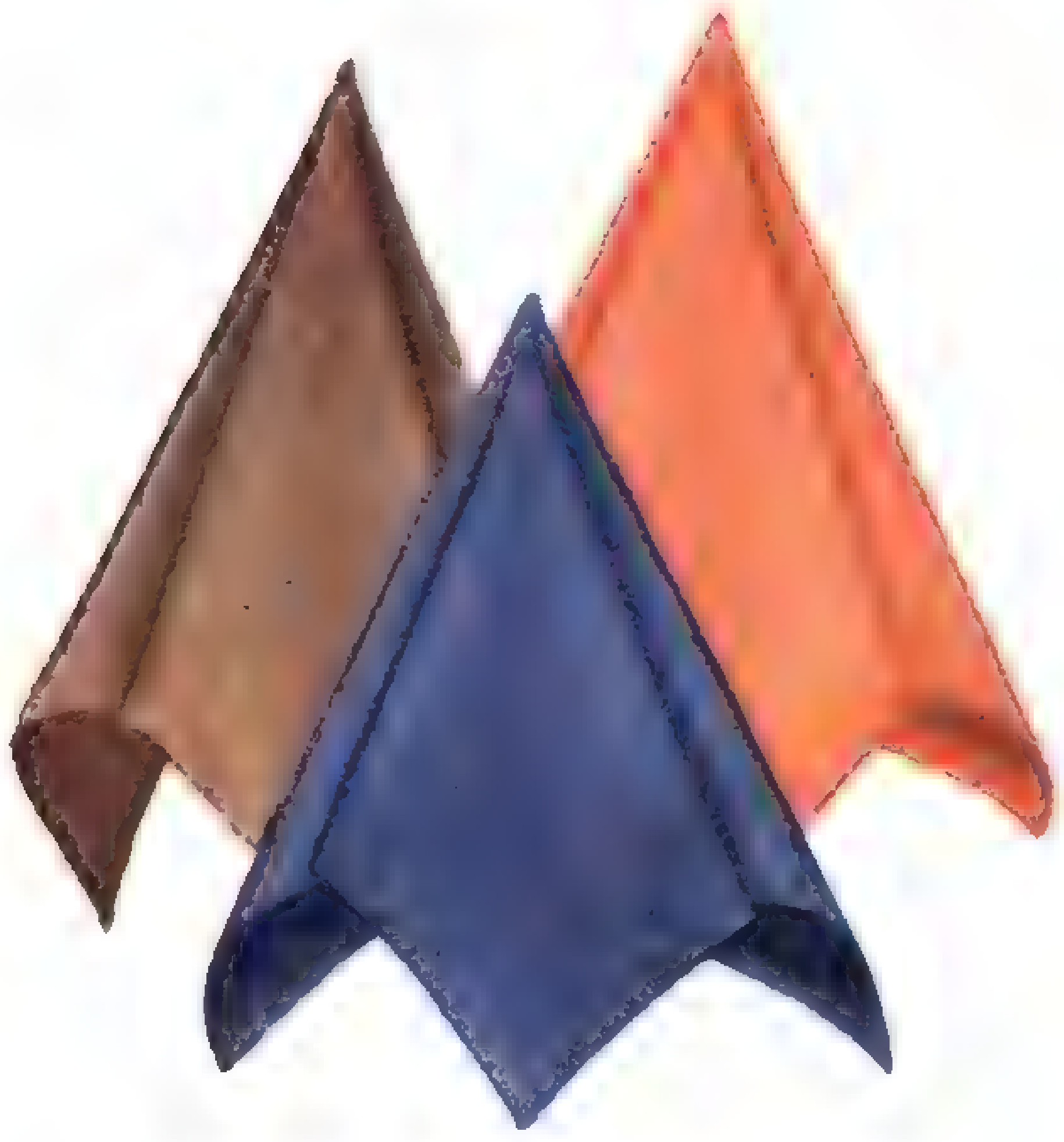
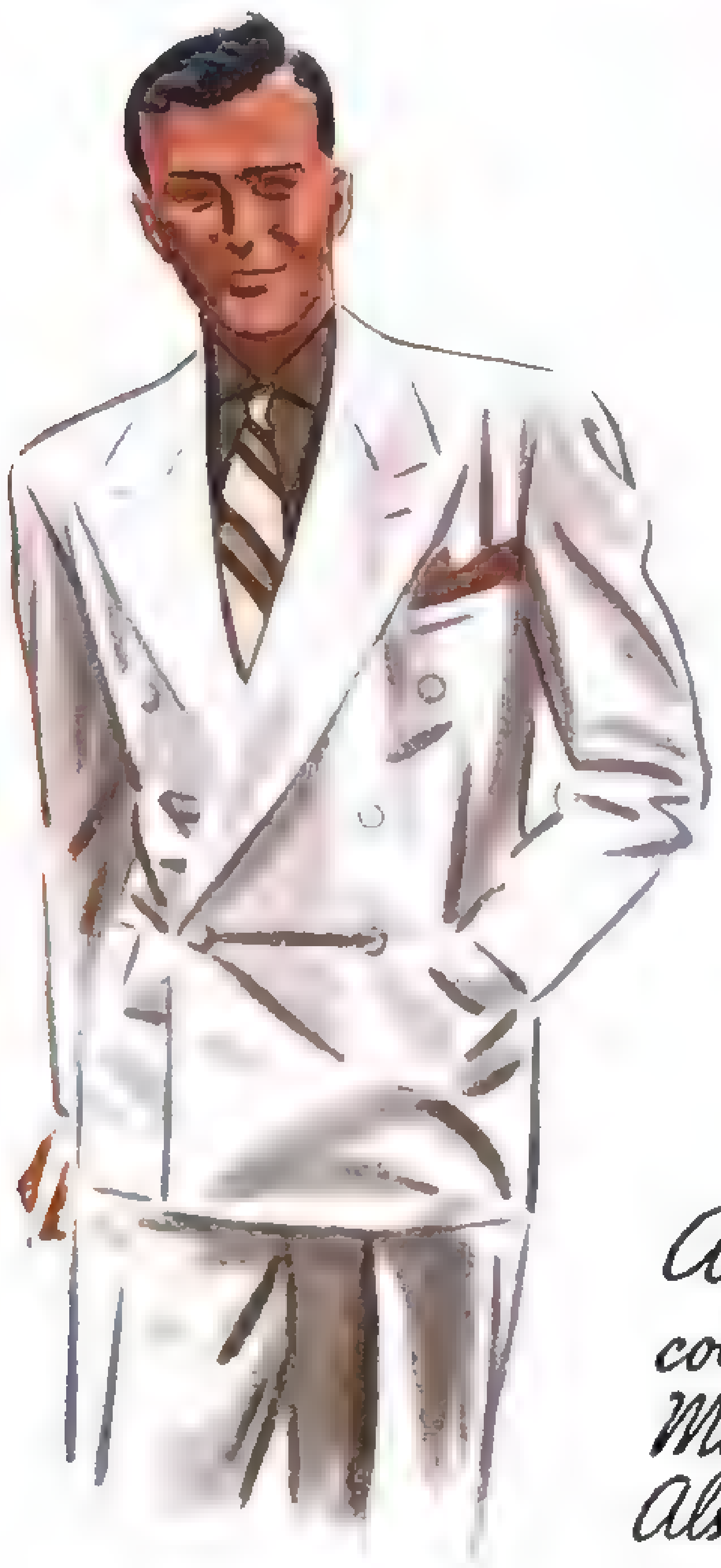
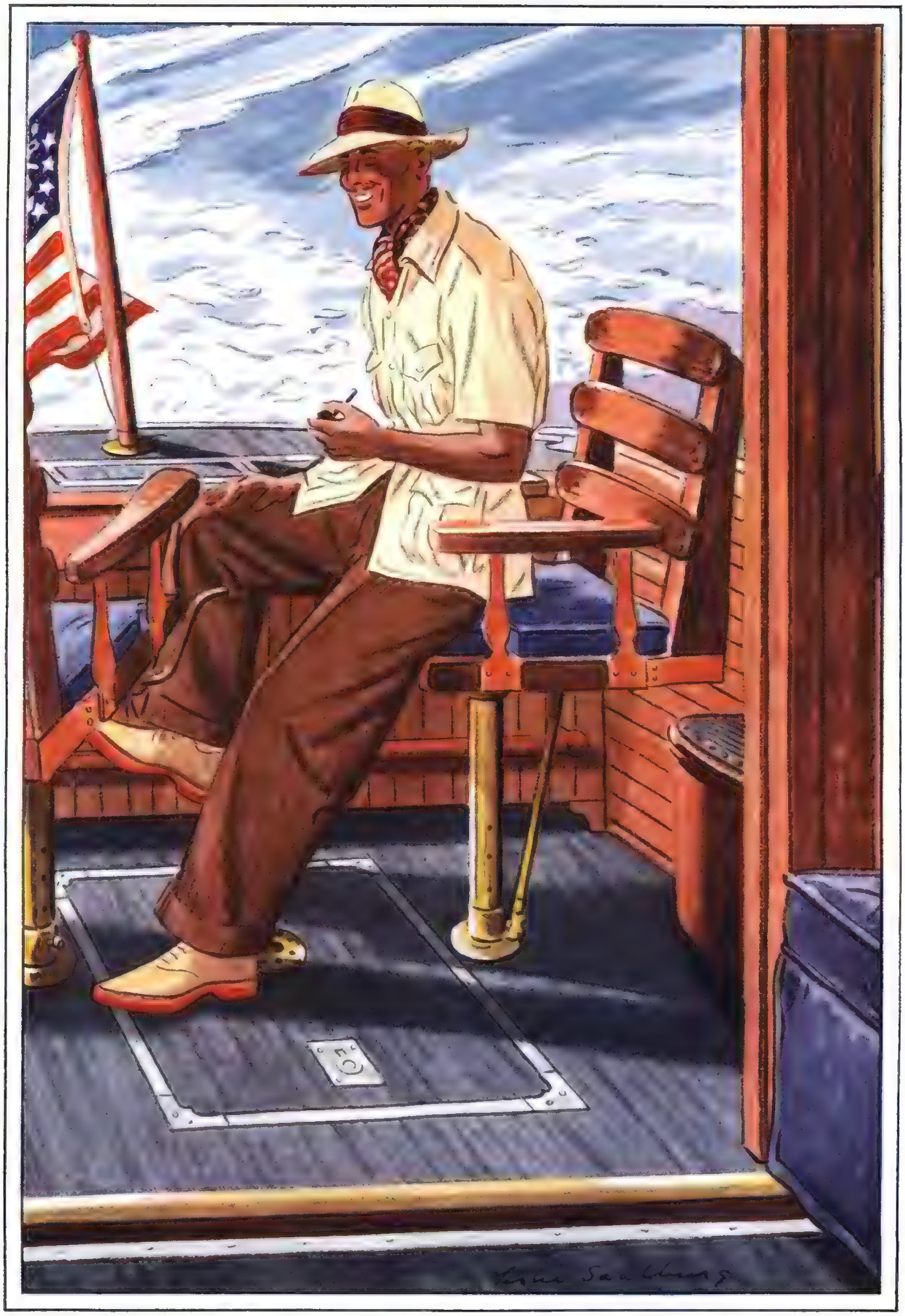






Matching Tropictone Handkerchiefs—35¢
Tropictone Ties (at right) \$1.—Both Arrow.

Arrow merges a tropical color with a comfortable fabric. The result Tropictone. Makes a handsome contrast to your light summer suits. Also comes in over-the-head model with long sleeves \$2.50



PIPE THE BUSH SHIRT AND JIPPI JAPPA HAT

ALTHOUGH the scene happens to be the business end of a small fishing cruiser, this outfit is not indicated as a specific for deep-sea fishermen, but as the last word in general vacation knockabout wear. The hat is the Jippa Jappa originally worn by planters at Jamaica and now newly introduced by way of Nassau. It has a fairly wide brim which serves as a sunshade and the weight of the hat as a whole is hardly more than that of its cotton puggree band—this is one of the lightest hats there are. The shirt is identical in model although not in fabric to the African bush shirt worn by explorers and British army officers in tropical climates. It is made of a fine poplin or sailcloth and is always worn coat-style outside the trousers. The slacks are of a very light weight cotton corduroy. These were very popular at Palm Beach last winter. So were the yellow reversed calf unlined shoes with red rubber soles and heels.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Women in Court

Continued from page 61

matter of routine only, will elicit a torrent of prejudicial verbiage. Once, in a New York court, an Irish woman testified for the state in a murder case. Purely as an introductory matter, counsel for the defense very courteously asked:

Q. Do you say, Mrs. Thompson, that you heard the sound of three blows?
A. Oh, thim blows! thim terrible blows is it you're asking me about. I could hear the villain as he laid them on with his shillalah. I could hear the poor pithifull groans of her, and she so suffering. 'Twas awful, them groans! Holy saints, 'twould make your blood run cold!
Q. Stop! Stop!
A. Ah! stop is it your asking of me? Ye can't stop me 'till Oi've had me say to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God. I says to me daughter Ellen, says I, 'The horrid baste is afther murtherin' the poor thing,' says I, 'Run out and get an officer!'
Q. I object to all this, your honor!
A. Ah! Ye objec' do ye, ye spalpeen! Shure, an' ye'd have been afther objecting if ye'd heard thim terrible blows that kilt her—the poor sufferin' swate craything! I hope he gets all that's comin' to him—bad cess to him for the blood-thirsty divil he is!

No wonder a certain Detroit lawyer once said, "Always cross-examine a woman with your armor in good shape and your visor down, otherwise, you may be the most seriously wounded when the combat is over."

After Francis Wellman had published his text *The Art of Cross-Examination*, he had occasion to cross-examine a woman as to the rate at which a car had been travelling. Wellman believed that the fair witness was exaggerating, so he followed his own advice and tried to get her to increase the exaggeration to a point of ridiculousness.

Q. And how fast would you say the car was going?
A. I could not tell exactly.
Q. Would you say that it was going at ten miles per hour?
A. Oh, fully that.
Q. Twenty miles per hour?
A. Yes, I should say it was going twenty miles per hour.
Q. (With a significant glance at the jury). Will you say it was going thirty miles per hour?
A. Why yes, I will say it was.
Q. Will you say it was going forty?
A. Yes.
Q. Fifty?
A. Yes, I will say so.
Q. Seventy?
A. Yes.
Q. Eighty?
A. Yes.
Q. (Leaning triumphantly forward) One hundred?
A. (With an arch smile) Mr. Wellman, don't you think we have carried this joke a little too far?

A woman witness in a divorce case testified that her son had worked on her farm since the time he was born. The attorney for the other side naturally reasoned that it was impossible for an infant to work on a farm and, hence, that the witness was lying. He proceeded to cross-examine with that hypothesis and put his questions in blustering fashion.

Q. Do you mean to tell the court that this boy worked on the farm even when he was a baby?
A. Yes.
Q. (Pounding the table) Will you tell us what work this babe did on the farm when he was one year old?
A. (Calmly) Yes, he milked.

Even the finest of cross-examiners run into trouble at some time with a woman witness. Sir Edward Carson experienced difficulty with a woman who was supposed to have committed adultery and was named as corespondent in a divorce action. The husband had been trapped in her bedroom in the usual compromising position and Sir Edward made much of the fact that, at the time, the errant husband's boots had been removed and were reposing dutifully under the bed.

Q. D'ye think, madame, it was right of you to allow this man to take off his boots in your room?
A. Certainly, Mr. Carson, they were wet.
Q. But, madame, consider, he is a married man.
A. I know that, but what difference did that make to his feet?
Q. Madame, you're trifling with the court.
A. No, no, Mr. Carson, please don't say such unkind things.
Q. Madame, I'll again ask you to remember that he was a married man and you were a single woman.
A. I know all that, Mr. Carson, but I still can't see what that has to do with his boots.

It can be readily seen that this cross-examination was anything but helpful to the barrister's case. Eventually, he was forced to give it up, a bitter and, certainly not, a wiser man.

At the trial of Bruno Hauptmann, two very important cross-examinations of women were scheduled. One was with Mrs. Anne Lindbergh and the other with Betty Gow, nurse of the kidnaped child, who had been brought back from Scotland for the occasion. The defense attorneys waived cross-examination of the former. As the press explained their attitude, they felt that she was dangerously near to a breakdown which would have prejudiced the jury against the defendant. Also, they could learn nothing from questioning her that they could not have obtained, with less risk, from her husband. Betty Gow, however, was sharply cross-examined by Edward Reilly and many interchanges occurred, of which the following is an example:

Q. Isn't it a fact that you came here recently from Scotland to testify in this case?
A. I came to see justice done.

The trial of Haywood Patterson, in Scottsboro, furnishes a classic example of a combination of many womanly qualities which appear in cross-examination. Victoria Price was the star state's witness. She and her girl friend had bummed it with two white hoboes. She freely admitted having had what, in polite circles, is known as intercourse with them. She told a detailed story of having been raped the next day, on a railroad gondola, by Patterson and several of his companions. Her cross-examination by Samuel Leibowitz was a conglomerate demonstration of every treacherous and obstinate characteristic that women possess. Bitterly, she resisted all attempts of the examiner to probe into her story and expose its many contradictions. From the very start, she showed snarling defiance and refused to answer simply and courteously put questions. On direct examination, she had testified that she was twenty-one years old when the alleged attack had occurred. When asked if it was not true that she was twenty-seven at the time of the trial, she shot back, "I ain't that educated that I can figure it out!"

Craftily, she fell back, time and time again, on the excuse of her lack of education and her faulty memory. When confronted with obvious inconsistencies in her story, she said that she "disremembered because it's been two years ago." At times, she went so far as to refuse to answer questions, appealing to the court for protection. When cross-examined about the details of how she had resisted the Negroes while they were perpetrating the rape, she turned to the presiding judge and said, "Judge, your honor, I have answered four times and I ain't gonna answer no more!"

Probably, a great deal of her ignorance was pretended, for, when Leibowitz said to her, "You're a little bit of an actress, aren't you?" she countered readily enough with, "You're a pretty good actor yourself!"

The lawyer had built a model train with a small gondola and other cars to show the setup of the entire incident. When confronted with this, she seemed to sense a trap and she stared vacantly at the model. Feigning complete ignorance, she said, "The gondola I was in was much bigger than that thing!"

Every cross-examination of women does not result in victory for the unfair sex. Sometimes, the conduct of a woman has been such that the cross-examiner may press her to the limit and still create no sympathy in her favor. Gene Hunter was indicted by the Illinois Grand jury for robbery. The evidence showed that, acting together with Albert Weissbaum, she had hailed a Yellow Cab and, at a convenient time, had pressed the gun against the cabby's back and had taken both his money and his cab away from him. With true gallantry, Weissbaum pleaded guilty. At the trial, he came to the aid of his fair accomplice in framing the rather foolish story that she had been an accessory because he had threatened her with violence.

In this case, the state's attorney had ample material for cross-examination. He did not hesitate in using all of it. He proceeded to show, by her own reluctant admissions, that she was married, had separated from her husband, had, from time to time, registered with Weissbaum in hotels, as man and wife. On direct examination, she had given her age as eighteen. But the cross-examiner showed that, at a previous trial, she had testified that she had been twenty-three years old. Under pressure, she admitted to having been drunk a number of times, just how many times she could not recall. Things began to look so bad for her that she fell back on the time-worn, womanly expedient of weeping prettily into a dainty, lace handkerchief. Then the State's attorney took a long-shot. Sarcastically, he commented on the show of emotion and said, "Weep some more and try to befuddle the jury with crocodile tears!" The jury was extraordinary in that neither tears, nor shapely legs, nor feminine helplessness could keep them from doing their duty and they promptly found her guilty.

It so happened that the conviction was reviewed by the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. The principal contention made in her behalf was that she had been denied a fair trial, because of the prejudicial cross-examination. The comment of the court on this point was a complete vindication for the State's attorney, "A defendant who has led a profligate life cannot assume an attitude of virtue when placed on trial for a crime and prevent the state from showing the prof-

Continued at top of page 138

Women in Court

Continued from pages 61-137

ligacy of the life of the defendant."

The women who are bested by cross-examiners are rare but, when they do fall, they fall ignominiously. Whether it be from lack of education or from a lack of feminine traits, some women are defeated when cross-examined by intrepid lawyers who decide to disregard the jinx. At the instigation of her mother, a young servant girl in England set up rape procedings against her master. The mother testified for the state, to the effect that, promptly, after the act of intercourse, the daughter had complained to her and had shown her a chemise ripped in the struggle. This was important testimony because it counteracted the insinuations of the defense that the alleged rape had been performed by common consent of the parties and for the mutual benefit of all concerned. The mother was cross-examined on this theory, with the thought in mind that these so-called rapes may have been a source of additional revenue for the servant-girl.

Q. When your daughter told you the details of the attack, what did you say?
A. Say? What could I say?
Q. I suppose you were very angry, weren't you?
A. Of course I was.
Q. But what did you say?
A. I asked if her master had given her anything.
Q. Meaning money?
A. Of course.
Q. What did she say?
A. She said no.
Q. What did you say to that?
A. I said,'More shame for him, then he certainly ought to be locked up!' and the next day I sent for a policeman.

The usual woman witness would have finished the lawyer in a situation like this. As soon as she had been asked, "When your daughter told you the details of the attack, what did you say?" she would have proceeded to tell the jury, without leaving out an iota of information, and in no uncertain terms, and all that sort of thing, just what she had said. And it would have included an encyclopaedic denunciation of masters who took advantage of servant girls, in general, with particular emphasis on this one in particular.

It must be understood that these successful cross-examinations of women are not the rule but the exception. Lawyers still shy from cross-examining women. They have been burned too often. It is no wonder that, in the trial of Mandeville Zenge, in Chicago, the defense passed up its opportunity to cross-examine Mrs. Louise Bauer, widow of the victim, and the prosecution waived cross-examination of Mrs. Alice Zenge, the aged mother of the defendant. The lawyers were unwilling to undergo the risk of cross-examining a woman and coming out second best. They may have felt that only a muted woman was a safe woman. They may have felt with Josephus, that Moses was right. #

The Secession of Jethro

Continued from page 116

you invariably brought up a handful of muck squirming with tadpoles and other forms of marine life; consequently, the accepted technique was to crook the elbows at an acute angle and stroke furiously not more than six inches under the chest. A few scattering sandplum bushes did their dubious best to screen the horse pond from the farm dwelling, but Mrs. Kerrigan apparently had little faith in this modest gesture of nature. She always compelled her daughters to go around on the other side of the house and hull peas while a bathing party was in progress.

But this was digressing. . . .

For some months after their removal to the East, the Kerrigans made a generous attempt to be neighborly. One of the steel baron's blooded Jerseys, who despite her aristocratic ancestry was inclined to be less aloof than her sisters in Jethro's presence, often browsed near the Kerrigan line fence. Always a great hand with animals, the sage of Poobah cultivated her acquaintance with an occasional handful of beet-tops or a few wisps of fresh alfalfa. Eventually the two became admiring friends, and Jethro—ignoring the fact that in her own pastures the personable Jersey was referred to, after the fashion of a blast furnace, as Number 2-A—affectionately called her Carrie in memory of his great aunt.

As the summer dwindled away, it became apparent to the Oklahoman that Carrie was in a delicate condition, and one day when she failed to appear for her morning beet-tops Jethro hustled across lots to the lactorium. It was as he suspected. Carrie was in the midst of her confinement—attended by two veterinary physicians and three anxious dairy farm lackeys all trigged out in antiseptic white uniforms.

"I found out later," Jethro said to me shamelessly, "that the pains come on so fast there wasn't time to get her to the hospital."

As a matter of common courtesy my Poobah friend asked if he could be of any help, but one of the attendants merely swept his vulgar blue overalls with a reproachful glance and turned back to the ceremonies without answering. After this rebuff, Jethro says, he hovered around only long enough to see whether the announcement cards would be pink or blue.

Down the road a piece lived a silk garment magnate who, like the misguided Penner of the period, went in for ducks. His meticulously manicured acres also boasted a vegetable garden, a dozen or so honeydew vines under glass, a microscopic vineyard and a field of wheat about the size of a tablecloth. The owner was extravagantly vocal about his agricultural achievements.

"The good old terra firma," he was wont to announce with hearty joviality, "is man's best friend. My farm is my most profitable investment."

Mildly dubious, Jethro constructed a hypothetical financial statement for his neighbor's farm, balancing the probable earnings of the ducks and honeydews and other fauna and flora against the salaries of a $3,000-a-year superintendent and two assistants. The result led him to surmise that the brassiere-and-panty tycoon, in figuring the profits of terra firma, used the same helpful if somewhat occult mathematical formula that Mr. Farley employed in totting up the 1934 postal surplus.

One mid-winter day when the superintendent of the duck farm was vacationing, the owner ordered his second man to turn out the flock to forage on the banks of the creek. If the unwisdom of this is not apparent to my readers, I can only point out that while the rounded chassis and webbed feet of a duck equip it admirably for swimming, it has no gadgets for skiing. That is one of the reasons, incidentally, why God arranges for wildfowl to go south for the winter season. At any rate, when about dusk my Oklahoma friend happened along the lane bordering the underwear man's estate, he found the water-going poultry in sorry distress. Their feet frozen tight in the congealing slush, the birds were anchored fast.

"I hope"—Jethro glared at me as if I were the offender—"that Tugwell regiments that fellow down to about a duck and a half." (Although the disturbing apparition of Mr. Tugwell long since has been retired from the front pages, it then stalked the Middle Country, frightening otherwise tranquil citizens half out of their wits.)

It was the wife of the psychiatrist who, having read a book on bees by "a Belgium named Maeterlinck," installed a few hives so that her children, by observing, might learn lessons of industry and self-reliance. When she discovered that in captivity the little creatures required more shepherding than a first-term congressman, she was justly indignant—at Maeterlinck. And when at length her whole apiary was overtaken by an incurable disease and the county farm agent ordered her to dispose of the bees, Jethro swears that she dispatched the chauffeur to town to buy three new fly swatters.

In time Jethro thinks he might have learned to be indulgent toward these and other whimsies of the white-collar farmers—if it hadn't been for the barbed wire hostilities. Most of his neighbors, it appears, were "fox-hunting maniacs." And when Jethro strung barbed wire—which in his home state is considered a Christian institution—around his clover field, there was hell to pay.

A delegation waited on the Oklahoman and asked him to replace the wire with rails. Mr. Kerrigan stated reasonably that he wasn't Abe Lincoln and knew nothing about splitting rails. The committee pressed its point. Mr. Kerrigan quoted Patrick Henry on liberty, Jefferson on states' rights and reviewed the more important provisions of the Bill of Rights. The delegation was firm. Mr. Kerrigan took an eloquent oath before the Almighty to defend his fence with his dying breath and started to the house to get his shotgun. . . .

After that, Jethro complains, his fox-hunting neighbors treated him like folks down in Texas—where he was born—used to treat Republicans. Instead of passing the time of day when they met him on the road, they stared at a point approximately seven miles northeast of his left shoulder.

It is only recently—since his change of venue back to Oklahoma—that my Poobah friend has been able to figure out the sociological importance of the fox hunt. When he lived in the East it always looked pretty silly to him for a whole county to dress up fit to be buried and take out hell-bent after one fox. During the past few months, however, he has been watching a Federal made-work project near Poobah, and he notes that it is entirely possible to use six men and two foremen on one posthole digger. Fox-hunting, he now suspects, was devised by some early brain-truster to space out work for folks who had been thrown out of employment by their money.

Nowadays, when you manage to get Jethro to talk at all about that Eastern sojourn, he is prone to conclude by saying that he thinks it would be "lovely" to have a week-end place in the city and manufacture pig-iron or lingerie as a hobby. He might even rent himself a nice plush office with a lot of buzzers and try his hand at being a psychiatrist.

"It must be wonderful," the sage of Poobah sighed yearningly, "to tell folks they're nutty and get paid for it." #

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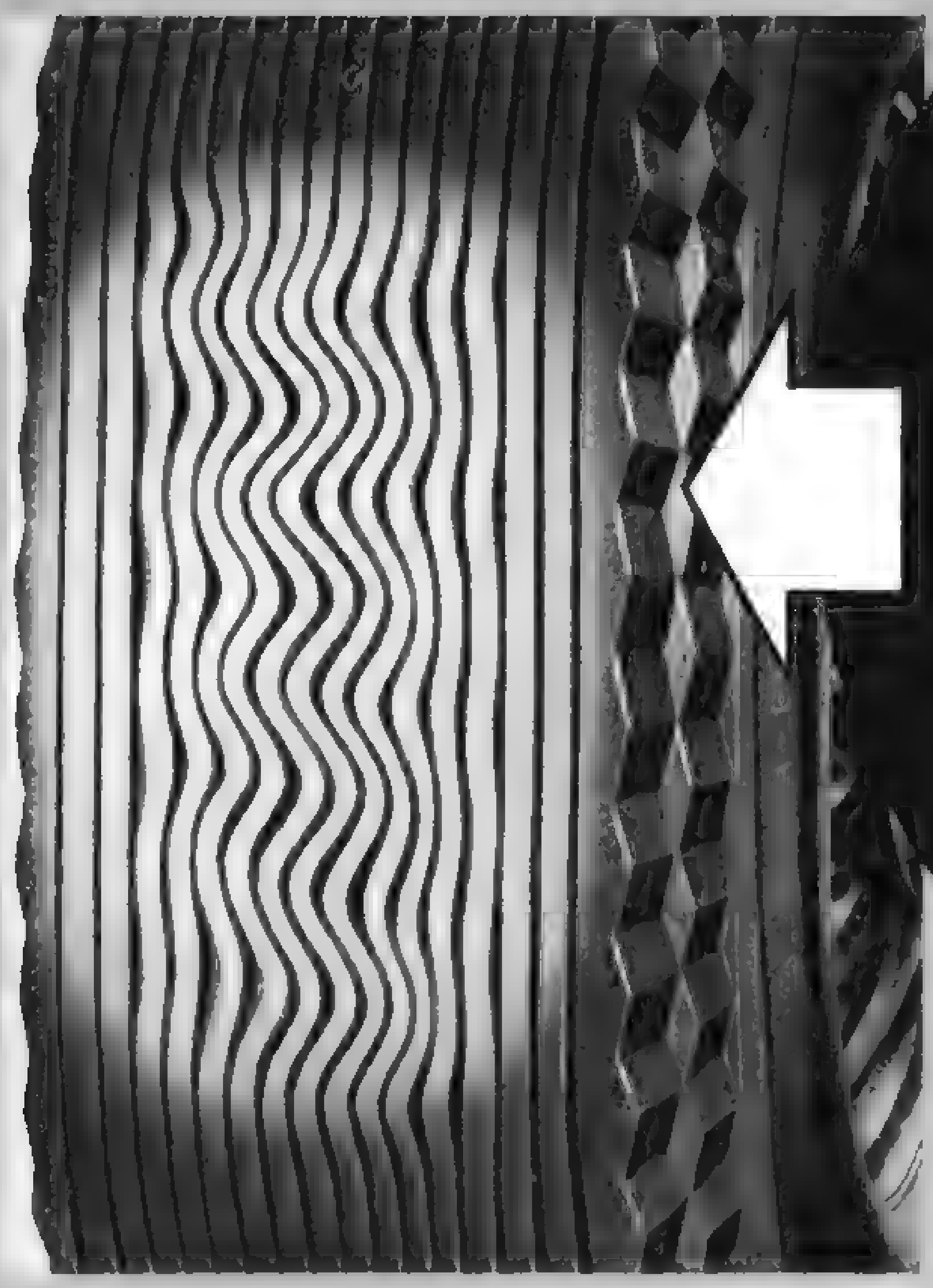

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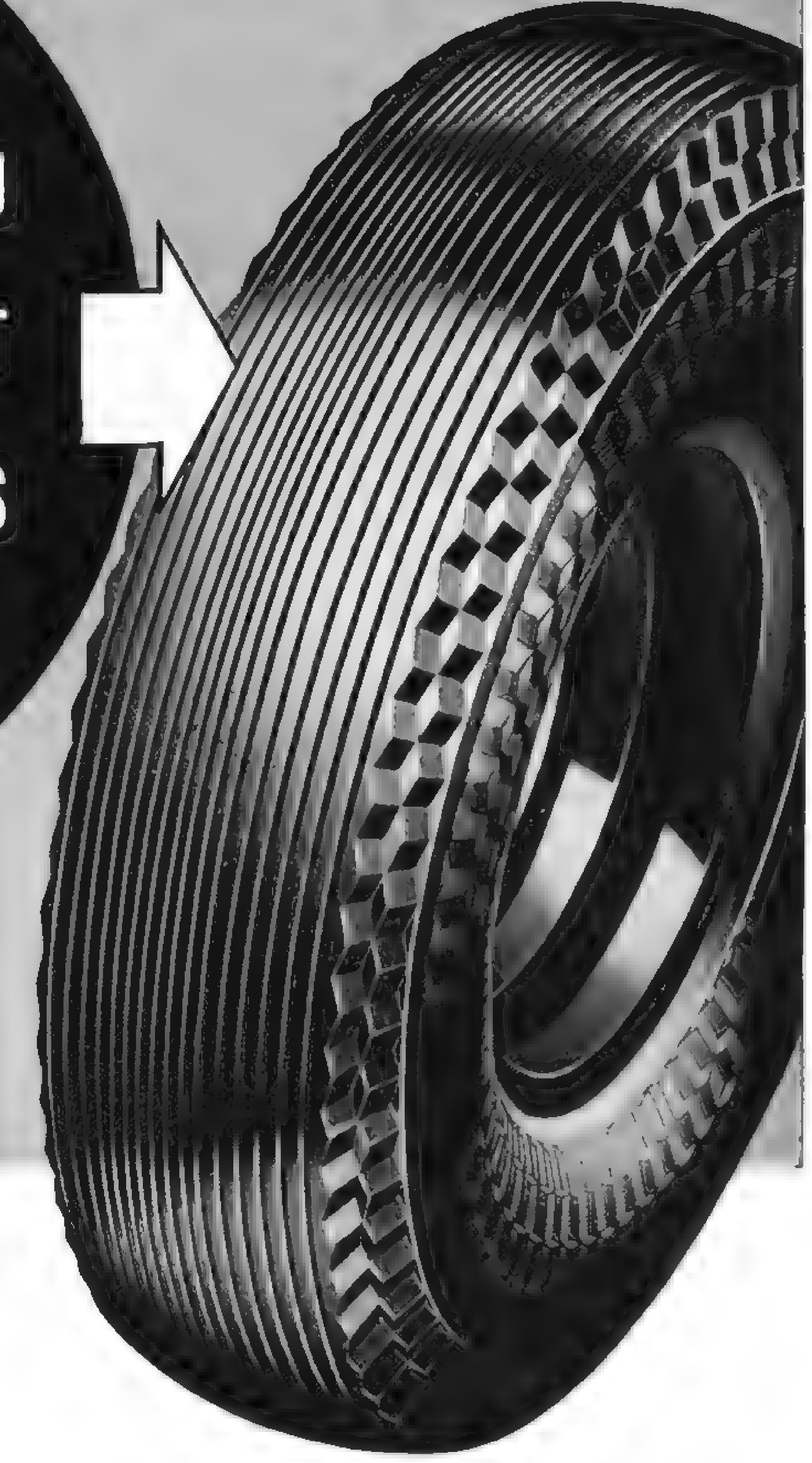

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THE NEW
GENERAL *Dual* 10

Field of White Poppies

Continued from page 81

still, the fact that she was hoping for something was as plain as the blunt little nose on her dark narrow pretty face. And her hope kept growing all the time, till her big eyes filled with a radiant light that made me fairly itch to know what in hell she was getting so happy about?

"Her man had got into action now. He'd gone to a corner of the cabin and lifted a couple of boards from the floor. From the hole beneath he lifted up a heavy canvas bag and squatting down he poured out on the floor a whale of a pile of silver dollars, 'Mex,' and some gold and paper bills. And he counted it. As she watched him, she didn't seem to breathe at all. At last he finished, put the money back in the bag and tied it tight. Then from that low shelf on the wall he took something I hadn't seen before, a steamship circular in Chinese; and after looking that over awhile—with the girl's big excited eyes watching him still—from the shelf he took one of those books. And I saw it was a medical book. And from it he took out what looked to me like a college catalogue. This, too, was in English. What the hell? Then he looked slowly up and his eyes met hers—and hers grew suddenly brighter still! And then very quickly, without a word but so damned happy she wanted to shout, the girl went out and left us! It was after sunrise now and I saw her squat down outside the door. I could stand it no longer. I had to know! By his face I guessed he had finished his thinking and might be more ready to talk. So I asked:

" 'Where did you get those medical books?'

" 'I was a student of medicine.'

" 'Where?'

" 'In one of your mission schools—at Tien Tsin.'

" 'Why did you leave it to come up here?'

" 'I wished to go to a medicine school in your country—a great famous school—I wished to go there with my wife. For that we needed much money—and for that we came up here.'

" 'Do you own this land?'

" 'I do. It belonged to my uncle. Now it is mine.'

" 'And you have been raising opium here.''

" 'I have been.' I smiled at him.

" 'For a man like yourself,' I asked, 'who means to make it his life job to cure disease, is it right to be selling death to your country?'

" 'I do not sell my opium here. I take it to a dealer in Mukden. He sends it to your western world.'

" 'Death for us.'

" 'No—sleep,' he said. 'And you need sleep. I saw that in the war.'

" 'What war?'

" 'In France. I was a boy—a stretcher bearer. At field stations I heard men wounded scream for morphine day and night. Morphine comes from opium. You need it. You will have more wars. And even in peacetime you need it, too. From France I came home through your country and stopped with some medicine student friends in New York—and I saw how the life in that great place, so crowded and fast it is almost insane, drives people by thousands to hospitals, to sick beds and the surgeon's knife. They, too, need my opium—so I am not ashamed of my work. I give sleep to a world gone mad with wars and cities—sleep and wings to the souls of men—so that they can fly away.'

"As he spoke he looked to me like a man under a powerful spell of some kind. Dope perhaps? And so I asked:

" 'And yet you do not take it yourself?'

" 'No—I do not need it,' he said. So it must be the spell of his job, I thought. And I asked him about that:

" 'How do you get this juice from the poppies?'

" 'In each one I make two small cuts with a knife. The juice drops into a paper collar around the stem beneath the flower—two or three drops in a day and a night—but thousands of drops from thousands of poppies. I gather them all and boil them down in alcohol to a thick paste.'

" 'A long slow job.'

" 'Yes,' he said. But he loved it. You could tell by his eyes.

" 'How long have you been here?'

" 'Nearly eight years. The Mukden dealer pays me little. To get so much money has been slow—much slower than we thought when we came.'

" 'I think your wife in all these years has grown to hate these poppies,' I said. He smiled at me slowly and replied:

" 'The Sleep they give is close to death and my wife hates it. She is young. She thinks they put a spell on me. Brides of Death, she calls them—and they are so beautiful she thinks they have become for me like concubines. It is not so. But she is young and she loves life—and she fears these poppies will hold me here until some day I shall be killed by soldiers of the war lord. So now a long time without any talking she has been wishing to take me away and to go to your country to New York. And now the time has come for that. I have not yet the money I wanted but it must be enough for us. Now we must go.'

" 'Because you cannot trust me not to report your little farm. But if you own this land I shall be able to help you more than you know.' He looked at me quickly.

" 'What do you mean?'

" 'I am a mining engineer. I have come into these hills looking for coal for my company. And I have found it—millions of tons. This poppy field has coal beneath. So I'm ready to buy your land from you for more than all the money that I saw you count last night.'

"A flash from his eyes was all that showed his excitement over what I had said.

" 'Thank you. I shall sell,' he replied. All at once he got up and went to the door and stood looking out as though saying goodbye. I stood by his side. Slowly he turned and smiled and said: 'It will not be so beautiful when there is a coal mine here.'

"I couldn't deny it. In the light from the rising sun, those tall creamy flowers, so deadly and still, were even more lovely than before. 'Concubines is right,' I thought. But the girl who had hated them all these years sat silently smiling at them now, as though their spell were broken at last. And by the light in her big black eyes you could see she was set for that trip for New York! A few hours later I went away. I met him in Mukden the next week and bought his land. Then they went to New York. I have never heard from them since."

* * *

Soon after the engineer finished his little yarn, a Chink trainman came running along the embankment waving to us to get on board. And with a long yowl from the locomotive, the train moved up the valley, leaving behind the desolate darkness and that one small twinkling light. #

The Jessingham Ghost

Continued from page 93

corner of the room and gave a groan.

Persis looked round and said Why who are you How did you get in here? And then she said Why you're the one! Yes said Lady Elizabeth I am the Jessingham family ghost. O yeah? said Persis Then get ready to do your stuff for if you're not out of here in three seconds I am going to throw this glass at you. But Lady Elizabeth just smiled in a superior way and said As you will madam. So Persis threw the glass and it went right through the ghost and smashed on the wall and Persis stared for a moment and then flung herself at Edward and clung to him with her nose in his neck. So Edward didn't think that he had to do anything and he just clung back.

Well this isn't getting us anywhere said Lady Elizabeth and if you will listen to me a moment madam. So Persis shuddered a little and then Lady Elizabeth went on and explained to her about her position in the Jessingham family and the haunting code and so on. And she said I gather that my young descendant wants to marry you and I wish you to know that I have no objection to you. O haven't you! said Persis taking her nose out of Edward's neck Well I have to you. Why she said we could never be alone together with you popping in at all hours of the night. You'll soon get used to me said Lady Elizabeth. O no I won't said Persis for I am not going to marry a man who can't even go to bed without having his greatgrandmother in the room. For that's what it amounts to she said. It is one of the burdens of high lineage said Lady Elizabeth. Then somebody else can bear it said Persis for *noblesse oblige* is all right but it has no place on a honeymoon.

Well Edward went back to town and he was pretty glum and why wouldn't he be? But there must he said be some way of getting rid of that old hellion. So he went home and thought. He wasn't used to thinking and it gave him a headache but he kept right on and finally an idea rose to the surface with a plop. And that night he went out and got thoroughly boiled and picked a fight in a restaurant and hit a waiter and then he tied a napkin around his head and called the faithful to prayer from the top of his table. And when he got home the next day after paying his fine he put a compress on his eye and went straight to bed.

Well he was worn out and he slept right through dinner time but a little before midnight he woke up. And there was Lady Elizabeth and she was smiling at him. It was the first time he had ever seen her smile. And she said Bravo my boy a true Jessingham. Eh? said Edward. You reminded me so much last night of my dear husband she said. Or even of Fulk fourth Lord Jessingham. He used to beat up the watch regularly once a week. Eh it reminds me of old times. But Edward gave a groan and turned over and closed his eyes.

But just the same he didn't give up hope and he thought some more. And he realized that he had been a fool to think that he could discourage Lady Elizabeth by scandalous behaviour. If she had been a middle or lower class ghost with middle or lower class standards it would be easy. But the Jessinghams had always been gentlemen and there was practically no limit to what he could get away with. Even crimes were no good. He would gladly commit murder to get Persis but he was sure that Lady Elizabeth would warmly applaud a good murder. After all she had been murdered herself. And rape theft and arson were perfectly consistent with her standards of

Continued at top of page 142

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The Jessingham Ghost

Continued from pages 93-140

gentility. He might plot treason against the king but there wasn't any king handy and if he plotted against Mr. Roosevelt he felt sure that with her reactionary medieval ideas she could only approve. Certainly a blot on the scutcheon would drive her away but he realized that it was going to be some job to put a blot on his family scutcheon that would stick. *Noblesse oblige* my eye he said It ought to be *Noblesse excuse*.

Well it took him a week to think of something but he did finally. It came to him all at once one evening as he was starting out to dine with Mrs. Hamerton Giles. And he went back and changed his white tie for a black one and then he thought a few minutes and took off his black shoes and put brown ones on. And then he went and borrowed something from the elevator boy. And then he went.

Well it was a large dinner party and quite a high-grade one too for Mrs. Hamerton Giles was a social climber who had recently arrived and so all her guests were irreproachable. And so when Edward appeared they all even Mrs. Hamerton Giles who was a lady by conviction if not by birth behaved as if nothing dreadful had happened. The drawing room was like a dungeon of the French Terror when the jailer arrives to tick off the condemned for the day.

They were all quiveringly aware of Edward but they went right on with their talk as if he didn't exist. And Mrs. Hamerton Giles gave him a cold nod and slipped out to change his place at table.

Well this wasn't much fun but Edward was determined to do the thing right and so at dinner he committed as many small solecisms as possible. Of course he didn't whoosh his soup or tuck his napkin under his chin or eat with his knife for then he would be in danger of becoming a gentleman again. It is difficult to steer the middle course that constitutes complete vulgarity. But he twice used the wrong spoon and he wiped his face with his napkin. And between courses he picked his teeth. He had decided against that at first but then he thought if he did it behind his napkin it was the thing to do.

Well the whole dinner went on that way and nobody even looked at Edward though he had known most of them for years. After dinner there was music but Edward waited only long enough to blow his nose just as Madame Pellagra was reaching for a high one and to compliment Mrs. Hamerton Giles loudly on the beauty of her curtains which he called drapes and then he went home.

About an hour after he got there Lady Elizabeth showed up. She didn't say anything. She just hovered in a dark corner and looked at his shoes and at his tie and there was so much horror and disgust in her expression that he almost told her the truth. For after all she was his grandmother a couple of dozen times removed. But he thought of Persis and hardened his heart and he took off his coat and sat there in his shirtsleeves. And he had on pink sleeve garters. And Lady Elizabeth began to flap and shake as if she was hanging on the line in a thunderstorm and then she gave a terrible deep groan and vanished.

Well Edward waited a week because he wanted to be sure. But Lady Elizabeth didn't come back. So he went out and told Persis and she said O K and the next month they were married. And Lady Elizabeth who had been present in the form of a small white dove at the wedding of every Jessingham for nearly 500 years didn't come. And then Edward was sure that he had got rid of her at last. But he hadn't. For when Edward George Jessingham VII was born she came back and began haunting him. But Persis didn't care any more. #

Strings on a Box

Continued from page 125

Perhaps the most pathetic aspect of the whole business is in the naive, wistful want-ads that appear regularly, saying "Stradivarius violin for sale cheap." And the woeful letters that come in my mail. Some one has discovered a Stradivarius and is at last forced to sell it. It happens at least once in every family.

So just hang on to your pants and your blood pressure, and put up the receiver quietly when your maiden aunt calls up to tell you that in the attic she has discovered in a worn old case a violin which says inside "Stradivarius—1704." She undoubtedly has. For every student violin that has been made to sell for $6.95 with bow and rosin and chin rest thrown in, has securely pasted in it, a label bearing the words: "Stradivarius—1704." It, like virtually every cheap violin made, is an exact copy of the grand pattern Stradivarius—and of course must carry the name. Those that aren't Strads are false hope-raising Guarnerii.

Don't lose your collar button either if you see other old violins with "Cremona" and the 1680's or 1720's on the label. An old violin, like an old book, is not always of value simply because it is old. Many violins made in Cremona 200 years ago have little value, no more than do moth eaten, yellowed books that bear the date of Shakespeare's time.

Another interesting fact to be remembered is that the great Cremona violins sold during the lifetime of their makers for princely sums, relatively much higher than a Steinway today. Also that the art of violin making was not lost over night. The violins made in Cremona by Stradivarius' pupils were not as good as those of the master, but they were more than a cut above those of Vuillaume, who was a century closer to their secrets than we are, but who failed to duplicate them although he was the most assiduous and skilled of all those who ever spent a lifetime in copying them. With the aid of Tarisio, the uncannily gifted discoverer of old violins, he hornswoggled the best violins out of their Italian owners for a song and then made a fortune out of reselling them. They brought such fabulous prices not only because of their tone but because as an *objet d'art*, few things can well compare with them.

Some of the Amati and Stradivarius sets of violins were made for court use—made to the order of kings and princes. An old violin is more perfect in form than the Venus de Milo, and the beauty of its varnish is indescribable.

Helmholtz has said that if the human eye was sent to him by an ordinary maker of optical instruments he would have returned it as having too many faults to be the ideal thing for its purpose. But before the violin even the most critical scientist bends his knee. From whatever point of view one considers it, as artist, connoisseur, or engineer, it is matchless.

A physicist was called to design an instrument of a certain size and shape that would be ideally fitted to produce the most perfect tone conceivable, and to use the minimum of structural material to the maximum of physical strain from the tension of the strings. After years of research and experiment he was not able to produce anything better than the violin.

It sings so purely because it is a physical body of the most harmonious inner adjustments.

"In this respect it differs notably," points out Ernest Newman, "from its cousin the viola, the characteristic complaining tone of which comes from its having a secret sorrow. Like most secret sorrows that are romantically supposed to be spiritual in their origin, that of the viola comes from poor health; the strings put more strain on the wood than the latter feels to be scientifically fair. Hence the viola is in a condition of constant querulousness; it cannot enjoy life as it would do if only its tissues were in better working order."

Even the cheapest violin must be of strong physical construction if it is to live at all in the hands of the violin pedagogues or their perspiring pupils. Almost as much chicanery exists in the teaching of young violin prodigies (every student expects to be a Heifetz or a Menuhin shortly) as there is in the training of the human voice.

Silly superstitions have rooted themselves into the business until almost nothing comes out but pawdy pash. Among the hundreds whose classes are distinguished by the appellation, master, there is a confusion that would put Babel to shame. They rant and pad the exercise book with fingerworkings. They have never seen a boy who didn't have a talent for the violin. They are the kind who would teach their proud mothers to suck eggs.

They, like the great Joachim, help to make over what nature hasn't accomplished well, that is to pour out every pupil into a mold that is the image of themselves. Joachim had a long arm and forced that method natural to him on every pupil irrespective of his size or shape. Lesser teachers feel it their prerogative to do likewise. And why shouldn't they?

If you want to get it all down read the book *Violin Mastery*—a series of interviews with the great and near-great from Ysaye to Toscha Seidel. No more glaring contradictions could be gathered between two covers. Leopold Auer will give you quietly a method without secrets. Heifetz tells you of the danger of practicing too much. He would! Elman of life and color (mostly color) in interpretation. And Kreisler of Personality in Art. You'll read of high wrists and low wrists and stiff wrists: of playing ascending passages on open strings and descending ones with the fourth finger; of shifting or sliding; of fingered octaves; of short bows and long bows; of hammering strings down versus pressing them; of staccato versus legato. There'll be some (the Germans, always difficult) who'll say: "Think of your wrist!" and others (Americans, probably) "Think of your Adam's apple!" And then the French (with true sagacity) "Put your mind where you touch!" Who doesn't?

And then, there's all about the vibrato (produced by making your finger-tips shimmy) somewhere badly described to be "like the incidental music in a movie when the villain is about to appear." Anyway, it's the life in the tone, and few violinists today will play even a short note without some semblance of a vibrato.

If you finish all this, conceivably you'll want to know something of the great obelisk-hunters—the violinists themselves—but that's an even longer story. #

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I Am Going Home

Continued from page 63

and knew quite a little theory and had taught himself harmony and composition.

He was on the street and had his first warm meal, in days, a half hour later. The price appalled him. He had sold a calf for less than he had to pay for a small piece of veal that left him hungry. The bread tasted good but was not very filling. It was the first time in his life that the price of food interfered with the satisfaction of his hunger. At home he had never thought of the money value of food. Something was either very good or it wasn't. Still he was in Paris. What worried him was the look in the eyes of the people when they noticed him sitting at a little table. Their eyes made him conscious of his clothes. They were fine and well made, but they weren't like the clothes the other men wore. His beautiful shirt, with the finest silk embroidery on the upstanding collar and on the cuffs, embroidery as only his mother could make, aroused smiles. One of the waitresses, a buxom girl and not at all unappetizing, leaned over to examine the cross stitches in blue and yellow silk thread made by his grandmother on the cuffs and the lapels of his best black broadcloth coat.

"It's fit for a museum, *parole d'honeur*," she said and called the cashier to look at the great work of art.

Their attention made him miserable. Before nightfall he had bought himself ready made clothes and shoes and shirts and ties.

It was long after midnight when he returned to his little room after a first day in Paris, and sat up to reckon what he had spent and to count what he still had. A third of all the money had gone on new clothes. One other third had to be saved for rent money for six months. One third of the money he had brought to Paris, was left for food. Remembering what he had paid for his first meal, he had enough only for a few weeks. He couldn't possibly get a cheaper room. The one he had was poor enough. His dog at home was better housed. But his dog wasn't in Paris. He wasn't desperate, Anton. He was perplexed. But he slept well. He had had a full day.

The following morning he spent some money on a tin pot, bought ten pounds of lentils, a pound of salt and one huge black rye bread, the kind eaten by the peasants in Auvergne and sold in Paris to those of Auvergne who had become rich in Paris selling coal and ice, and longed some time for a taste of bread from their own county. It was a sour bread, but lasting and filling. There was a little pot stove in his room. For a few cents a day he could cook his food and keep himself warm. For one franc (twenty cents) a day he could feed himself. Lentils were very nourishing. He should want some books but that didn't bother him much. He would spend some money from his return fare, and when the time came, since it would be summer, he would walk to the French border and take the train from there.

Within a week he had enrolled for enough courses to keep him busy the whole day. He ate a large plate of lentils early in the morning and two plates in the evening. His stomach was always full. But after the first few nights, standing outside the opera house, and outside brilliantly lit cafés was unpleasant and meaningless. In another week he noticed that his new clothes were shabby and ill-fitting. The sleeves had a habit of rolling up to the elbow and the trousers bulged away at the calf of his leg. In his trunk were comfortable clothes, well made, ample, and of good material, but he dared not wear them on the street, though they were fit for a museum.

After the first enthusiasm had worn off he realized that the great philosopher, the professor of the Sorbonne, was doling out wisdom in small doses. Bergson's lectures reminded him of the restaurant where they had served a little piece of meat, no larger than his hand, on a huge platter garnished with little nothings floating in a brown sauce. Bergson didn't talk like his father, from the depths of his being, anxious to impart to his sons everything he could give them. Anton left the class as hungry as he had left the restaurant. The other lecturers, philologists, psychologists and geographers too didn't tell everything they knew. The other students seemed satisfied to add every day a little more intellectual baggage, but Anton had come from afar, and from a home where everything was broad and ample. He had come for more; to the source of things and not to listen to a daily page from a catalog.

It all seemed of a piece with the narrow room, the meagre fare and the petty talk of the other students. At home they had never chattered. They had talked.

* * *

One morning, Anton Dimi was awakened by the sound of a piano and a soft thin voice that warbled and thrilled. Instantly Paris looked less desolate. A few moments later he heard little feet come down the stairs. A few minutes later she was running up the stair with a bag in her hand. She, too, had gone down for food.

"Why not bring in your bag and have breakfast with me, Mlle.?" he suggested boldly, coming out on the landing to her when she was half way up to her room.

She hesitated a little, smiled, and after a look at his pleading eyes she shrugged her shoulders, said, *Pourquoi pas* and was in his room the next instant. The introductions were simple. Then they talked of their homes.

She was from the south of France and had come to Paris to study music. He spoke to her about his home and the wolves and the forests and the smoked meat on the rafters and the wine barrels in the cellar. She smelt the lentils.

"So early in the morning?"

"I love them. Try a plate."

"I have a coffee pot on my stove. I'll bring it down this instant and then we can have coffee with the lentils."

He showed her the things in his trunk and offered her one of the embroidered handkerchiefs as a present. She, too, said it was good enough for a museum. When he showed her the clothes she said it was a pity one couldn't wear them on the street. A little later she asked him up to her room and they played together. She was quite an accomplished pianist but he was a trial to her.

"You are too wild," she told him, tossing her head and stopping in the middle of a piece. "I can't keep up with you."

When they had sat down on the edge of the bed she asked him:

"What do you intend to become?"

"Become? I want to learn."

"But what?"

He was puzzled to explain. He didn't know what he wanted to learn. He had come for learning and not for a degree. To Henriette he was a puzzle. She studied music to be able to play, to teach, to sing. If he intended to go back to the plough and the barn, as he said he did, why did he need all that kind of learning.

They were worlds apart but he liked her. She was the key to the inside of French life and thought.

Four hours later, he asked her to share with him another plate of lentils and a cup of coffee, and to join him at a little café nearby, to sip a glass of cognac together.

"Don't you ever eat anything else but lentils?" she asked when they had sat down at a little table in the café.

"Oh, yes, lots of times," he lied and called the waiter to order two more glasses of cognac to show her he ate lentils by preference and not because they were cheap. She wasn't beautiful, Henriette. But she was French. He learned more about the French, listening to her, than listening to the professors of the *Universités*.

In his home on the Danube the house was full of women all the time. Hefty, buxom servant girls walking around in their bare feet and knee-length skirts. Their arms bare. Their throats bare to their breasts. In the fields the girls worked beside the men, with scythe and sickle, garbed in one-piece tunics of white homsespun moulding themselves upon limbs and torsos with every swing of the arm. No man married a girl until he was certain that she was about to be the mother of his child. One didn't feel bound to marry a barren woman. And women didn't care to marry sterile men.

When Henriette and he returned from the café he opened his door wide and invited her in. She ran up the stairs, called him "savage" from her door and laughed as she disappeared.

He didn't see Henriette the whole week though he heard her play, and made all the overtures she should to call him to her room. He played the violin. He applauded. He left the door open. Henriette's indifference humiliated him. At home was Ileana, ample bosomed, full lipped, with strong round arms, with eyes like violets, and she had wept when he had left. She wasn't French, Ileana, but she was beautiful. And if Ileana hadn't understood why he left home, Henriette hadn't yet understood why he had come to Paris.

On Sunday Henriette knocked at his door and brought her coffee pot down. She insisted, however, that his door should be left open. He had behaved like a savage the Sunday before. That was why she had punished him.

"Punished me," he laughed. "How?"

She sulked and wouldn't talk. He was amazed how little she mattered. He had lived for two weeks on lentils and bread and some of his *savagerie* had gone out of him. During the week he had kept to his room, hoping Henriette would call him, he had missed some of the courses in philosophy and gone back later to them only to discover that he hadn't lost anything. When his supply of lentils had given out he bought a supply of dry beans and after a few meals he discovered there wasn't any difference in the taste between lentils and beans. He thought of that while Henriette was telling him that after a few months in Paris he would become *plus fin*, finer, and that his face was already showing the effects of the great city. Paris did that to people. It tamed and refined them. She was all alone in Paris and studying music but that was no excuse to go wild. She knew he was a nice sort, essentially, and thought he was a grand musician but he was wild.

He laughed. She asked him to come up to her room and play. She was pleased. He kept better time and no longer abandoned himself to the bow. He was being tamed.

She had to see some people that afternoon but promised to be back after supper and look into his room. Perhaps they'd go down to the little café for a moment!

It was raining outside. The room was cold. He put on his good clothes, the ones he had

Continued at top of page 147

"to find it in *Bombay* of all places!"

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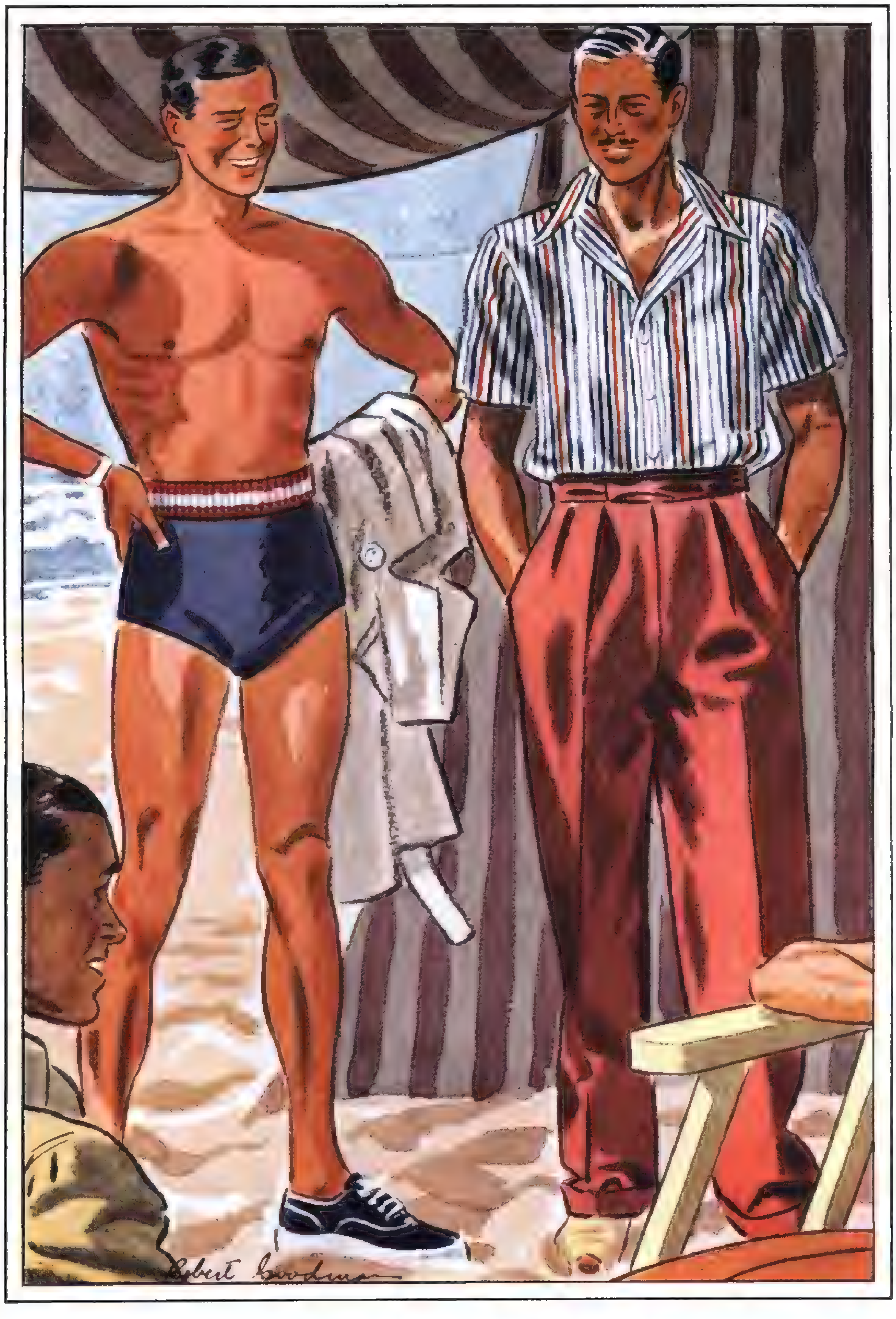

TWO VOTES FOR THE RED WHITE AND BLUE

The fourth of July color scheme may be sheer accident, it may be an unconscious reflection of the worldwide resurgence of nationalism but in any case it is not the part of our fashion staff to reason why—theirs but to report the fact that both these beach outfits got a big play during the winter resort season. The swim trunks are knitted, with a two-tone ribbed waist band, and are made in a new model first seen at the Bath and Tennis Club at Palm Beach this past winter. The blue canvas sneakers are a hold-over fashion from last year, and from all indications their popularity will increase in this, their second, summer. The other combination of beach outer wear consists of a shirt of fine Egyptian cotton in colorful Romany stripes, worn with sailcloth beach slacks which usually match or harmonize with one of the colors in the shirt. The shirt is made in open front style for convenient entry and exit.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

I Am Going Home

Continued from pages 63-144

brought with him, and sat down to write a long letter home. He had so much to tell! He was rather startled when he heard a knock at the door. It was Henriette; flushed, dripping wet and apologetic. She excused herself for being so late.

"But what time is it?" he asked.

"After midnight."

"Is it that late? I was writing a letter. . . ."

She was hurt because he hadn't noticed her absence more. He put his arms about her to kiss her. She, too, gave him a kiss . . . a little kiss, a dole, like the piece of veal in the restaurant, and Bergson's lectures on philosophy. He let her go without any protestation, and, thinking of what would have happened if Ileana had suddenly come to his room . . . and he hadn't fed on lentils and beans for weeks at a time.

Henriette didn't show herself to him for a week though she played and sang at all hours of the day and night a few pieces of music, always the same. It was worse than eating lentils or beans at every meal. Repetition didn't improve them.

The professors and lecturers were anaemic and superficial and thinned what they offered in their classes with tepid phraseology in well-measured sentences. Forty-five minutes of philosophy. Twenty-five minutes of comparative religions. Fifty-five minutes of archeological geology and anthropology. And he had eaten caviar with wooden soup spoons from a little barrel on the table!

Paris was a large town filled with little things. It was midwinter. At home, on the Danube, there was snow up to the top lentil of the door, or to the roof. They were probably sitting now about the table and talking about him, the absent one, and raising a glass to his health. Was his mother crying over her guitar. And Ileana, what was she doing? In Paris, it rained and drizzled. It was neither winter nor summer. He would never again wear the shabby clothes he had bought in Paris.

Henriette knocked at the door. Anton Dimi received her with exaggerated politeness. She was amazed what a short time had done for him. He had been so "savage" the first time she had met him. She had wanted to see him during the week but thought it better not to. To discipline him. And since he had been good and not knocked at her door insistently as she had been afraid (he thought she would say "hoped") he would, she would give him another kiss. Then she told him she was preparing herself for a concert.

"Would you come?"

"No. I won't."

"And why not?"

"Because I am going home." It was a sudden impulse. He hadn't thought of it a moment before. Here he was with a pleasant enough girl in his room, and because he had fed on lentils and beans for a month he had no desire to kiss her . . . hold her.

She paled a little.

"Were you called home?"

"Yes . . . a moment ago."

* * *

"Tell us something of the source of all learning", Anton's father asked his son whom he had gotten home from the railroad station in a sleigh pulled by four magnificent stallions.

"It is like the source of the Danube up in the Black Forest," he answered. "Very narrow and shallow at the beginning but the river becomes larger and deeper further down as it is being fed by the small rivers and brooks that fall into it. It is at its widest, here, before it falls into the sea."

And then Simeon Dimi said aloud to his son:

"You have learned more than you think you did."

And then Anton, too, wasn't sorry for the ewes, lambs and bushels of wheat he had spent. His father was right. He really had learned something worth while; something he never would have known had he remained home.

Ileana was married that winter—to a cousin of Anton. She had had one look at the wanderer, when he had come home, concluded that he wasn't ready to marry that year, and married his cousin—who hadn't fed on lentils and beans in a narrow room in Paris to bring back home all that learning! Did it matter? No. The village of Dimi was swarming with girls like Ileana.

Five—Six—Seven—Hurdle!

Continued from page 72

There is no sport, unless it be fancy diving, that requires more form than high hurdling. The movement is acrobatic and unnatural and therefore requires time and practice. The first thing to learn is the movement over the hurdle. The standard takeoff is about 6½ to 7 feet in front of the hurdle and the landing is usually from 3½ to 4½ feet beyond.

In the approach the leading leg is lifted higher than for another ordinary stride. Some coaches say that the part of the leg from the knee down should merely be straightened out and the foot and calf allowed to skim over the hurdle. Other coaches say the leading leg should be raised higher than normal before it is straightened out. As the leading leg is brought up to clear the hurdle, the off arm goes forward, preferably with the palm down and the fingers reaching for the ground. The arm is about level with the knee and the hand extended out. The rear arm is pulled back with the palm also down. The palms are turned downward to give a pull in that direction to help hurry the hurdler to the ground.

If the hand is closed or driven out as in sprinting, it will keep the hurdler in the air too long and cause him to land too far beyond the hurdle. The taller the man the more exaggerated should be this movement of the front arm and hand toward the ground. Tall men usually sail too much. As the hurdler starts to clear the hurdle the rear leg comes up bent at the knee and tucked in almost at right angles to the body (you have to be limberer than a dish rag to be a hurdler) and the whole trunk is pressed forward over the thigh of the forward leg until they almost touch. As the body centers over the hurdle, the leading leg is chopped sharply down so that the foot lands close to the barrier. The body leans forward but starts to straighten up into the correct running angle, and the rear knee is picked up to the point of the shoulder so that the rear foot can be carried straight through for a full forward stride.

In the high hurdles the necessity of getting down to ground in the shortest possible time makes for eyelash clearances.

However, things were not always so. In the good old days the boys merely jumped over the obstacles and landed on both feet so that the result was that the runner came to an almost dead halt after each hurdle. Then came the sailer style, so-called because the hurdler sailed gracefully over the hurdle in a long swoop with his body stiff and upright, his arms gracefully outspread, his front leg neatly tucked under the body so that it was parallel to the top of the hurdle, and his rear leg trailing like the tail of a kite. He needed only the addition of strewn flowers and flowing draperies to be a woodland nymph. Although the athlete now landed on one foot, he still went too high over the hurdle; and on landing his forward movement was partially stopped since the full weight of his body was back of and pushing against the alighting foot when it hit the ground. The style still resembled more a jump than a hurdle. No, modern hurdling form is not a jump. Just exactly who was the unknown genius that first figured out that the hurdling form should be merely an elongated step instead of a jump is not definitely known although it is claimed that about 1885 an Englishman, A. C. M. Croome of Oxford, straightened out his front leg and immediately began beating previously faster men. However, it was not until the 1898 Intercollegiate Championships that Alvin C. Kraenzlein of the University of Pennsylvania strode across the hurdles with his leading foot outstretched and knocked all existing records into that well known misshapen hat, although he still trailed his rear leg and retained a body twist. In 1908 Forrest Smithson introduced a hip flexibility in which the rear leg did not trail but came sharply over the hurdle to be ready for the next stride and made the then phenomenal time of fifteen seconds for the high hurdles. Smithson did not use a body dip nor the forward lift of the arms, but these features were soon added and in 1920 Earl Thomson—now track coach at the Naval Academy—of Dartmouth and Canada made the record of 14.4 seconds that stood until 1931 when Percy Beard of Alabama Polytechnic Institute reduced it to 14.2 seconds.

The main difference in the high and low hurdles is that the high hurdles are almost entirely a matter of form while the lows put more emphasis on speed and endurance. For the high hurdles a tall man who is split high is the best prospect because the high hurdle is quite an obstacle in front of a man and the higher he is split the easier it will be for him to step over. No man who has to jump over the hurdle can be so great a hurdler as one who can step over them with a clear cut drive, yet Sam Klopstock of Stanford is a fine high hurdler although small and forced to jump his barriers.

In the lows where the hurdles are just two and a half feet high, a naturally fast man has more time to get in his sprinting work between the hurdles. Since low hurdling form doesn't demand such close clearances, it differs from the high hurdling form in requiring less body dip. Three things count most for the low hurdler—a slight raise of the leading leg, a quick snap down of the leading leg over the hurdle, and a slight body bend so that the weight of the body will not be carried into the air.

The hurdling technique for the 440 yard hurdles and its metric equivalent is a compromise between the two forms, but its running pattern is another thing altogether because after the first three or four hurdles no set stride is used as then the elements of fatigue, wind velocity, shortened stride, the effects of one or two turns, and strategy come in. The hurdler in this race has to judge every hurdle after the third or fourth as he comes to it and must learn to shorten or lengthen his stride as he comes up to each barrier so that there is the least possible loss of momentum. The ability to alternate leading legs is very valuable here. The quarter

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Five—Six—Seven—Hurdle!

Continued from pages 72-147

mile on the flat is in itself a terrific test which many track men claim is a form of cruel and inhuman punishment; then to add ten barriers each three feet high to the course is almost like adding insult to injury.

There are only the three distances and types of hurdle races, although the record books list six because the races are denoted in both yards and meters. There is very little difference in the distances in meters and yards, however, and in both systems the hurdles are the same height and at the same comparative intervals. The 120 yard high hurdles race is composed of ten hurdles each 3½ feet high and spaced thus: fifteen yards from the start to the first hurdle, fifteen yards from the last hurdle to the finish, and ten yards between the hurdles. The 110 meter hurdles course is 10.7 inches longer, but the hurdles are spaced proportionately. In the 220 yard low hurdles event the race is composed of ten hurdles each 2½ feet tall and spaced evenly 20 yards apart. The 440 yard hurdles course is made up of ten hurdles each 3 feet in height and spaced evenly forty yards apart. The 200 meter and 400 meter hurdles are spaced proportionately (that is, 18.18 and 36.36 meters) and are respectively 3.83 and 7.7 feet shorter than the races in the English system of measurement. In all the races knocking down three hurdles disqualifies. This is a hangover from the day when hurdles were flimsy affairs and the boys used to crash through them — especially the last — like arrows through paper, but now that the hurdles are built like steel railings and hitting one is tantamount either to disaster or donating your opponents a yard to two yards pickup, there are many advocates of the abolition of this rule.

The hurdles have practically always been an American specialty. Americans hold all the world records, and either hold or are tied for all the Olympic records. The Olympic hurdles until recently were an American monopoly. In the 110 meter high hurdles Americans won in every Olympiad until Earl Thomson of Canada broke through for the Dominion in 1920 although in this case there was some consolation in the fact that Thomson had been a resident of the U. S. since childhood and was a product of Harry Hillman's coaching methods at Dartmouth. This solace was lacking, however, when in 1928 S. J. M. Atkinson of South Africa romped off with the event. But the Americans came back with no cinders in their eyes at Los Angeles in 1932 when the late George Saling, Percy Beard, and Jack Keller made a clean sweep of the event in that order. The two hundred meter event was held only at the Olympics of 1900 and 1904, and Americans were winners both times. Americans completely dominated the 400 meter hurdles until the last two Olympics when two sons of the British Empire ran away with the event although Americans placed second and third both times. In 1928 it was Lord Burghley of Great Britain (who had an unfair advantage—his fianceé was in the stands), and in 1932 it was Robert Tisdall of the Irish Free State. Incidentally, Tisdall, who barely won his race from Glenn Hardin of the U. S., was the victim of a peculiar circumstance. He ran his race in 51.8 seconds which was a new Olympic and world record, but is not listed in the books. Instead Glenn Hardin was credited with the Olympic record of 52 seconds and a tie with the world record of F. Morgan Taylor of the U. S. made in 1928. Tisdall disqualified his marks by knocking down a hurdle, and as a result Hardin is credited with setting two records in a race in which he finished second. That's one for Ripley.

At Berlin, in August, the present supremacy of the U. S. in the hurdles bids fair to continue as witness the performances in the highs of Phil Cope of the University of Southern California; Alvin Moreau of Louisiana State; and Tom Moore of California who have all made times of 14.2 which equals the world record of Percy Beard who, incidentally, will in all probability compete again this year. Sam Allen of Oklahoma Baptist College who has made 14.3 seconds should also be among the final contestants. It is a pity that the Olympic program does not contain the 200 meter low hurdles for we have a plethora of splendid performers in that event. Of course the race run in this country is 220 yards long, but the adjustment from the English to the metric distance does not take long. The present 220 yard hurdles record is the truly phenomenal 22.6 seconds of Jesse Owens of Ohio State which displaces the 23 seconds of Charley Brookins of Iowa and even the 22.8 seconds of Dick Rockaway of Ohio State which was made with the aid of starting blocks. Since the 400 meter and 440 yard hurdles are not regular events on most track programs in the U. S., our Olympic entrants for that event are usually recruited from the two-twenty hurdlers. So it may be well to look over the best men in the event. We'll count out Owens right away; he's too good a sprinter and broad jumper. First, for a cinch, is Glenn Hardin of Louisiana State who has run an almost unbelievable 22.4 in the 200 meter hurdles, is one of the country's best quarter milers, and is sole holder of the 400 meter hurdles world record of 50.6 seconds. Then there are Norman Paul of Southern California, Hamilton Hucker of Cornell, and Bill Wallace of Rice. All are fast, good hurdling stylists, big, and strong.

When the time comes, some of them undoubtedly will come through, and it will be the man who happens to be right in his form at that moment. Hurdle racing is delicate. In 1920 at Antwerp, Frank Loomis, an outsider on the American team, was on top of his form that day and won a sensational victory for his team in the 400 meter hurdle event in world record time of 54 seconds flat. Who will be the man to come through this year at Berlin and keep up the American tradition and prestige? There is no way to tell now, but unquestionably it will be the man who can get over that last barrier best —even though it may look to him at the moment as high as Kanchenchunga.

S. Choirboy's Farewell

Continued from page 29

grabbed by the movies. The best managed theatre, as usual, was the Empire; it remains the politest, most ably conducted and most agreeable theatre to go to in New York. I herewith award its manager a free beer along with the fourteen critics who voted for *Winterset*. On second thought, he gets a glass of *imported* beer. The producer who made the most press-agent racket, into which he thrust himself as a tribute to his own imagined eminence, was as usual Morris Gest. The funniest musical show comédiennes were Fannie Brice and Beatrice Lillie. The best clown was A. Robins, of *Jumbo*, and the best juggler Stan Kavanagh, of the *Ziegfeld Follies*.

The most humorous dialogue was that of *Boy Meets Girl;* the most moving and beautiful that of *Winterset*. The best casting was that of *Boy Meets Girl*. The dumbest criticism was that which boosted the excellences of *First Lady*. Greatly overestimated acting performances were, in my opinion, those of Ruth Gordon in *Ethan Frome*, Lynn Fontanne in *Idiot's Delight*, Gladys Cooper in *Call It a Day*, Brian Aherne in *Saint Joan*, Doris Nolan in *Night of January 16*, Roland Young in *A Touch of Brimstone*, three-quarters of the cast of *Paradise Lost*, and two-thirds of the cast, the grand youngsters excepted, of *Dead End*.

Among the season's biggest flops were the acting performance of Jobyna Howland, out of Hollywood, in *O Evening Star;* Sidney Howard's deadly dramatization of *Paths of Glory;* Dan Totheroh's prat-fall as a playwright in *Searching For the Sun;* the Theatre Guild's production of *If This Be Treason;* the press stuff Clifford Odets sent out elaborately explaining himself in connection with his Chekhovian turkey, *Paradise Lost:* the criticisms telling how beautiful the shabby stage production of *Murder in the Cathedral* was; the Pulitzer prize; Jed Harris' announcement of his big plans, Series 1,325,000; and John Anderson's review of *Idiot's Delight* in which he argued that not since *What Price Glory?* had the American drama revealed anything so lovely and hotsy-totsy.

Having given you a short respite from the lists of ten with the foregoing comments, I return to the cataloguing and offer you the ten best scenic productions of the year:

1. *Winterset*, by Jo Mielziner.
2. *Ethan Frome*, by Jo Mielziner.
3. *Victoria Regina*, by Rex Whistler.
4. *Saint Joan*, by Jo Mielziner.
5. *Dead End*, by Norman Bel Geddes.
6. *The Taming of the Shrew*, by Carolyn Hancock.
7. *Porgy and Bess*, by Sergei Soudeikine.
8. *Pride and Prejudice*, by Jo Mielziner.
9. *Parnell*, by Stewart Chaney.
10. *Libel!* by Raymond Sovey.

Herewith, also, the ten lousiest play-character monikers:

1. Lady Lilian Bedworthy (*Fresh Fields*).
2. Una Pidgeon (*Fresh Fields*).
3. Henry Brickhouse (*Let Freedom Ring*).
4. Boris Vassilevitch (*The Body Beautiful*).
5. Jipinweed Bandy (*Mid-West*).
6. Ellis Charteris (*O Evening Star*).
7. Willi Zimmerkopf (*May Wine*).
8. Inspector Schnorrheim (*May Wine*).
9. Boris, Count Mirsky (*End of Summer*).
10. Mrs. Dorbell (*Love on the Dole*).

And, in conclusion, a list of the ten most comical *actual* names of men, women and children actors who figured in the season's casts:

1. Fothringham Lysons, in *Victoria Regina*.
2. Minda Gorky, in *Moon Over Mulberry Street*.
3. Queena Bilotti, in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*.
4. Kuruks Pahitu, in *Russet Mantle*.
5. Neville Heber-Percy, in *Libel!*
6. Huntz Hall, in *Dead End*.
7. Worthington L. Romaine, in *Strip Girl*.
8. Hurst Amyx, in *Mulatto*.
9. Le Roi Operti, in *The Taming of the Shrew*.
10. Devona Doxie, in *May Wine*.

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Harko the Herald

Continued from page 89

that his voice should be easy, restrained, and tuneful, and not break out into reverberations.

"That is all very well," replied the honest Harko, "but I have a naturally loud voice. Don't you realize that this fact is just what got me my job with the Great King? How could I be a competent Herald if I didn't reverberate?"

"I get that point perfectly," replied Pantheia, "but I think, if you really cared for me, you could cut the volume down, in private company, and do all your reverberating when you are working as Herald."

"I do not know how that can be done, but I am willing to try," said the simple fellow. "If you can teach me, I shall love you even more than I do, if that be possible."

"Say 'pee-wee,' Harko, just as I say it." Whereupon Pantheia uttered the velvet syllables with the exquisite softness of a turtle-dove.

"Pee-wee," responded Harko, trying to imitate his mistress; but his voice was not under control, and the result made Pantheia jump in alarm.

But Pantheia was not to be daunted, and she smiled hopefully. "I shall keep at it until I succeed," she purred.

Now, while Harko was indulging in the delicate playfulness of a first love affair, in his little town in Thrace, the Great King was anxiously awaiting his return. He nicked off the days upon his calendar, moodily; and finally sent a trusted messenger to Thrace to spy upon Harko, fearing that some other king might beguile the innocent giant into entering his employ. But the messenger returned with no worse report than that Harko was in process of getting himself a wife.

"Pooh! as for that," laughed the Great King, quite relieved, "he may take as many wives as he likes, so long as he returns to my country as he promised. In fact, a few importunate females will keep him steady; and when I say that, I am speaking from experience." The Great King possessed twenty-two wives, and they did not always harmonize.

It fell out, about that time, that the King of Egypt and the King of India paid a visit of courtesy to the Great King of Persia, and each swore to the other everlasting friendship and then, as kings will, they fell to boasting of their possessions. The King of Egypt remarked casually that he supposed he possessed more golden goblets than any other king alive, although he didn't want to be thought purse-proud; whereupon the King of India said he did not care so much for golden goblets, as his specialty was peacocks, of which he thought verily he had more beautiful ones than existed elsewhere. Now, the Great King of Persia had been waiting for an opening like this, and he suddenly said, with an appearance of nonchalance: "A fig for your goblets and your peacocks, gentlemen: how are you fixed for Heralds?"

Both monarchs replied that they were possessed of superlatively fine Heralds; in fact, they believed that their Heralds were the loudest and fiercest looking Heralds in the business.

"Well," said the King of Persia, "I have no doubt that your Heralds are quite all you claim for them. What do you say we get up a little contest among our best Heralds, and see which is really gifted with the greatest voice? My best man is away on vacation at present, but if you like the idea, we can arrange a meeting here for this day three months. What would you gentlemen like to bet on your favorites?"

The King of India, who was a proud and jealous monarch, wagered three thousand talents of silver, three of his choicest peacocks, and a score of elephants, that his Herald would outcry and vanquish any Herald that could be pitted against him. Whereupon the King of Egypt said that although he was a relatively poor man, he would lay an equal number of talents, four thousand slaves, and any half-dozen of his best wives, upon the outcome of the contest.

Therewith, the Great King smiled a furtive smile, feeling sure that he had a couple of pushovers, and said: "Gentlemen, you are my guests, and when I entertain, I spare no expense. I see your talents, and raise you three thousand more. Also I throw into the balance a thousand Cretan bowmen, my collection of rare Persian antique and semi-antique rugs, and your choice of any two Greek philosophers now sojourning at my court."

"Done!" said the King of India.

"Agreed!" said the King of Egypt.

The Great King gaily told Araspas of his wager, saying: "This is like taking money from Caunians, Araspas! I have not heard their Heralds give voice, to be sure, but I know that when the contest is held, they will appear like peevish girls, or peeping chickens, compared with my Harko. Do you not think so?"

"Harko will indeed give their eardrums a fresh experience," assented Araspas.

And now, indeed, the Great King became more and more anxious to see his herald Harko; and he took to pacing the floor, and from nicking off the days of the calendar, he fell to watching the clepsydra; and the delay made him ill-humored, and his hand was heavy upon his servants.

But at last Harko came back from Thrace, bringing with him the dainty and beautiful Pantheia, and as she was a blonde, and blondes were not common in Persia at that time, though they became so later with the development of chemistry, she was the cynosure of all eyes that beheld her, and Harko's honest heart was like to burst with pride.

And when the time was proper, the Great King sent for Harko, and gave him audience. And Harko having come, and prostrated himself, and being asked by the Great King how he felt, and whether he had taken his throat pastilles regularly, according to instructions, Harko replied so politely, and comported himself with such grace, that the King was amazed. Besides, he observed that Harko had had his reddish beard trimmed, and his hair was slicked up.

"What has happened to you, anyway?" asked the King, disturbed. "Your voice doesn't sound natural, Harko. And I like not these foppish manners of yours, and this neatly trimmed appearance. Part of your job is to look fierce, and the rest is to bellow fiercely. I like not this change."

But Harko explained that he thought he ought to look well when he was newly married, at least for the first week or so; and that he had intended to let his beard and hair resume their old condition when the first niceties of married life had waned. And as for his voice, he told the Great King that he had now two voices: one for private and one for business use; and he hoped this would be agreeable to his royal master.

"I don't know, I don't know," fretted the Great King, nervously. "I have gambled a good deal of money and goods on you, Harko, more than I care to lose." And he told Harko of the contest he had arranged.

"As for that, O King," replied Harko, "have no fear. A man like me doesn't lose his voice by simply cultivating good manners. I will bawl such brazen tones from my throat and chest as you have never hitherto heard. I will make the ground tremble beneath the feet of your guests. I have never really let myself loose."

III

And so the great day came, when Harko was to meet, in vocal battle, the best Heralds of India and Egypt. It was a day never to be forgotten in Persia. Such ostentation, such panoply, such gorgeous costumes, such a sea of burnished shields and glistening spears, such a press and such a jostle had never been seen before. A holiday had been declared throughout the country, and caravans ran special excursions to the capital, at reduced rates. The cold-drink concession alone was worth a lesser king's ransom. A man from Palestine had it.

The contest was to be divided into two parts, morning and afternoon. First, the favorite Herald of India would give voice; then the Herald from Egypt; then Harko. Then a second heat was to be bawled, and whoever was declared victor in this heat, by vote of a group of unbiased referees, was to be the winner.

A horn having been sounded, there was a great clashing of shields and a silence. The chief Herald of India stepped forward. A dark warrior he was, by no means as large as the other two contestants, but physically perfect. As he took a deep breath, the muscles of his back were seen to vibrate, and the veins knotted in his legs. Throwing back his head, he recited the formal challenge which had been agreed upon, in a voice that crackled as it sped, seeming to gain as it went, on and on toward the outer circles of the throng.

Having emitted these terrific sounds, the Indian Herald bowed and stalked majestically away. It was agreed upon all sides that he was a magnificent Herald.

"You might deliver your antique rugs to my home address," said the King of India to the King of Persia, with complacency.

"Not yet," replied the Great King, sniggering within his diaphragm.

Then came forth the mighty Herald of Egypt, a black man, a very giant in figure, whose skin reflected the rays of the sun like a well polished copper pot. And he gave loose rein to his mighty voice, which rolled out like the tempest that swoops down upon the Euxine Sea, deafening those nearest to it, and making women swoon. And when he had finished, and stalked away, the King of Egypt grinned and whispered to the Great King: "Throw in another fifty Cretan bowmen, and you can keep your philosophers."

"You have not yet heard Harko," said the Great King, trying to keep himself from laughing aloud. "Your man is magnificent; but I still hope my Harko will not disgrace me."

And then came Harko. He looked as fierce as in the old days, before his wedding. There was nothing of the fop about him, now. In his old goatskins, and unkempt of hair and beard, he looked practically as he did the day he arrived in Persia. He strode forward with a swagger, which greatly cheered his royal master, and he gave one encouraging glance at the monarchs' box as he took his place.

He threw back his massive head in the same old way: but, alas, when his voice came forth, it was not the voice of Harko. Harko was quite unaware of what the teachings of Aemilius Postus, concerning etiquette and voice culture, had done to him. It was loud, truly; but so gentlemanly and refined! It did not crack and leap, and boom and reverberate, as it was used to do. Harko was seemingly conscious of the fact. He gathered himself visibly for a greater effort. The power of his voice increased, surely; but it still

Continued on page 153

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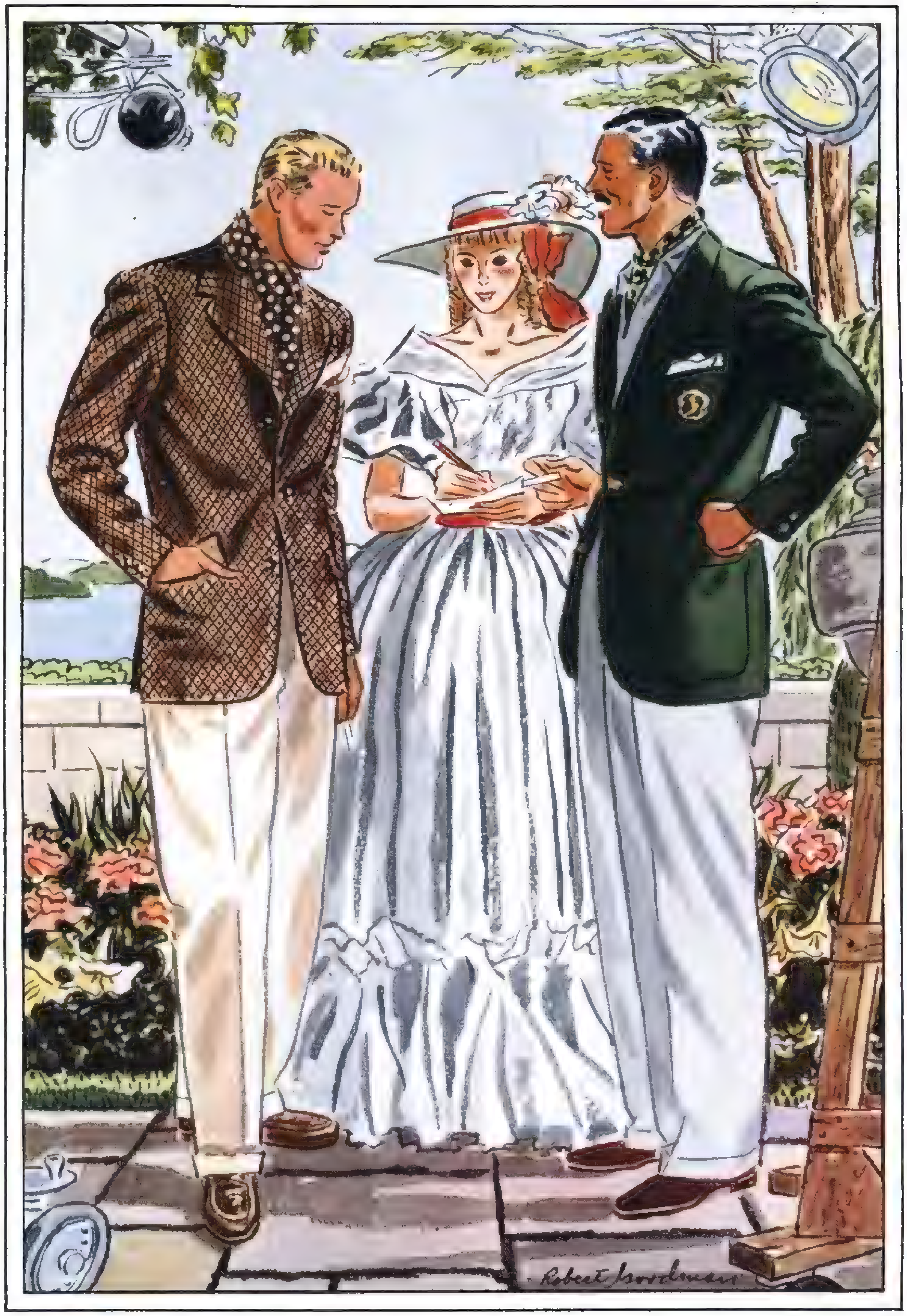

NO PRIZE FOR A TITLE FOR THIS PICTURE

This is to announce that we will not give five dollars for the best caption for this drawing, nor will we, on the other hand, give it any caption ourselves, because we don't seem to understand it. The background sort of suggests Hollywood, but the central figure is more suggestive of the "female" lead in a boys' Latin school production than of any known Hollywood star. But you can't fool us about the men's clothes; those two men are dressed for a weekend in the country. That may complicate the picture but it's so. They're dressed about the way you ought to look when you come down to breakfast at somebody's place in the country. The man on the left is wearing a Shetland jacket with a foulard muffler, white flannel slacks and polished calf Weejuns. The other man wears a flannel blazer over a wool polo shirt, with a silk foulard neckerchief, grey flannel slacks and buckskin Molière boots.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Harko the Herald

Continued from pages 89-150

lacked the herald quality. He was a palpable flop.

The face of the Great King was ashen. Araspas felt weak in the knees.

"Some voice!" jeered India.

"He does well, for a boy!" giggled Egypt.

"I don't think I ever heard a more dulcet note," cackled India.

"He might frighten infants, I admit," said Egypt, "that is, if they were the scary kind."

The perspiration dripped from the forehead of the Great King. But he was game. "My man was but practising," he said. "He is saving his voice for the second trial. He is a crafty fellow." This he said to his guest kings; but to Araspas he groaned, softly, "Cannot you do something about this? This is terrible. My money, my antique rugs, my pride, and my money a second time—"

"I don't know what can be done. It is a tragedy," replied the satrap. "I go at once to talk with Harko."

And when the Kings had retired to the palace, and had feasted on the delicate viands offered by their host, and when the vast crowd had eaten their simple basket luncheons, then once more all was ready for the second part of the contest of the Heralds. And this time the Kings of India and Egypt were in high fettle, whilst the Great King was equally cast down, though he tried to keep his upper lip stiff. Occasionally he took from his purple robes a little parchment scrawl upon which Araspas had written: "Be of good cheer, O King. I think we shall win yet," and fingered and read it nervously.

And again the horn sounded, and the shields clashed, and the audience became hushed. And yet again the Herald of India gave voice, outdoing his performance of the morning, and causing the referees to look at one another and whisper, "This fellow looks like a winner."

But when the Herald of Egypt came forth, and bellowed like a thousand angry bulls in unison, and caused the concourse to tremble, it was obvious that he, too, had been holding a trump up his sleeve, as the Ionic Greeks say. And the referees were convinced that this man must win.

But just as the bleacher part of the audience was getting up to go home—not being anxious to see the humiliation of their own King's favorite—then, like a tornado, came bursting upon the scene Harko the Herald. It was not the Harko of the morning who rushed madly forth, with popping eyes and streaming red hair, and beard that seemed to crackle as he went. It was no less than a demon, people said, who appeared from nowhere and uttered such cries as had never been heard before. Nobody, indeed, knew what it was that Harko bawled. Some said that he was speaking in his native Thracian. But the air was shattered with the force of the mighty tones that hurled themselves into the atmosphere. Stalwart men covered their ears, lest they be deafened. Dogs rushed from their masters' sides, and took refuge in the hills, parasangs distant. Some say that the terrific noise caused clouds to gather in the sky, and drops of rain to fall.

"The man Harko is not human," said the King of Egypt, panic-striken. "I am undone by magic."

"Those are my sentiments," quavered frightened India. "It is unfair to invoke the help of the gods in a contest like this."

But the Great King, overjoyed, slapped his guests playfully upon the shoulders and cried, "Just as I told you, gentlemen, didn't I? My Harko was but toying with your favorites this morning. Shall we adjourn and settle the bets. Or will you hear Harko further?"

But, a few minutes later, at the palace, while the guest kings were sadly counting their losses, and the Great King was changing his robes, Araspas, out of breath and looking terrified, rushed into the apartment of his master and seized the hem of his garment. "Save me, save me!" he blubbered.

"Save you from what, Araspas? You have done nobly, whatever your artifice was. You certainly put the old pep into Harko! How did you do it? Or was he but shamming, before?"

"Harko is outside the palace, knocking down squad after squad of soldiers, as fast as they try to arrest him!" shrilled Araspas. "He destroys them two at a time by cracking their skulls together. He is intent upon having my life. You see, I figured that what he needed to get his old voice back, was to be made angry. So I arranged to have Harko informed that I had sent the beautiful Pantheia to Sogdiana, to join the other fair ladies of my household."

"That was a good ruse, Araspas. Was it true?"

"No, my lord, I merely hid Pantheia in your harem."

A strange glint came into the King's eyes. "Ho, hum!" he sighed. "It was not a bad idea, Araspas. Pantheia is adorable."

"But I'll never get back to Sogdiana," groaned Araspas. "Just listen to that awful voice! It's coming nearer!"

"There is a back door to the palace, Araspas," said the King, thoughtfully. "If you leave by that, you will have at least five minutes' start. Perhaps you had better be going. . . ."

From his watch tower, the Great King looked out upon the Great Plain, and saw, at some distance from each other, two clouds of dust, going in the general direction of Sogdiana. "I suppose the first cloud of dust would be Araspas," mused the King, merrily. "Everything works to the advantage of a really Great King." #

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Getting the Drop on Public Nuisance No. 1

by MELVIN PURVIS

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I saw things on my visit to the factory that are almost unbelievable. Yes, I saw wonders that a non-scientific mind simply cannot grasp. The automatic control mechanism on the electric hardening furnaces positively awed me. In these furnaces the world's finest steel is treated with more heat or less heat as required for utmost uniformity with the correct standard. This system alone was evolved at a cost of many thousands of dollars and years of research and labor.

Familiar as I am with the microscope I was greatly impressed with Gillette's constant use of this scientific instrument to assure perfection in the finished product. I marvelled at a photo-electric device developed by Gillette which measures the sharpness of the blade edges, and guides the skilled technicians who keep the huge grinding machines in tune. These machines weigh four tons each and can be adjusted to a fineness of 1/10,000 of an inch.

Most impressive of all is the precision of every operation. A trip through the factory is a revelation to one who appreciates accuracy and meticulous attention to detail. More than that, a man leaves the Gillette plant with a feeling of gratitude to these experts who have the drop on Public Nuisance No. 1—these Gillette scientists who have made the removal of unsightly bristles so much easier and more comfortable for every man.

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GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Music in the Afternoon

Continued from page 94

of the season and this event confirmed the first impression of his unusual conductorial gifts. But he had still to make his formal winter debut.

That opportunity came on March 2nd, 1934, again with the Philadelphia Orchestra, on the same stage where he had made his "quietly sensational" first appearance as pianist. It seemed like expecting lightning to strike twice in the same place. And it did! He chose the type of program the musicians themselves would have selected: Mozart, Schumann, Debussy, Granados and De Falla. The reception was a repetition of the Stadium concert demonstration. And Señor José Iturbi was on the rails!

Earlier in the week, at the rehearsals, his naked honesty caused many a minor clash with individual musicians. He realized that almost all of a conductor's success depends on the respect of his players. But he would not bid for it with flattery. His insistence on an exact, literal interpretation of the scores became exasperating, nagging, and he did not hesitate to call to account those most feared of orchestral lions, the first instruments. He showed them where they had overlooked a nuance here, a more tasteful manner of turning a phrase there, or had been guilty of usurping a solo belonging to another instrument. He plucked imaginary hairs from his swart face to show how pinging harpists made him feel. He solfèged obscure inner voices, high ones, beat out fumbled rhythms. He resorted to the score only when a point was disputed—and he was always right. He was abjectly polite about it all, but nonetheless determined.

After the second rehearsal every player was convinced that Iturbi was not just another vainglorious air-cleaver, but a master leader with a staggering, Toscaninian memory. When he knew he had won, he relaxed, declared intermissions every half-hour "for cigaret," and praised the orchestra: "You play like gods, my God!"

The rehearsals were not devoid of comic incident. Knowing when to drill like a martinet, he could also time a *mot pour rire* to a psychological nicety. During the Mozart he jumped off the stage, listened for a moment, and shouted: "Excuse me. Is too FAIRY! Mozart was very MAN!" He was helped back to the stage by a violinist. The next day a ladder was placed in the pit for him, but he broke the latch of the gate between pit and parquet and had to jump over the rail. He frequently ridiculed limelight hogs with a short, gamin whistle from the side of the mouth and a mincing backward stroke of the hair: "Is for the music. Not me. I am not genius."

Iturbi has since conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra many times in Philadelphia and twice in New York. He has become a permanent fixture at the Stadium concerts and the Robin Hood Dell summer season in Philadelphia. This summer he also will conduct six concerts in the Hollywood Bowl, and the orchestras of Rochester, St. Louis and Pittsburgh are among the new ones on his fall list.

His conducting technique is as unobtrusive as his keyboard manner. His beat is neat, graceful, spontaneous, somewhat modeled after Toscanini's. ("Inimical to art," a Philly scribe recently labeled his left arm!) He bends eagerly forward when signaling the brasses for a *fortissimo*, and vibrates his left hand on left lapel when coaxing the strings to "sing." Literalness has become a mounting fetish with him. A score is a fact and he will not be bamboozled by lofty talk of "tradition." The composer is the only authority he acknowledges. "Musicians who follow the tradition instead of the score are racketeers." His credo is just as simple: "Music is inside humanity. All life is art. To live courageously and sincerely—that's being an artist."

Iturbi has little time for reading anything but musical scores (the pocket-size editions) and this he does constantly at meals, in bed, in dressing rooms. He speaks Spanish and French volubly, a little German and an unpredictable English. A formal education was denied him, but his taste is instinctively "*plus royaliste que le Roi*." He does all his traveling in a Lincoln, and likes to surround himself with sympathetic companions. It is not surprising to see him arrive in a distant city with a carload of friends, including one or two favorite pupils, his attractive seventeen-year-old daughter, Maria, her *duennas*, a boyhood chum from Spain and his tuner-valet, Scolek. They attend every rehearsal and concert as if it were a church service. He married young, but his wife died about ten years ago and he never refers to this tragedy.

His early youth, like most musicians', was passed in desperate poverty. There were three other children beside José, and the father eked out a small pittance working for the local gas company and doing a little amateur piano tuning on the side. His parents told him he played the piano when he was three. But he cannot remember. At any rate, his lessons began when he was five. Since the age of seven he has supported the entire household. His first engagement was in the first cinema theatre in his native, song-famous Valencia on the Mediterranean. The playing commenced at two in the afternoon and lasted for twelve hours without halt. For this stint he received one and a quarter pesetas a day. He was much in demand at neighborhood parties and balls after the "lumière" and

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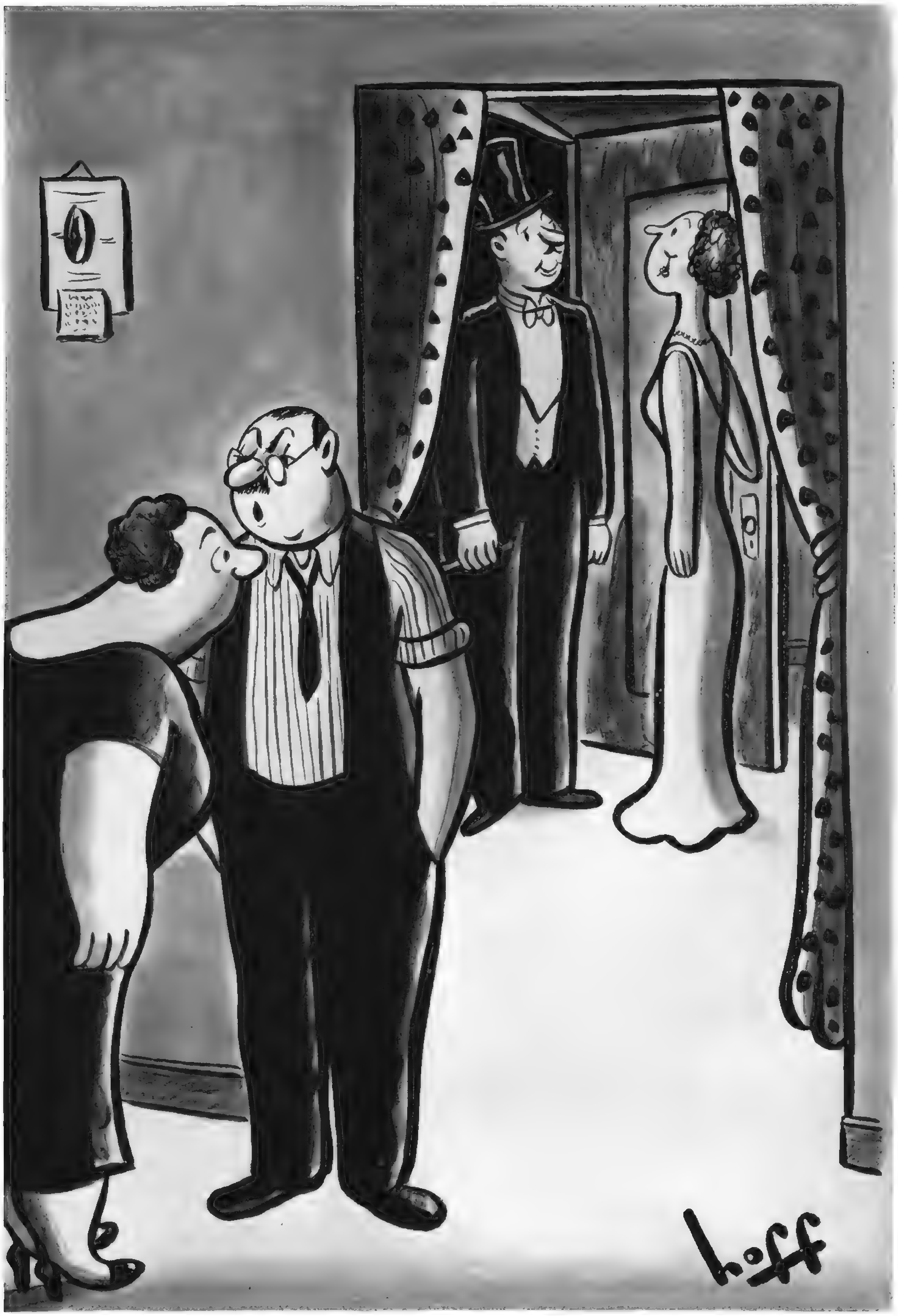

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Music in the Afternoon

Continued from pages 94-154

earned an additional five pesetas at these. Mornings he was yanked out of bed to take and give lessons, practice, and accompany singers. He does not think of himself as having been a prodigy—his prodigy period can be referred to only as a prodigy of labor.

When he was nine he was called back from Barcelona, after three months study with Joaquin Malats, to start an engagement at the Café de la Paz. A few years later a friendly critic raised such a rumpus on his behalf that Valencia subscribed a purse of 1,400 pesetas to send the popular café pianist to Paris for study at the famous Conservatoire. He arrived in Paris with one franc in his pocket, for, with typical Spanish practicality, the purse had gone to his family as a consolation prize. He spent the first two nights on park benches. When he turned up at the Conservatoire his official letter was gone. But his tearful entreaties earned him an audition before the august jury of professors, and a special scholarship was created for him. At seventeen he was graduated with highest honors.

Even during those years at the Conservatoire he could not devote himself to studying with a fresh, carefree mind. He needed money for board and room, music, a piano, and he had to book three and four engagements a night: hotel, kino, café, dance or party. He rarely got to bed before dawn crept over the brooding Paris rooftops. But his hardy constitution could stand the grind and he did not spare himself.

Even throughout those dark, shapeless years he heard the still muted horns of fame sounding in the earth. He had faith in himself. He knew he would eventually arrive.

The bright turning point in his career came in Switzerland, while playing—useless precaution!—under an assumed name at the Hotel Bauer-au-Lac, in Zurich. And it came, just as all things have come to Iturbi, in a simple, honest, straightforward way. The director of the Geneva Conservatory, who had heard him play numberless times, called him on the telephone and asked if he would like to head the Conservatory's piano department. Iturbi accepted quickly. It was a post once held by Franz Liszt! He stayed for four years and then the bitch goddess Success opened her arms to call him to the music centers of Europe, North and South America, Mexico.

It is a far cry from the Chevalier José Iturbi of the gorgeous Lincoln limousine, the Chanel perfume named for him, the huge income and the corps of servitors, to the Valencia urchin who pumped a cheap piano in a movie house day and night. But his early struggles have left him free from bitterness or rancor. He accepts few pupils, but these must be talented and deserving, for he teaches them without pay. He is always giving his services gratis for musicians' benefits and other worthy causes.

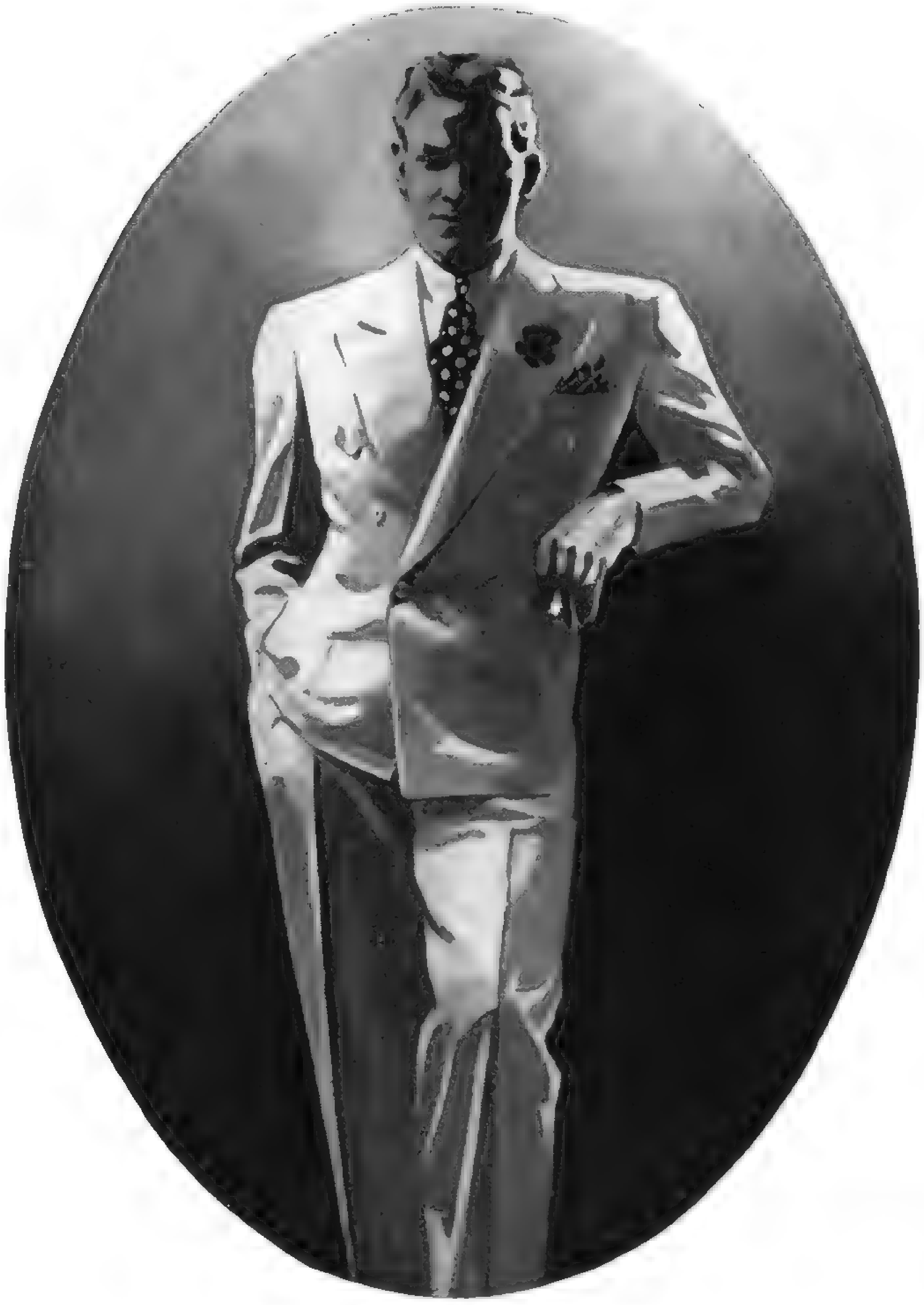
He is informal, cordial and astonishingly frank. He sees through deception and flattery and rewards it with an unceremonious boot in the rear. Neither will he stand for acrimony palmed off in the name of good fellowship. One morning a cellist with conductorial pretensions came to his dressing room and pooh-poohed his devotion to literalness. "If is good enough for Toscanini, is good enough for me," the Spaniard said. "That is pedantry," the cellist countered, "and you are only an imitator of Toscanini." Iturbi shut the door on him, and the next day the cellist received a sharp reprimand in the mail—not from Iturbi but from the manager.

Toscanini is his idol. But he thinks Stokowski and Koussevitzky are good, too. He used to box a bit and play some tennis in laughing defiance of friends who feared for the safety of his hands. In fact, he looks more like a second-class boxer than a first-class musician. (His stocky, rounded appearance once kept him out of the hall when a stage-doorman refused to believe he was Iturbi.) For a concert he invariably arrives at the last minute, an apple in his pocket, *sans chapeau*, and with coat-tails flying, the points of a few batons peeping from a corner of his brief case if he is to conduct. Once in the hall he does not throw a fit waiting for the concert to begin. He reserves his short, gamin whistle for the lens-conscious gentry who stage labor-pains in public.

He is now forty and his enthusiasm for music is as fresh as on the day he started. He frankly adores the large crowds that gather at the stage entrances whenever he plays or conducts. An autograph seeker always has a chance with him. It means another hit for the composer! And somehow he manages to make "the composer" pay him handsome dividends, for most of his engagements are repeats. He used to receive $500 for an afternoon or evening's work when he first came, and for the past three years he has been content with between $1,000 and $1,200. I say "content" intentionally. The Iturbi name is tremendously potent at the box office, and he could easily demand and get anywhere from $1,500 to $2,000 per appearance. But he has deliberately kept his figure down so that the local manager will earn a fair margin of profit and be willing to call on him frequently, instead of booking him only when necessary to bolster up a weak series. This live-and-let-live principle has brought him more engagements than have come to any artist appearing in the United States.

He is a genial host and is always giving parties. He has thrown two champagne-Corona

Continued at top of page 159



Do you "belong"?

● It wasn't so long ago that men felt conspicuous and *out of place* in a light summer suit. Indeed, just a few years back, to *look* smart was to *feel* uncomfortable! Times have changed. The man who feels *out of place* today, is the man who hasn't a real summer suit. He just doesn't belong ● A skilful blend of smartness and comfort has won

PALM BEACH SUITS

their popularity. The famous patented Palm Beach fabric is woven *only* by Goodall . . . and Goodall specialists tailor these suits with authentic summer style.

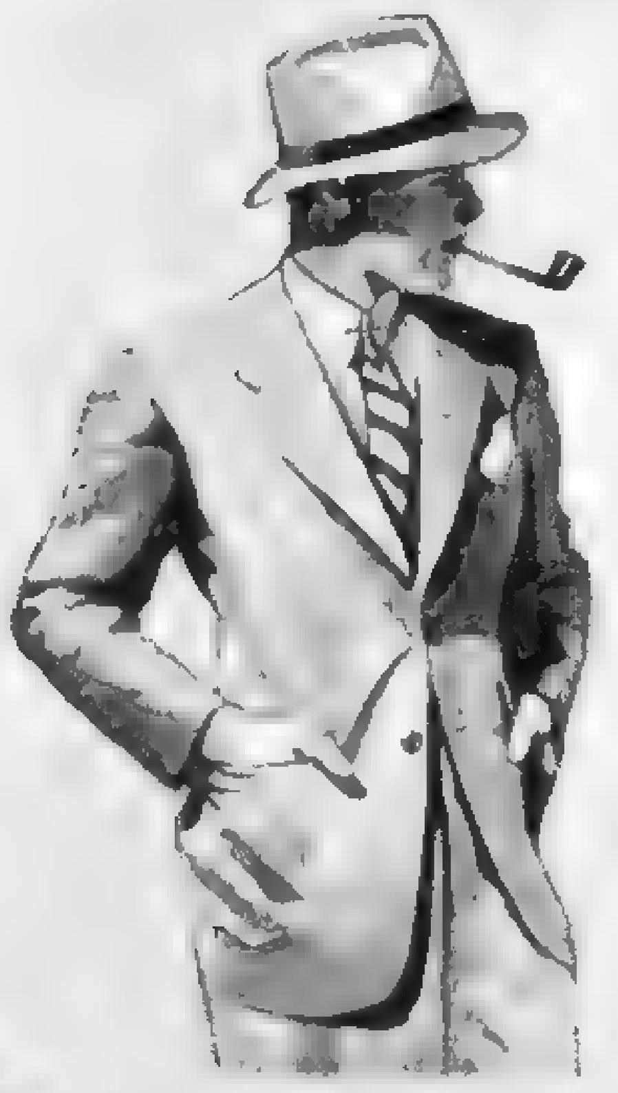
● Once you get the "Palm Beach habit" . . . no other summer suit will take its place. Without the aid of pads and canvas, they have style that's superb . . . style that won't forsake them after plenty of wearing and washing.

● They're cool, porous and dust-resisting . . . and the infinite variety of weaves, colors and models means the right change for every warm-weather occasion.

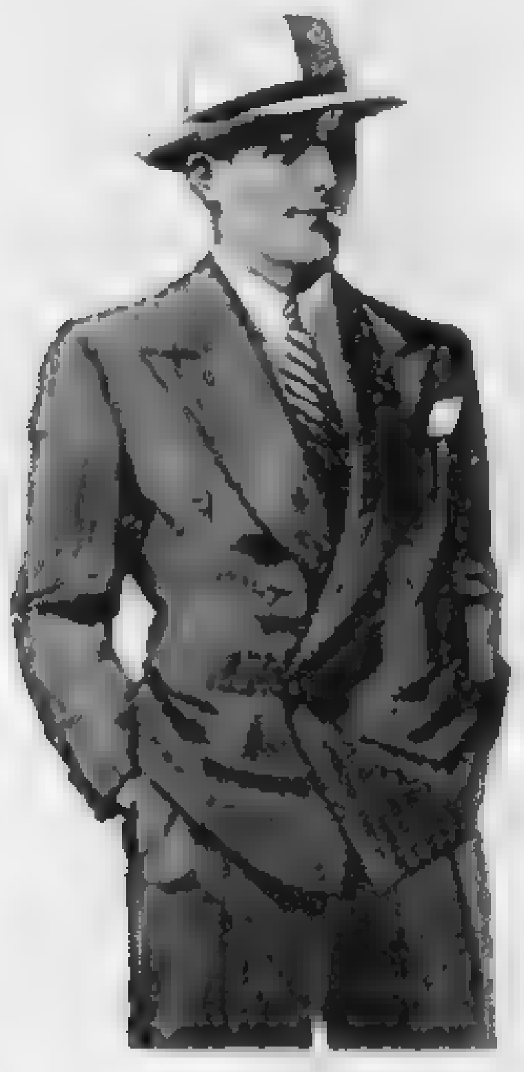
GOODALL COMPANY • CINCINNATI

TAILORED BY GOODALL
Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FROM THE GENUINE CLOTH

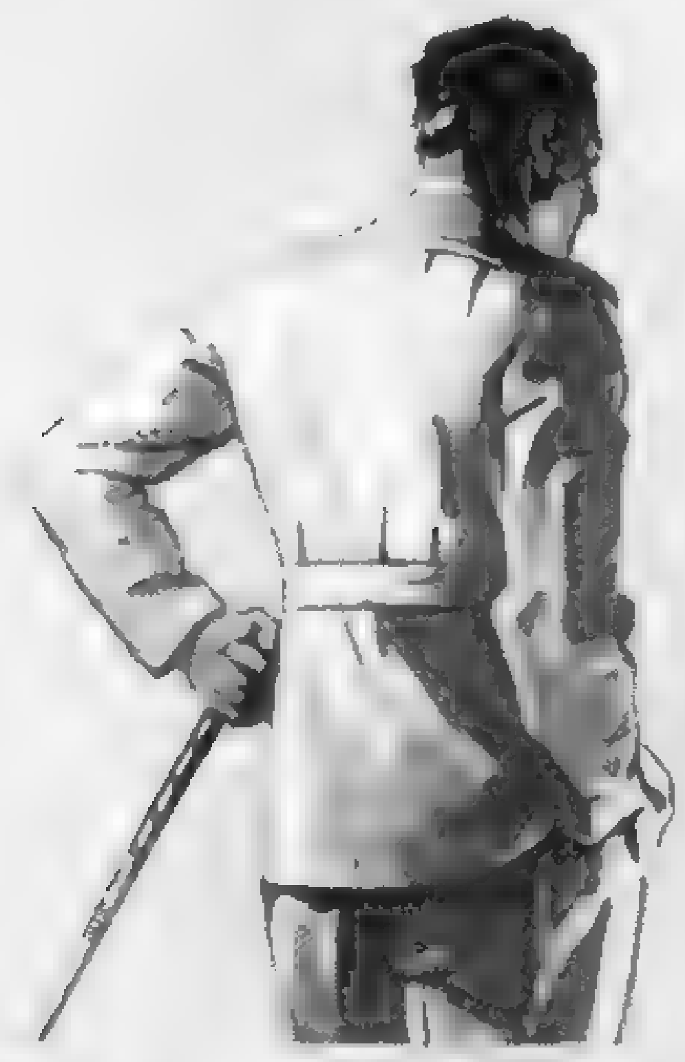
Every genuine Palm Beach Suit bears this label



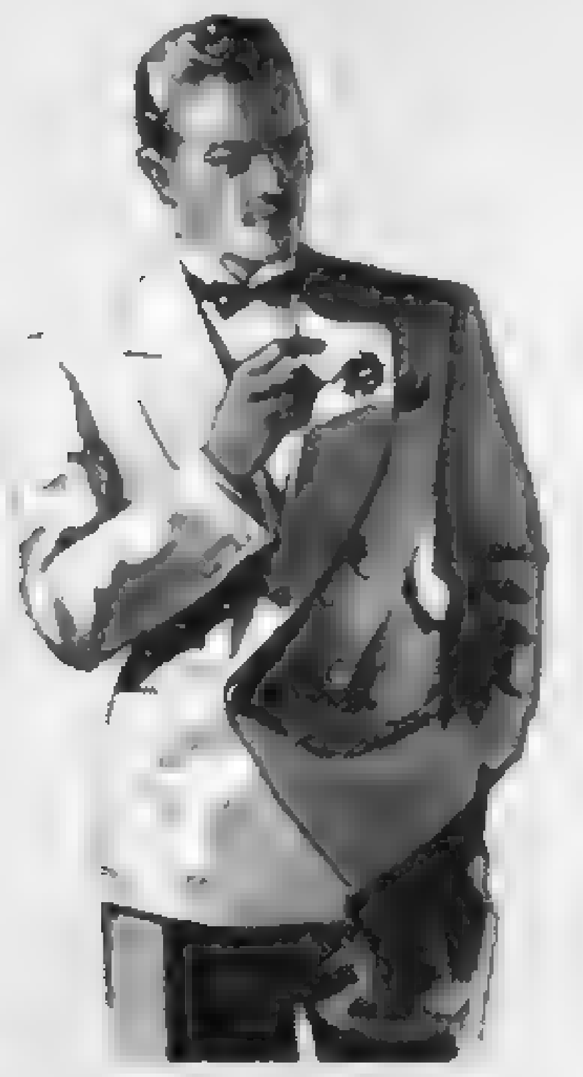
● See the New Palm Beach Screen Weaves. They make the morning shower more than a memory . . . keep the body cool all day. Extra light: extra porous; extra smart—in club checks and summery shades.



● The same men who discovered the famous White Palm Beach last summer, will appreciate these new *Town Tones*. Rich greys, blues and browns—in solid shades and British stripes. Ideal for business or travel.



● Ideal . . . these Palm Beach Sport Suits—combining roomy comfort, authentic style and lasting shapeliness. Shown in checks, plaids and the new distinctive *fleck weave*—with harmonizing barred slacks, if desired.



● The Palm Beach Tux: white single or double breasted jacket, black tux trousers.

Model above shows the new notch lapel, with long, graceful swing to bottom button. $18.50

● Many men think of Palm Beach as "white suits." But white is only one color in the all-occasion Palm Beach variety! Own a blue or a grey for business; a check sportback for the week-end, and a handsome white for evenings or the beach. You will probably find that true comfort and style never cost you so little.

● If you've tried this and that in washable trousers, only to find that after a little wear they were shabby bags—treat yourself to *Palm Beach Slacks*. They'll outlast all your expectations and retain their smart lines no matter how tough the going. Shown in checks, plaids, stripes . . . and handsome solid shades . . . . . . $5.00.

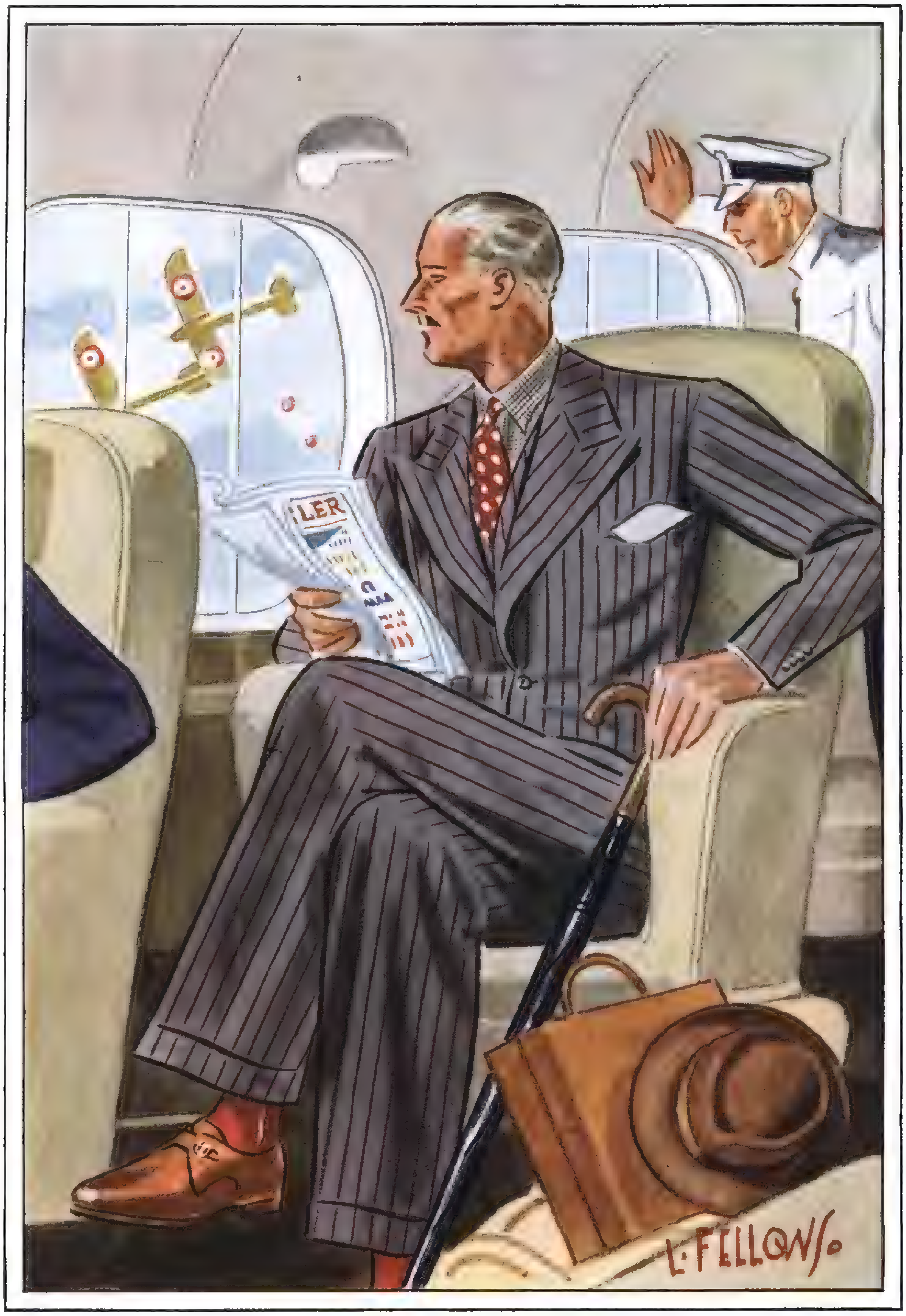
● *Boys' and Students'* Palm Beach suits are styled and tailored like the men's garments. Same handsome weaves, patterns and colors. Smart, sturdy, washable; great for all Spring and Summer wear . . .

Boys' suits with shorts, knickers and longies; and of course, extra slacks. $5.75, $6.75, $10.75, etc.

● Added to its coolness, *Palm Beach* has a shape-retaining quality that is truly amazing. It holds its smart lines and resists mussing better than any washable garment you have ever worn. There is but one genuine Palm Beach . . . and the trademark label sewn in the little coat hanger identifies every suit. The price for all men's two piece suits is . . .

$ 16^{75}

At all good clothiers



WEEK-END WARDROBE FOR TRAVELING LIGHT

For a quick trip involving both town and country or resort appearances, where luggage must be kept down to little better than a briefcase, the answer is a pair of white or grey flannel slacks plus the outfit pictured here. These clothes look normal enough for informal town wear and still go very well against a rural or resort background. The suit is grey flannel with red stripes, a combination of color and fabric that has been accorded marked popularity in London. It is made in a two-button single-breasted peaked lapel model with welt (that is, unflapped) pockets. With it are worn a fine checked madras shirt with a relatively long pointed slotted collar to match, a foulard tie of maroon with white spots, wine color lisle hose and brown calf monk front shoes. The hat is a brown felt pork pie. With the substitution of plain colored slacks for the suit trousers the outfit is effectively transformed.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Music in the Afternoon

Continued from pages 94-154-156

affairs for the Philadelphia Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic. At house parties he habitually ends up at the piano, making witty announcements from the bench. "He is inarticulately eloquent!" When he cannot find the right word he has a suitable gesture.

He wears fine clothes of a European cut. But he does not advertise his tailor. He loathes with a fine Spanish scorn deprecators of jazz, "specialists," transcriptions and joint-recitals. He has been known to leave a hall when he discovered another artist was to appear with him. If the joint-appearance is with himself—as pianist and conductor—that is another matter. It is also a gala, throat-swelling occasion for the audience.

He loves America intensely and plans to make it his permanent home. But on his first arrival in New York he found the chic hotels too noisy and slept in a different one on six successive nights. The seventh night he slept at a quiet, old-fashioned place—the St. Hubert—half a dozen doors as a musician walks from Carnegie Hall, and hasn't budged since. He likes to sleep late, lounge around in a disreputable bathrobe until noon, when he has breakfast, and then takes a fashionable constitutional on the Avenue. He spends no more than two weeks at the *pied-a-terre* he maintains throughout the year in Paris, and then lords it for a month at his orange grove two hours outside of Valencia. And he makes that pay, too!

Whatever his fortune as a conductor, Iturbi never will forsake the instrument that carried him through the pearly gates. "I do not intend giving up the piano," he has said. "If I could whistle or sing, I would do so. I love music. MUSIC!! Though I adore the orchestra, I am not stick-crazy."

He was destined from the first to do two things well. In the Basque of his forebears, "Iturbi" means "two fountains." ⧻

Prop Boys on Parade

Continued from page 84

prop man in his company was Oscar Lau, a fast-thinking member of the brotherhood.

The scene in which Wallace Beery made his entrance into the picture was a court scene in which a number of *hidalgos* were being tried by a jury composed of six dead men whom they had just hanged. In shooting this scene it was soon found that the six supposedly dead men looked like anything but corpses. All Hecht got was six very obviously alive actors who looked as though they were doing precisely what they were doing . . . playing dead.

The scene was taken and retaken innumerable times until the entire company had reached a nervous tension near the breaking point, at which point Oscar Lau made an entrance and told Mr. Hecht that he had just returned from the local morgue, and that he thought he had just what was needed. He then went outside and, in a moment, reappeared pushing a baggage truck over which he had thrown a tarpaulin. Pulling the canvas back, Oscar revealed six obviously dead men dressed in peons' costumes. There was Mr. Hecht's dead jury, cold fishy stares and all.

Hecht was delighted with them, but the studio turned thumbs-down on the whole idea, saying that if the story got out it would keep people away from the theatres where *Viva Villa* played, so the six "stiffs" were wheeled back to the morgue, and Mr. Hecht was left with imitations.

However, such labor expended for nothing at all would never discourage a real prop man. They are constantly seeing their efforts go for nothing, and having their Herculean efforts lightly laughed off, as did Al Swindel who went to Calabasas on location with *The Thundering Herd.*

Calabasas is nothing at all but three or four stores and a post office built around a large resort hotel in the middle of a desolate and unbelievably hot California location famous for its mud baths.

One morning, while in Calabasas, Swindel was called upon to produce four hundred pounds of ice for a surprise comedy sequence that had suddenly been shoved into the script. Swindel had been propping too long to ask questions . . . he started after the ice. However, when he got to the local ice house he discovered the owner had departed for Los Angeles with the only key.

Al tried all the stores, ice cream parlors and other places where he thought he might be able to get ice, but none of them could, or would produce the precious article. Finally he got an old cap, a wheelbarrow and a pair of ice tongs from the prop truck. Putting the cap on and pushing the wheelbarrow before him, he walked up to the resort hotel and in through the service entrance to the large refrigerator in the basement, where he was stopped by the steward who demanded to know his business.

Swindel said that he had gone to work for the ice company only that morning, and that he was in danger of losing his job because he had made a mistake in his delivery and left six hundred pounds too much in the refrigerator. The steward was immediately all sympathy and not only told him that he might take the ice, but actually helped him to carry it out to the wheelbarrow in which he promptly wheeled it back to the set.

A few weeks later Swindel went

Continued on page 160

To laugh at Percy isn't fair

WATER CAUSED HIS TOUPEE HAIR

Is your hair stiff and unruly?

Unless you want to look like the gentleman above, stop soaking your head with water every time you reach for the brush and comb. Water washes away the natural hair oils. Leaves the hair stiff and brittle. Makes it stand on end as soon as the water evaporates.

Kreml is the right treatment for stubborn hair. It contains beneficial oils that make the hair soft and pliable, give it new life and lustre. In addition it is a splendid hair tonic.

Dandruff vanishes after the first few applications. It is the best defense against excessive falling hair. After a dip in the sea or a day in the open it removes every trace of sea-salt, stickiness and grime.

Ask for Kreml in the barber shops and use Kreml regularly at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

The cleansing, purifying lather of this wonderful olive oil shampoo keeps your hair soft, lustrous, and pliantly young.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

THE BELT...
Cocktail of Sportwear
PIONEER

Like the olive in a Martini, ever notice how a smartly-styled belt often adds to your sports outfit just the dash of color and interest that strong men cry for? Though remaining on the alkaline side, Pioneer sport belts, represented by the handsome specimens pictured above, are stimulating and different. At $1 to $3.50 you'll want several for stepping-out this summer.

PIONEER

BRACES · GARTERS · BELTS · BUCKLES
Dependable Quality... Correct Style... Since 1877
PHILADELPHIA

Prop Boys on Parade

Continued from pages 84-159

to the preview of *The Thundering Herd* only to discover that the entire ice sequence had been cut.

The tricks and pranks of prop men are not, however, always so innocent as Swindel's ice hoax. Sometimes they result in lawsuits and court wrangling, as they did in the case of a prop man who shall be nameless.

This particular prop man's company was shooting scenes in Sherwood Forest (California) and they were using beautiful, thoroughbred horses that were noted for their magnificent manes and tails. After the troupe had arrived at the location someone discovered that there were explicit instructions in the script stating that the heroine was to ride a bob-tailed horse, and there was no such thing as a bob-tailed horse within fifty miles. That left but one thing to do . . . make a bob-tailed horse. The fellow who was propping the show did just that.

Taking a pair of shears from his prop box he cut off feet of the beautiful, flowing tail that had won the horse's owner more than one blue ribbon. The scene was shot, and then it was time to return the animal to its stable, but the prop man had thought of that, too, and had carefully saved all the hair he had cut out.

He carefully braided this hair back in again, and it was not until three days later that an irate horse broker showed up at the studio gates with a warrant in one hand, a club in the other.

This little bit of whimsy on the part of their prop man cost his particular studio several thousand dollars in court, but he was not fired because it would have cost the studio many times that amount to have held up production at Sherwood Forest until a bob-tailed horse could have been brought out from Hollywood.

One of the most grisly things that ever happened to a prop man happened to Bob Lee when he was propping a Von Stroheim show that featured Emil Jannings in the lead. Jannings and Von Stroheim were both notorious sticklers for detail and exactness. The script called for Jannings to be dressed in beggar's clothes for the greater part of the picture and while the studio turned out a beautifully ragged costume, it pleased neither the director nor the star. They both insisted that it looked exactly like what it was . . . a studio wardrobe creation.

Finally it was decided that the only thing left to do was to send Bob Lee, their prop boy, down town to buy the clothes from a real bum in a soup kitchen queue.

There were plenty of soup kitchen queues down town, and plenty of bums in them but, unfortunately for Lee, Jannings was well over six feet in height and most of the bums were a good deal under six feet. Soup kitchen queues, missions and flop houses producing nothing, Bob Lee took himself down to the San Pedro waterfront, but the bums and bindlestiffs there were no bigger than the ones in Los Angeles.

At the end of three days Lee had to admit defeat. He started back toward the studio, hating himself for being the only prop man ever to fall down on an assignment. Taking out a cigaarette to sooth his somewhat jangled nerves he found that, owing to a strong wind, it was impossible to light it. A few blocks ahead he saw a deserted car barn. When he came to the building, he stepped inside, struck a match and started to light his cigarette when he suddenly caught sight of a perfectly enormous man lying asleep in a corner. Not only was the man enormous, but he had the most beautifully dilapidated and grease-stained coat imaginable wrapped around him.

Lee walked over, prodded the man awake, and offered him ten dollars for the coat, immediate delivery. That was a mistake, but Lee didn't find it out until it was too late. Instead of being delighted with the offer, the man became stupidly and inexplicably suspicious. Lee raised the offer several times until he had finally reached the sum of twenty-five dollars, then he explained that he wanted the coat for a picture. At this point the bum got up and ambled away, convinced that he was talking to a raving lunatic.

That seemed to be that. Lee had overplayed his hand, and there was nothing left to do but go back to the studio and report his failure. The next morning when he got to the studio he found that Von Stroheim and Jannings had not yet arrived, so he went into the prop room to sulk in silence. Another prop man entered and asked Lee what was the matter and, when he had explained, asked him if he had been to the morgue. Lee hadn't, but before the other fellow had finished speaking he was half way down to the city dead house.

The morgue was unusually full and disappointing. As the attendant pulled out shelf after shelf, Lee saw with dismay that the occupants were all either women or small men. He turned and started to walk out when he happened to see a rough, deal table, covered with a canvas, at the far end of the room. Pointing to the table, he asked the attendant what was under the cover.

The attendant thought for a moment and then said that it was a cadaver. Would Lee like to look at it? He would. They walked over to the table and the attendant ripped back the canvas cover. Stretched out on the table, before Lee's startled eyes, was the bum whom he had encountered in the San Pedro car barn. He had been brought in in the small hours of the morning . . . dead of starvation. ⧺

War Is Something

Continued from page 33

time," said the short tramp. "Except when they had to take time to dive for oysters to eat. The rule was chase each other around and around on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, rest on Sundays, and get oysters Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. We got real sick and tired of it, didn't we, Joe?"

"That's right, Bill," said the tall tramp, wiping egg off his chin.

"Human beings warring like that," said the short tramp disgustedly. "It made me ashamed of my humankind. If we had knowed their language we would have gone and reasoned with them, ma'am. Well, just one more egg, ma'am—you do know how to fry them, I'll say. We would have taught them some pacifism, ma'am. I said to Joe, 'If we knew their language, Joe, you could go to Tribe A and make them ashamed of their eternal war, war, war, and I could go to Tribe B—or vice versa—and we could teach them a thing or two.' Did I say that, Joe?"

"That's right, Bill," said the thin tramp.

"It's a shame you didn't know their language," said Miss Perkins, filling their cups again from the coffee pot. "Take plenty of cream, that's one thing there's plenty of. If you had known their language you might have turned them from war."

"Well, ma'am," said the short tramp, draining his coffee cup and momentarily closing his eyes in blessed repletion, "we done the best we could. It seems that all me and Joe had been able to fetch along with us in the ship's dory was a couple of machine guns, and it riled us so to see them savages at war that way, that when Tribe A come around to our side of the atoll we just killed the whole lot of them. And when Tribe B come around we killed them, too. That right, Joe?"

"That's right, Bill," said the tall tramp.

"And serve them right, the nasty fighting savages!" declared Miss Perkins. "What will you have—apple pie or cherry pie?"

"Apple, please, ma'am," said the short tramp.

"That's right—" the tall tramp began, but he stopped short. "Hold on!" he said; "I'll take cherry."

"And how did you get off the atoll?" asked Miss Perkins.

The short tramp cut the point of the triangle of apple pie with his fork and filled his mouth.

"You tell her that, Joe," he said. "I don't want to do all the talking." #

Why Men Go Fishing

Continued from page 49

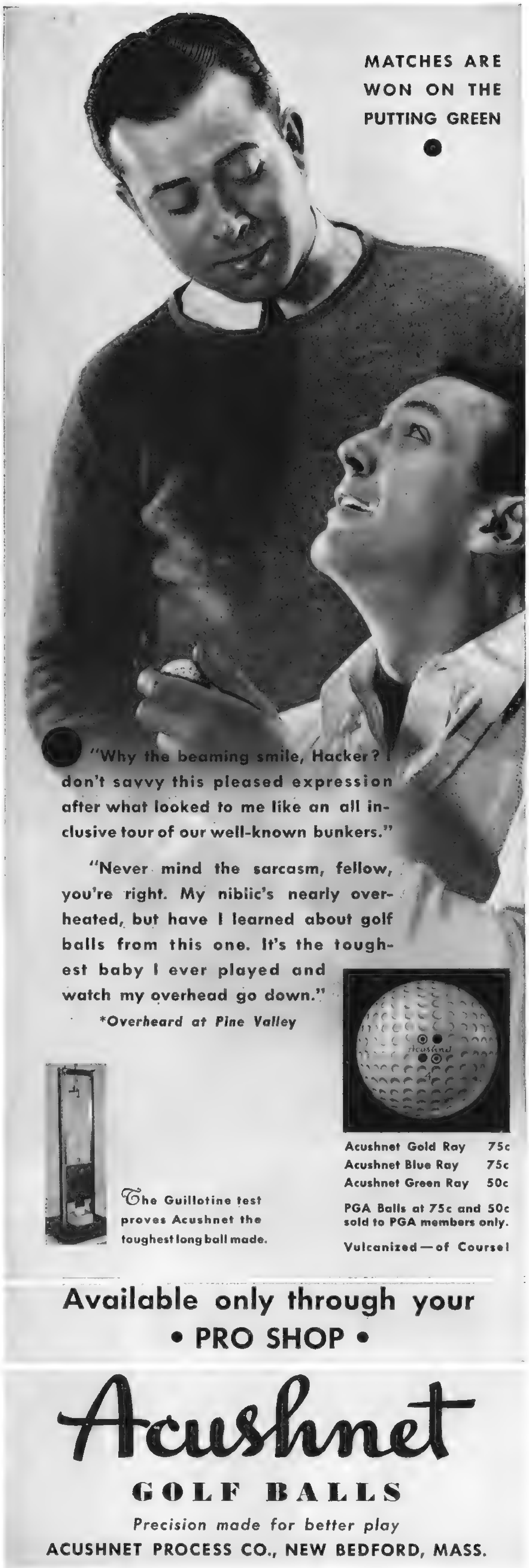
cliff six hundred yards away a second after he squeezes the trigger! Just think of the astonishment of that goat. You caused it, from a distance. You might think that the shelling of Paris at long range was the all time high in this kind of fun. Actually, to the lads who unlimbered Big Bertha, it was second rate. It is necessary to *see* the results in order to get fun out of them. The hunter *sees* his game fall. The fisherman not only sees his salmon leap clear of the water, but he *feels* him.

I am pretty sure that the greatest sports have in them an element of danger. This disturbed me for a while, because the greatest sport in the world is, of course, fishing—and I could not honestly see any danger in it. I could see danger in a rough stream or lake, or in wading certain savage rivers, but that is a pure background-danger and you can walk out of it any time it ceases to be fun. There is some danger that you will lose the fish, but it's insignificant. The real danger is that the fish will not lose *you!* You can call this the fish's danger if you want to, but that's quibbling. In fact, when you've got a good fish on, you can feel his danger so keenly in your wrist that for excitement purposes it becomes your own.

Bliss Perry, in his memorable essay entitled *Fishing With a Fly*, made some serious and some smiling comment on the manual dexterity pleasure in fly fishing. In discussing the subject with him on a salmon fishing trip on the Miramichi one summer, I told him I did not believe casting a fly required much dexterity, that angling literature seemed to have gone out of its way to make casting sound difficult. What the fisherman has, in casting, is a *sensation* of great skill. The gorgeous, moving curves of rod and line amaze him, and he feels himself a truly remarkable fellow for creating such beautiful motion with his wrist. As a matter of fact, if he co-ordinates average well, it should take him about twenty minutes to learn the dark mysteries of such creation. But the fun is there, and the soundlessness of the line unrolling on a long cast will fascinate me forever—I hope. So will the elaborate, cunning, and probably meaningless designs of certain flies which resemble no insect known.

One of the greatest joys of fishing comes when you are actually examining a fish you have just caught. This special joy is difficult to explain. It is a kind of furtive triumph akin to successful and justified eavesdropping. By reason of your own luck and maneuvering, you are now looking closely at a live, wild thing which has been beautifully trained at keeping its distance in order to survive. You are the only human being ever to see these magnificent colors, this greatest of all streamlining, this now defenseless self. You are a kind of privileged miser. By reason of this close, possessive

Continued on page 162



MATCHES ARE WON ON THE PUTTING GREEN

"Why the beaming smile, Hacker? I don't savvy this pleased expression after what looked to me like an all inclusive tour of our well-known bunkers."

"Never mind the sarcasm, fellow, you're right. My niblic's nearly overheated, but have I learned about golf balls from this one. It's the toughest baby I ever played and watch my overhead go down."

*Overheard at Pine Valley

The Guillotine test proves Acushnet the toughest long ball made.

Acushnet Gold Ray 75c
Acushnet Blue Ray 75c
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PGA Balls at 75c and 50c sold to PGA members only.

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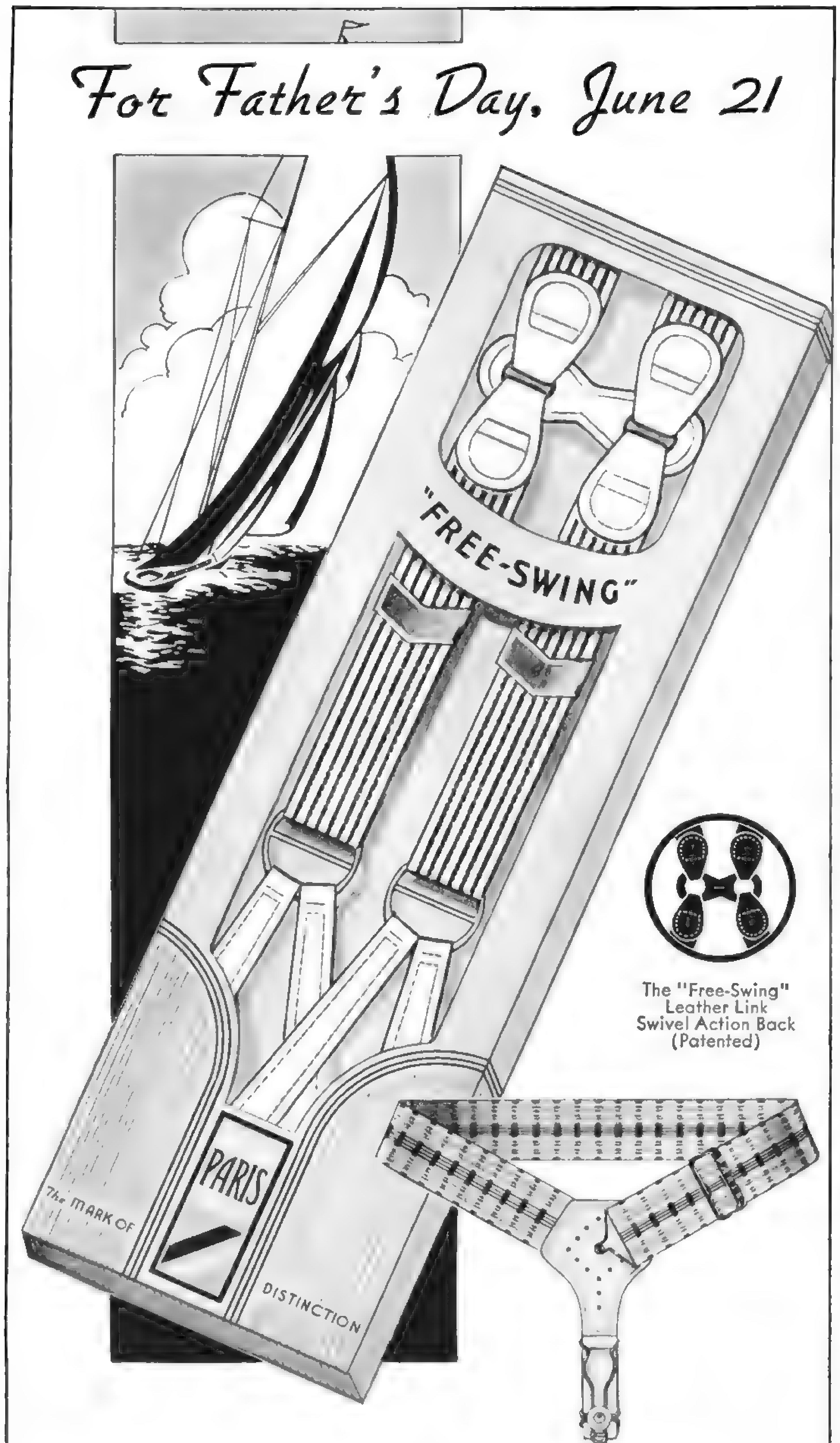

For Father's Day, June 21
"FREE-SWING"
PARIS
The MARK OF DISTINCTION
The "Free-Swing" Leather Link Swivel Action Back (Patented)

PARIS

Garters and Suspenders

YOUTHFUL • USEFUL • COMFORTABLE

"Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it" is an exploded theory today. Consider these new, cool Summer Garters and "Free-Swing" Suspenders by Paris, for example. They'll prove we've been thinking of Dad's comfort—and doing something about the weather. Get him a few pairs today and give him his share of summer comfort and smart style.

"Free-Swing" Suspenders "Can't Skid Off Your Shoulders" $1 and up

Paris Garters "No Metal Can Touch You" 50c—$1

AUTHENTIC STYLING
The Mark of Distinction

A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York

Why Men Go Fishing

Continued from pages 49-161

scrutiny, you feel curiously enriched, like a spy who has gleaned all manner of dirt. Hunting has this quality, too—except that the hunted, when you walk up to it after a good shot, lacks just one thing: life. When a thing lacks that, it has lost something in fun-value, even while it may have gained in trophy-value, or fun after the fact.

In most sports, the element of competition is requisite. I am inclined to believe that competition is superfluous to fishing, if not actually injurious to its fun. We have experimented with all manner of competition during fishing, and it's no go. At the trout club we have tagged trout, and the fellow catching the fish with the lucky number got the pool. As an innocuous form of gambling, it was fair. As fishing, it was the bunk. The fellows who were serious fishermen forgot all about the pool and just fished, and were faintly chagrined to take trout with little brass paper-clips on their tails. The fellows who were interested in gambling forgot all about their fishing, and you could tell by the way they unhooked non-paying fish that they were fishing for a number, not for fun.

At least one trip a year has a fellow along who suggests "a fin for the biggest, a fin for the most." This way fish, fishermen, and fishing all suffer. You have no time to examine your trout, to speculate on what lies beneath the water, or to note with any special pleasure your sensations of laziness and warmth and escape. A big trout, or a lot of trout, should be caught for your sake, or their own sake, and not for the sake of collecting a couple of fins. I do not say that gambling isn't fun. It's a very stirring form of fun. But it is not fishing, any more than a slot machine is a fly rod. As for competition, how can there be any when there is no antagonist?

The more interested you become in fishing, the more interested you will become in its high escape-quality. If you have nothing—no wife, work, or woes—from which to escape, you will begin inventing obstacles after you have fished a few seasons. The angling husband frequently hopes that, as he leaves the house with his hallowed equipment, his wife will say: "Silly!" He wants her to say this so that he can say: "Well, by God! It isn't!" and depart with the impressiveness of a launching coal barge—into a background on which he holds his own sacred patents, all masculine.

The fisherman at work feels not only at peace with his background, but glorified by it. He takes unto himself its apparent wildness, and gives to it the honor of his awareness. Here, his savagery and his cruelty are fine attributes. They belong. At home, he might chastise his son for annoying the goldfish; but here, he will partake ravenously of his son's triumph in catching trout. I am certain that those who have not felt this difference in background are those who condemn fishing and hunting because these sports are cruel and predatory. Of course they are! That's one of the exhilarating things about them! Yet sporting editors, in answering the spoil-sports, seldom if ever admit it. Instead, they roll off phrases about "the heritage of our forefathers." Some even go so far as to call this heritage "noble." It seems to me that what we inherited from our forefathers is first of all, life. Once in a while life may achieve nobility, but it practically always achieves cruelty. I am not even sure that that is too bad. All I know is that it is true. I have never read any arguments which justified hunting and fishing on humane grounds. Why should it be *justified* on those grounds? One of the reasons why fishing is fun is that its background justifies a fellow in a brief respite from being humane.

I am indebted to my father for introducing me to the sport of fishing. But I doubt if he ever witnessed the light of nobility shining from my eyes while I was catching white perch. What I see in my own son's countenance when he has a pickerel on are savage delight, greed, triumph, uproarious excitement, and, if he loses the fish, disappointment. From these expressions, and from his occasional outcries, I gather that he is having a hell of a good time. While it lasts, he is not humane. He is human. And he seems to have escaped from everything—home, boredom, adult control, the cognizance of mosquitoes, and his own obscurity.

Fishing is fun because it lets you indulge most of your human qualities without getting hung for it. If you can also catch its grace and see its beauty, there's an extra dividend. Sometimes there is stealth. Always there's surprise and curiosity. Except to other fishermen, there is no kindness—even when you return a trout to the water unharmed. You return him because you've had enough, or because the law requires it, or because he is too small for bragging or eating purposes, or so you can hope to catch him next year when he's bigger. No, you cannot be kind. You can be gentle in your methods, but the results are the same.

From all these ingredients, fishing derives its fun. When the sun is right; when the stream is good, and the wind small; when trout are coming well, fishing produces a kind of happiness which is sustained even during the moment you pause to examine it. The only other sport I know which has this quality is drinking. In both enterprises, an illusion is created, justified, and maintained over a period of time. While it lasts, you are a human being—in fact, one of the best! #

IN SINGAPORE

the next best thing to a cool cork helmet is a long, tall drink of

JOHNNIE WALKER

In Cairo, Suez, Singapore, Hongkong—where the sun often beats down at 105° in the shade—they know there's nothing better than an inviting Johnnie Walker highball to bring comfort and coolness. It ranks with the white cotton suit and the cork helmet.

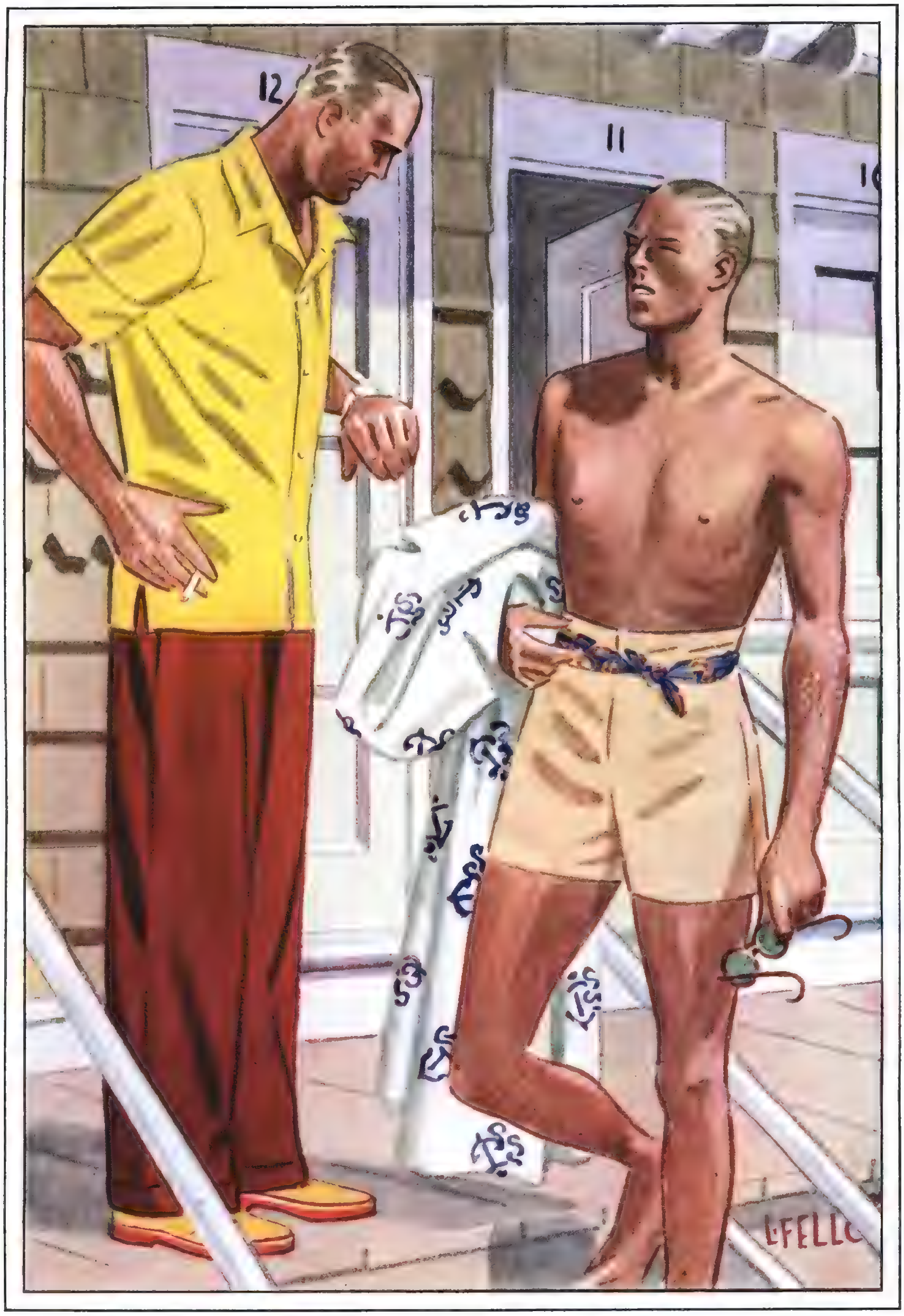
The next time you feel tired and hot, take a tip from the tropics. Mix yourself a long, frosty highball of Johnnie Walker Red Label. Sip it slowly . . . relax . . . and *feel* it refresh you.

Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky is BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. All Red Label is 8 years old; Black Label, 12 years . . . both are 86.8 proof.

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., *SOLE DISTRIBUTORS*

By Appointment
to His late Majesty
KING GEORGE V

Born 1820
. . . *still going strong*



THEY DRAW NO COLOR LINE IN BEACHWEAR

Time was when the sky was the limit in color choices for men's beach clothes, but there's no limit any more. You can release whatever inhibitions you may have left, for Joseph with his coat of many colors could lose himself in the crowd today. Witness the sunburst on the left, consisting of an open front basket-weave cotton shirt in bright yellow, worn with a pair of red beach slacks. Even the shoes shout, with their yellow uppers and red soles and heels. The shirt is made with long sleeves and has three-inch side slits making it adaptable for wear either inside or outside the slacks. The latter are of mohair crash, sailcloth or Palm Beach cloth. The shoes are unlined reversed calf with rubber soles and heels. The other man's trunks, which seem subdued alongside this outfit, are of gabardine in a light fawn shade, with a silk foulard square taking the place of a belt. Terrycloth robe.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Going Native in the Tall Glasses

Continued from page 98

A friend who visits Canada monthly told me of a drink put up by a Montreal Club, the house rule being that only one could be served to a guest. His host, rebelling at the rule, repaired to his yacht where he had three. Two days later he could see friends at the hospital. The legs are the first to go.

1 part of gin
1 part of absinthe

Mix with cracked ice and when frosted, sip slowly.

At tea time when a little nourishment is indicated the egg drinks are in order. Here is a popular swizzle:

1 ounce of gin
white of one egg
juice of half a lime

sugar to taste, ice and shake and serve in tall glass.

Variations on the Same Theme

1

2 parts of gin
one slice of lemon
one spoonful of sugar

Shake and pour into tall glass filled with chipped ice, filling up with soda-water.

2

1 third gin
1 third brandy
1 third French Vermouth

Mix and pour into tall glass filled with chipped ice, fill up with soda water.

3

1 jigger gin
1 teaspoon powdered sugar
2 dashes lemon juice, slice of orange and pineapple, pour into large glass filled with chipped ice.

4

2 jiggers gin
2 dashes Cointreau
2 dashes French Vermouth

Mix and pour into tall glass filled with ice, finish with ginger ale.

5

Gin Sling

3 jiggers of gin
½ jigger cherry brandy
½ jigger lemon juice
1 teaspoon of sugar

piece of lemon peel and dash of bitters. Pour into highball glass filled with ice. Add soda to fill.

6

2 parts of gin
1 part of sweetened lime juice

mix and pour into tall glass filled with shaved ice. Add soda water.

7

2 jiggers of gin
½ teaspoon powdered sugar
1 teaspoon of sherry

mix and pour into tall glass filled with ice.

8

1 jigger of gin
1 spoonful lemon juice
1 spoonful sugar

Put fresh peach or strawberries in bottom of tall glass, fill with ice and pour mixture in, adding soda water.

9

Prohibition Standby

2 jiggers of gin
1 slice of lemon

fill glass with ice and add dry ginger ale.

10

Golden Fizz

1 jigger dry gin
juice of half lemon
juice of half lime
tablespoon powdered sugar
yolk of one egg

shake with cracked ice, strain into tall glass and fill with soda.

Silver Fizz

Proceed as above using only the white instead of yolk of egg.

The Ramos gin fizz is something you have to experience, there is no use telling about it. Insidious and velvety it creeps up on you; but before you come back to earth that floating sensation is something. Your correspondent has never lined up at the famous Ramos bar in New Orleans where thirty-three bar tenders are required to serve the demand. He recalls the famous place on Forty-second Street, next the old Knickerbocker where it was made properly in the old days. Just now he can recommend the Sazarac, 112 Greenwich street, where it is made right and the Hotel New Yorker who have made arrangements for the exclusive dispensing of it outside New Orleans. Here is the New Yorker recipe, but like all of them, it probably leaves out just one thing which gives the drink that umph.

White of one egg
1½ oz. of gin
a good dash of orange flower water
a slightly heaping teaspoon of powdered sugar
¼ oz. lemon juice
¼ oz. lime juice
1 oz. fresh milk
2 or 3 cubes of ice, and a few pieces of cracked ice.

Shake slowly for at least 10 or 12 minutes until mixture becomes foamy. Then strain into chilled 8-oz. goblets.

In the old days before women took over the bars, it was necessary to have a different category of drinks for the weaker sex. Somehow, anything pink was supposed to be weak as well as pretty.

The Algonquin Bar Punch is a good sample of the sloe gin.

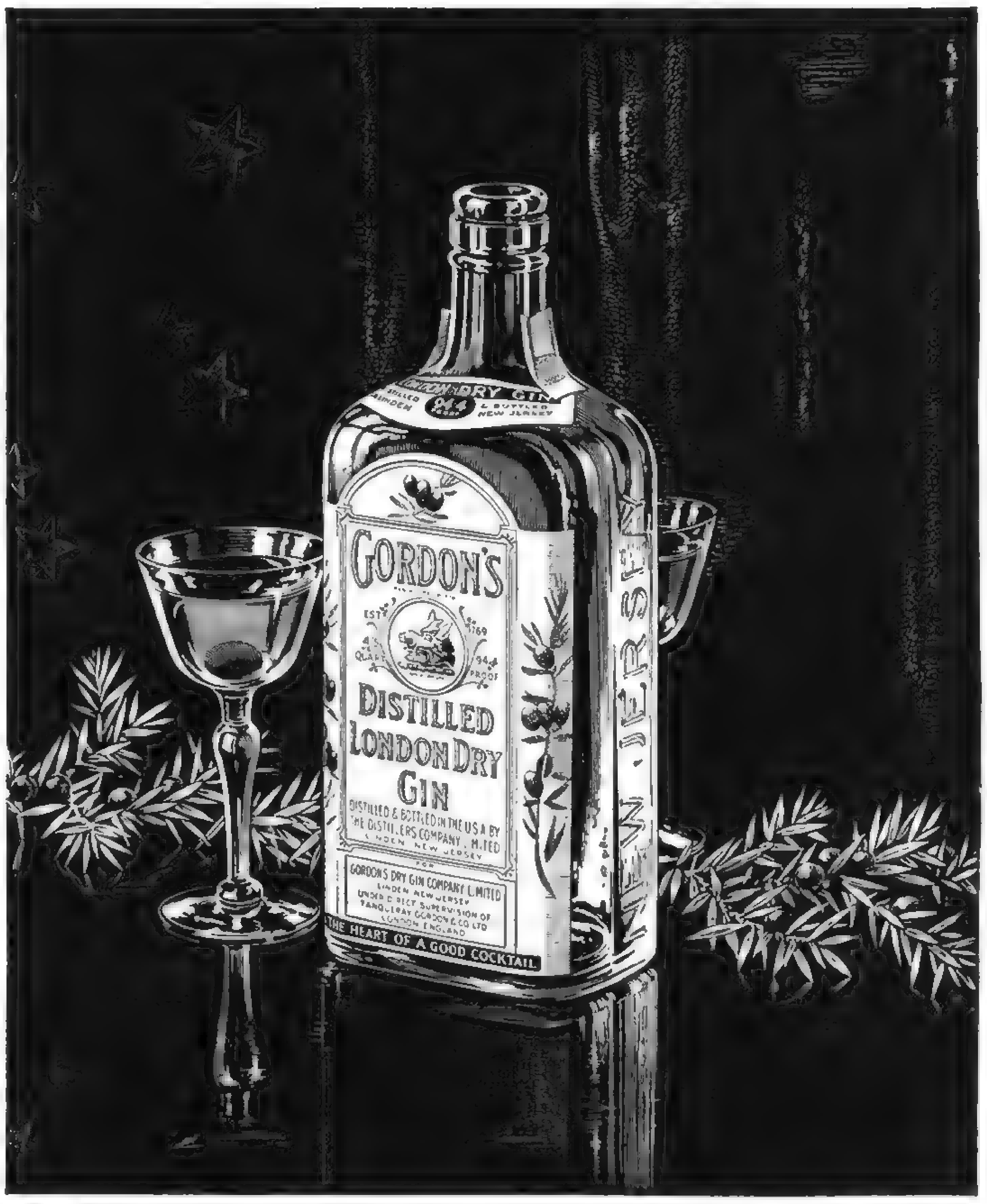
½ bar spoon of sugar
1 jigger sloe gin
¼ jigger Jamaica rum
1 jigger lemon juice
2 dashes raspberry syrup.

Stir and pour into tall glass with cracked ice. Dress with fruit.

Couriers arriving in the city from Kentucky report that the famous Derby breakfast was marked as usual by the consumption of bourbon straight by the gentlemen, and in juleps by the women, to the desired state where all horses looked alike. These same couriers had no further news on the old battle of the crushing of the mint, old Colonel Cobb, head of the mint-crushing brigade, steadfastly holding off the non-crushers from Baltimore and points south. Personally we string along with the opposition and would just as soon have parsley in

Continued at top of page 166

Drinks never taste thin *with* Gordon's Gin



. . . Because Gordon's has that Important Liqueur Quality★ and Higher Proof—94.4

★LIQUEUR QUALITY

Gordon's Gin is not, of course, a liqueur—it is not sweet—it is very dry. Gordon's attains richer flavor, velvety smoothness—that famous *liqueur* quality—through an exclusive formula—167 years old.

HIGHER PROOF—94.4

This means greater strength, sustained flavor. Gordon's pays a higher tax for this greater strength, but it means rickeys, cocktails, Tom Collins and other gin drinks that *never taste thin!*

100% Neutral Spirits
Distilled from Grain

GOOD NEWS!
GORDON'S GIN IS NOW MUCH
LOWER IN PRICE!

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"Teacher's and soda, please!"

TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM

A TALL, COOL glass of Teacher's Scotch and soda! With the wonderful flavour and smoothness of this world-famed Scotch combined with the "snap" of the soda, there is nothing like it to beat the heat. WM. TEACHER & SONS, Ltd., GLASGOW and LONDON. Established 1830.

TEACHER'S
"HIGHLAND CREAM"
Perfection of
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND
86 PROOF

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Going Native in the Tall Glasses

Continued from pages 98-165

our drink. We submit to the mint to get the Bourbon. The Cobb recipe is as famous as the author and will do as well as any. According to Cobb:

> Take spring water and mix it with sugar until it seems like oil. Then take a glass and crush your mint in it with a spoon. Crush it around the borders of the glass and leave no place untouched. Then throw the mint away. Fill the glass with cracked ice, pour in the Bourbon, let it trickle slowly through the ice. Let it have time to cool then pour your sugared water over it. Then put fresh sprigs of mint around the edge of the glass and sip slowly.

The other school, the non-crushers, follow this method:

> Put your mint in a glass container and a half hour before you are ready to serve, pour over it a whisky glass of Bourbon for each portion. In another receptacle put one spoon of sugar for each portion, cover with water and let stand. When ready to serve remove the mint, *without crushing*, pour the liquor on the sugar and stir gently until dissolved. Pour off into serving glasses filled with finely crushed ice and let stand until the glass is frosted. Garnish with sprigs of mint.

There are dozens of variants of these two. Before the days of the perfection of Bourbon, brandy was used through the South for the juleps. In some quarters, mainly Georgia, they still use half brandy and half Bourbon. Another wrinkle in the ordinary julep, if you can call a julep ordinary, is to put a few strawberries and a slice of fresh peach in the glass before you begin operations. This is especially refreshing for women drinkers.

While not tall drinks, here are two that belong to any summer category.

OLD FASHIONED

1 lump of sugar
2 dashes Angostura bitters
1 jigger rye or Bourbon
½ slice of orange
½ slice of lemon
1 stick of pineapple.

Mix sugar and bitters with a bit of water, using spoon or muddler. Add cube of ice, whisky, place cherry in the middle and sliced fruit on each side. Add small amount club soda or just let the ice melt.

SAZERAC

1 jigger rye or Bourbon
dissolve lump of sugar in water
dash of Peychaud bitters
dash of Pernod or Absinthe.

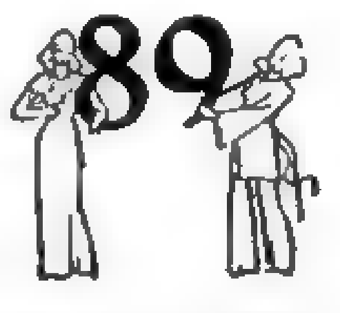
Stir with ice, garnish with twist of lemon peel. ⧺

She's No Longer Faithful If—

Continued from page 46

87 In her innocent and trusting years she always talked in her sleep. Now she does so no longer. She has nightmares, however, in which she screams that you are murdering her.

88 A new and unprecedented thing—whenever you arrive home the seat in her private bathroom is invariably up.



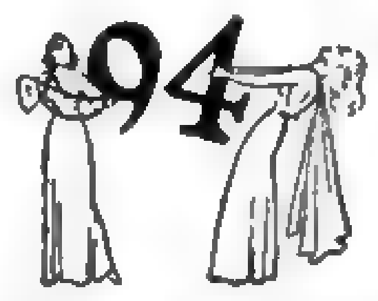
89 Your best male friend frequents a number of very special and unusual restaurants. The matches in her purse invariably carry the advertisements of these restaurants.

90 His servants act as if they were her servants: apparently they have had long training in her every special whim.

91 Your wife has only one picture in her bedroom, a gold-framed affair of your best friend and his elderly and rather unattractive wife. The two women, incidentally, are bosom companions, although his wife is a grey, dull, and rather ill little woman, *hardly* the logical companion for your young and "lebenslustig" spouse.

92 His vicious dog will attack everyone except your wife, who hates dogs.

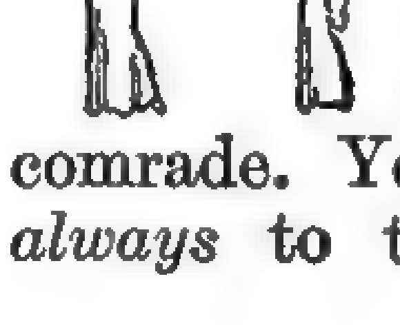
93 She has never been able to get her proper shade in kissproof lipstick, nevertheless while Ralph is staying with you both, she cedes a point and switches. She now uses kissproof.



94 She has a most exacting dentist who never lets her miss an appointment. Likewise, his fees are astonishingly low, and for a first class dentist. She goes to see him every day.

95 She has no particular memory, and last year, when you were quite sure that she was faithful (for you were out of a job then, and constantly by her side) she could never remember the events of even the day before. This year, however, she can account for every moment of her life, even if it happens to be three weeks ago.

96 Color Test: whenever she walks between you and "The Last Man on Earth," her left hand holding your right arm is normally pink, whereas her right hand holding his left arm is squeezed white.



97 She is of the young modern school—the firm handshake, the straight eye, the true comrade. You have both agreed *always* to tell one another the

truth, and you, for your part have always done so.

This pact, however, supposes that Primitive Eve coming out of the timeless past *might ever be changed by so much as an eyelash.* Such a supposition is a veritable Waterloo! (Why then, when she comes home nowadays does she never look directly in your eye especially when you have a large open window behind you? Why must she lock herself in the bathroom for *half an hour* to regain her composure?)

98 Her brand-new and favorite bedroom slippers disappeared just three months ago. Today they have reappeared as if by magic, and rather worn.

99 She visits a handsome fortune teller every other day and has "her cards interpreted." Formerly she was accustomed to give you every detail of these "readings"; now she lives, breathes, and eats according to the information he gives her, but she "forgets" to offer you any further details.

100 Every time you pass his house with your dog, he runs up the front lawn and claws at the door. Oftentimes he can be found there at nights, whining. The dog is your mistress's inseparable companion, but she tells you that she cannot understand why he does this. #

One Thing to Do

Continued from page 36

"You meanin' you tellin' me a cold-out no?"

"You heered it right along."

"Nary one kin give as much as me."

"Ain't a matter o' how much."

"I been figgerin' on you some definite."

"Iffen you listened good afore, you mought o' saved yorese'f a trip come offerin'."

Piper scowled.

"No need to sull on hit," Celie said.

"You got some un else to mind?" he demanded.

"Nary one. You kin rest yore temper."

Celie said this so definitely that Piper was appeased on that score. But he was far from satisfied with his own. Making his proposal piously, with the elaborate gentility it entailed, had been a difficult thing for him, requiring extended effort. He seemed glad it was over, even if unsuccessful. He sighed with relief. A mask appeared to fall from him. He looked at Celie with a lecherous eye, as if happy at the opportunity to apply methods more natural to him.

Celie watched him closely. She shivered a little, then stiffened so as not to let it show. This demand of her, and its manner, was a thing that had risen often before her, as some day coming, ever since she grew to realization. It had been occasionally a nightmare. The reality brought back the nightmare. In it she knew what she would be asking of Clay if she had to call him, and she knew he would come if he heard.

"Trouble with you is, leetle Partin," Piper announced, "you ain't git knowed whut a man is."

"I kin git along."

"Nary woman thet's got woman to her atall kin do long 'thout a man."

"No sich thing."

"On'y one way to learn you pleasurin'." He moved toward her.

Celie held her ground for an instant, then backed up toward the corner of the room where the rifle was hung. "You got to stop countin' I'll be fer you! You got to—"

"Knowin', you'll come runnin' to me 'stid o'me chasin'." He worked his snuff fast in his mouth, bearing down on her.

"You come closer, Piper Jentry, an' I'll give you!"

He came on, cornering her. "I'm adoin' hit fer yore own good 'causin' you ain't got sense enough to take hit agreeable."

"You tech me an'—"

He grabbed. Celie had been ready to reach for the rifle and tried to. But he was too quick. He had her by the arms. His tongue worked like lightning between his cheeks. She twisted herself and kicked him. It seemed to make no impression. He appeared to have no feeling. She kicked again, harder. He merely said, "I come to git you." He kept repeating this, over and over again, as if drugged with the words and insensible to anything else.

She struggled, but couldn't get away. He bettered his grip. Celie threw herself about, half off her feet in his arms. The stitching of her flour-sacking dress at one shoulder parted. The flap fell, exposing one full young breast suspended high. Piper saw and touched her, grasping with a rough hand.

Celie, revulsed, screamed, and fought like a wildcat. She nearly got away, but Piper held her again with both hands.

She called out. "Clay!"

Piper tried to put his hand over her mouth, but couldn't when she snapped at him with sharp teeth.

From the porch came Clay's voice, quietly. "I he', Mis' Cele."

Piper yelled, "You keep outen, nigger!"

There was no movement on the porch. Piper redoubled his efforts, grasping, to pick Celie up. She tried to bite him again and failed. He lifted her.

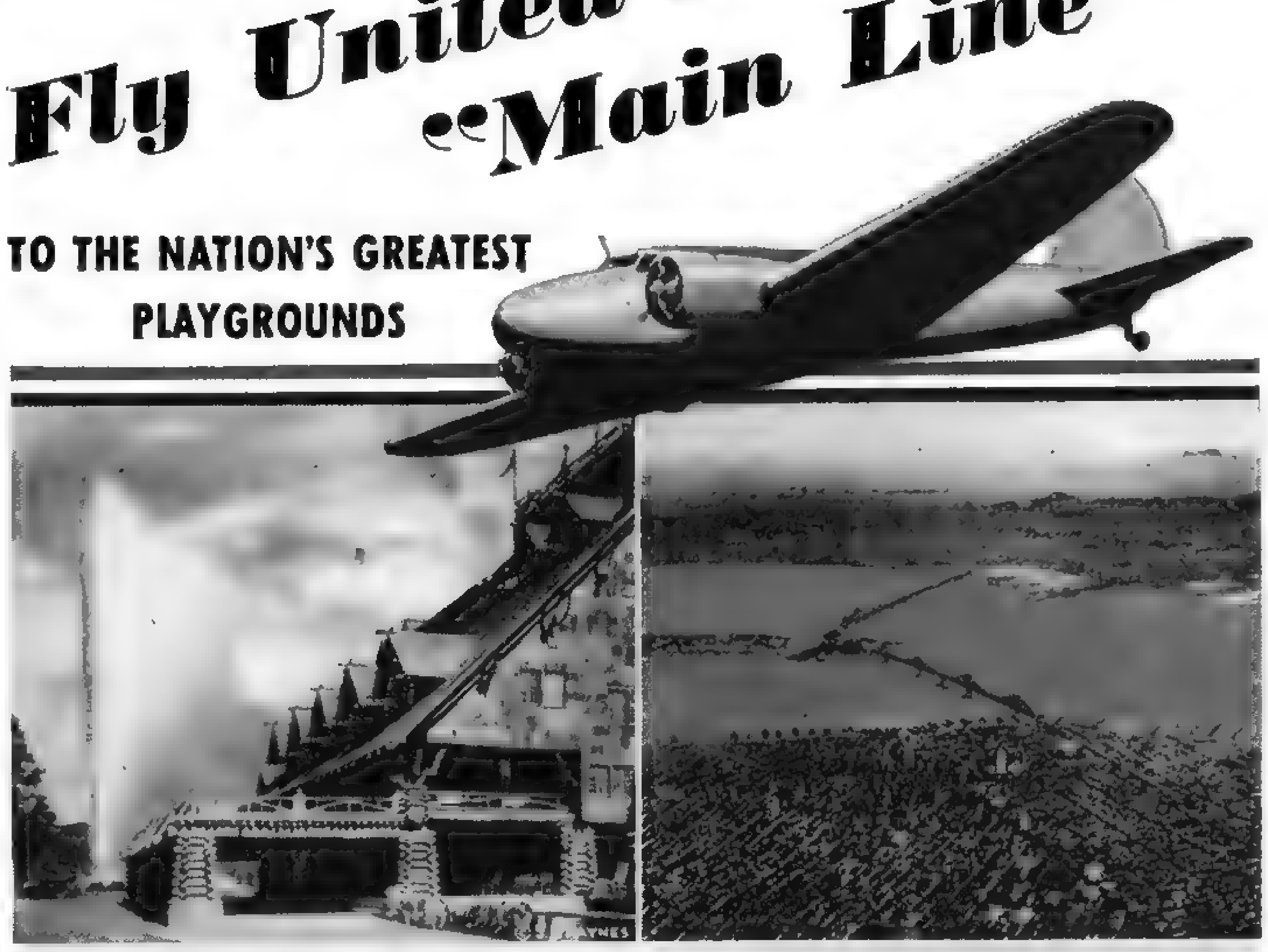
"Clay!" Celie called. "Clay!"

There was a creak from the floorboards at the door. Clay came in. His big form moved as if impelled, his great black face set, the whites of his eyes showing wide about their dark pupils.

Continued on page 168

Fly United's "Main Line"

TO THE NATION'S GREATEST PLAYGROUNDS



FLY TO AND OVER YELLOWSTONE Yellowstone Park is now only an overnight flight from New York, Chicago and major cities east and west. Coast-to-coast passengers are allowed stop-over privileges, permitting a *special side-trip flight from Salt Lake City circling* over Yellowstone National Park—the most magnificent scenic spectacle offered to travelers in the United States today.

TO CALIFORNIA VACATIONLANDS United Air Lines operates daylight and overnight schedules from the East to seven principal points in California, the all-year vacationland of America. Enjoy California's beaches, mountains and famous climate. See the mighty San Francisco Bay Bridge. Visit both Los Angeles and San Francisco at no extra fare.

OVER AND THROUGH THE GRAND CANYON Stop-overs allowed at Las Vegas, Nev. (reached via United Air Lines and Scenic Boulder Dam Airway) for side trips by plane and boat over and through the magnificent Grand Canyon. See the Canyon from the air. Also circle the gigantic $160,000,000 Boulder Dam project. Special "between planes" side trips.

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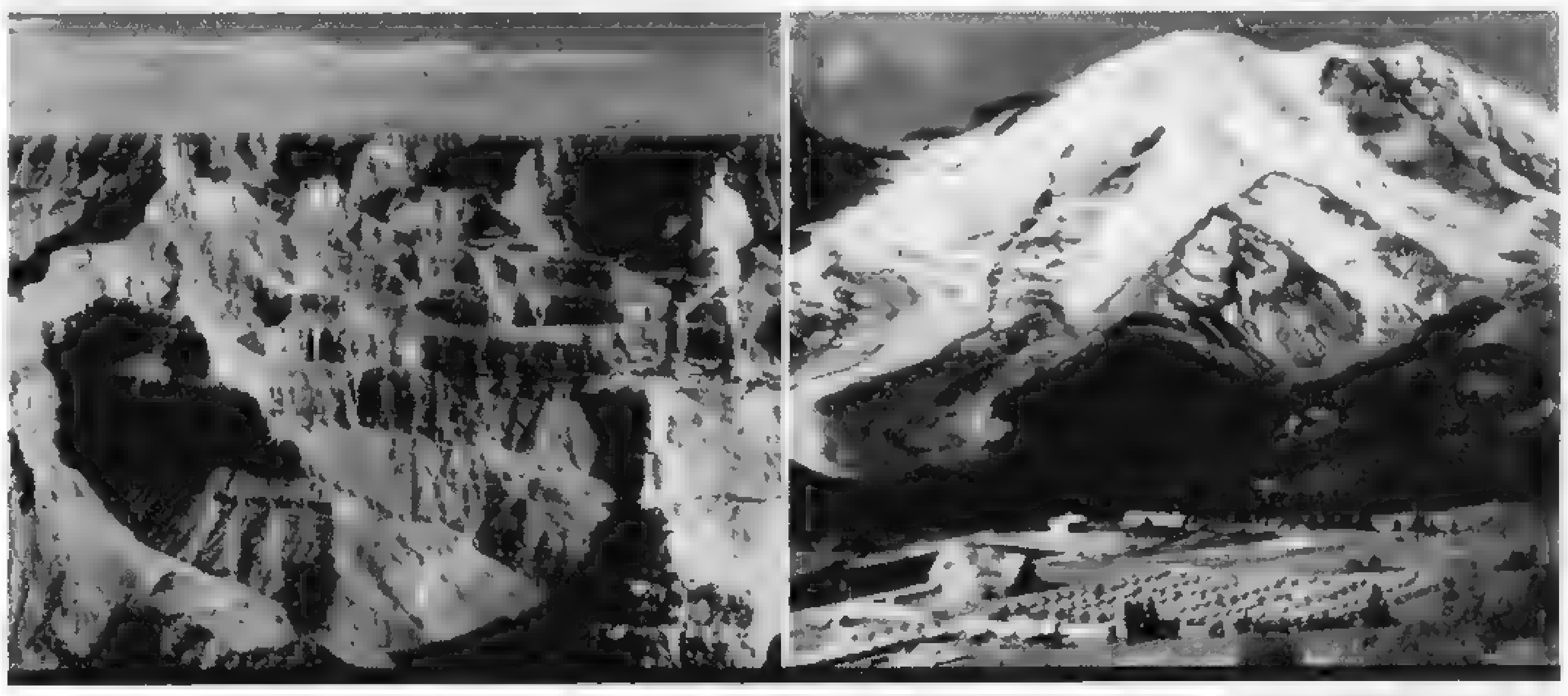

On your next trip coast-to-coast fly United! Visit one of these famous playgrounds on the way!

United's "Main Line" Airway, coast-to-coast, goes straight through the heart of the parks country—*and stop-overs are allowed on all United coast-to-coast tickets for visits to these great national vacationlands.*

And here's a great idea! Just add seven hours to your coast-to-coast trip and see glorious Yellowstone Park from the air. Or add a few more hours and you can pay an air visit to magnificent Grand Canyon, in addition.

Ask about new time and money-saving Circle Tours serving all Pacific Coast cities. For information or reservations: Your travel agent, the United Air Lines office in your city, or write United Air Lines, 221 N. LaSalle, Chicago.

United service features: 3-mile-a-minute, twin-engined, newly sound-proofed planes; stewardess service; complimentary meals aloft; 100 million miles of flying experience.

Chicago—New York: *Only 4⅓ hrs. Short route. 10 fine, fast services daily.*

UNITED AIR LINES

FASTEST, SHORTEST BETWEEN THE EAST AND MOST PACIFIC COAST CITIES

One Thing to Do

Continued from pages 36-167

"Know yore place, nigger!" Piper warned.

Clay asked, "Yo' leave Mis' Cele?" He pleaded, as much for himself as for Celie.

"I'm doin' whut's mine!" Piper yelled. "Take yore black skin where there won't be nothin' on hit!" He did not release Celie.

Clay went forward slowly. "I got to do it, Mist' Jentry." He reached out broad hands and separated Piper from Celie. Gently, but firmly, Clay sent him some feet away, and then stood facing him. Behind Clay, Celie arranged her dress.

Piper gazed at Clay as if he couldn't believe it. He stopped the movements inside his mouth, his jaw hanging open. He lifted an amazed voice. "You put hand to me, nigger!"

"I got to do it, Mist' Jentry." Clay was apologetic.

With a call of rage, Piper came back. Clay did not move when the other man struck him. He stood there, permitting it. But when he felt the sting of the blow, a great shiver went through his body. His fists clenched and half-raised themselves as though some hidden machinery within him worked. He leaned forward, his nostrils distended, his teeth bared. On his face there came a venomous grimace. All the hatred of his race for those who had appointed themselves its masters exuded from his features, black against white, with black in this moment stronger. For an instant he loomed, not a man, but a killer animal, roused to the urge of destroying a natural enemy.

Piper did not strike again. Before this dark threat he backed a little. What Clay might have done was not determined, as Celie, holding her dress, came forward.

"Git outen!" she cried to Piper. "Clare outen, sich as you! You done past standin'!"

Piper, from staring at Clay, turned to her. His courage returned with this intervention. He sucked in his breath. He looked at Celie as if she had wronged him. He glared at Clay once, quickly but significantly, and then turned and strode out.

In silence Celie and Clay listened to him walking away. After a moment Clay went out, to stand in front of the cabin. Celie found a safety pin and fastened her dress. She joined Clay. Small beside him, she took one of his hands and held it for a moment. It was the kind of thanks she could give him for what he had done and the kind he could receive.

They gazed solemnly after Piper Jentry as he strode down the road.

Clay spoke. "Wha' you do when dey come fo' me?"

"Ain't thing happen to you."

"I lay han' to him."

"You done right."

"I lay han' to him."

"No mind to me iffen you kilt him dead."

"Ain't wha' you min', Mis' Cele," Clay pointed out. "Wha' whi' folks min'."

Celie began a protest, then stopped it with her realization of the seriousness of what had happened. "Mought be more safe to hide you in the bresh fer a time."

Clay thought, ponderously, but logically. "I not he', he come mo' like he jes'. An don' do to las' in wha' case. Dey git houn's."

"They got no hounds."

"Dey git'm." Clay spoke with traditional knowledge.

Celie raged. She revolted at the customs of these, her only people. Her rage gave place to desperation. Desperation brought the use of wits to see the solution left.

She shrank from it. Then she felt again Piper Jentry's hand on her flesh. She saw what would be done to Clay and heard his screams from what would occur before they used the rope. The memory of the touch made her skin crawl.

Piper was fairly well down the road now. It would have to be done immediately or not at all. She clung to the thought that she would have done it before had she been able to.

Her voice cracked when she said, "On'y one thing t'do."

Clay gave a start, and turned to stare at her. "Don' yo' do like dat fo' me, Mis' Cele."

"I don' hit fer my own good as well," she said tightly. She whirled, and ran into the cabin. She came out with the rifle and without hesitation raised it to her shoulder.

Clay, though trembling as he watched her, had enough presence of mind to whisper quaveringly, "Bes' frum de front, Mis' Cele."

Celie understood and called out "Piper! Piper Jentry!"

Down the road Piper heard and stopped. As he turned, Celie fired. Piper's hands went high into the air, reaching, as if trying to clutch at something not there. He swayed, and then pitched forward on his face.

Celie and Clay stood there, gazing with an awful fascination at what lay in the road down there. Then Clay started forward, as if he had previously decided what must be done. The body had to be brought back here where it would support their story of Celie having to shoot him when he attacked her.

Celie turned and walked slowly into the cabin. She stood in the middle of the room and stared about her as if bewildered. Though she knew she could be righteous, her legs went weak and refused to support her. She sank to the floor suddenly. She remained there, half-kneeling, half-sitting, looking straight in front of her, seeing nothing, and hugging the barrel of the rifle as if for warmth. #

America's Smartest Straws

Correct Summer Headwear
BY DOBBS

The new Lincoln Road Panama, with the smart tapering crown
$7.50 to $50

The Biscayne Straw with "Headspring" and Cavanagh Edge**
$5.00
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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$3.50

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NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS
DOBBS
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The Music-Box Review

Continued from page 107

carry the duo-piano torch and they certainly should be able.

There's a Small Hotel
It's Got To Be Love
On Your Toes
The Heart Is Quicker Than the Eye
Fairchild and Carroll
Liberty Music Shop No. L-192

Ruth Etting is still a great stylist. There aren't many. She sells a song and is so lyrically convincing. Her latest is grand.

It's Been So Long
Lost
Ruth Etting
Brunswick No. 7646.

Russ Morgan's manners are certainly musically good. He makes recordings that you'll like immensely. I can't understand why he waited so long before stepping out on his own.

Don't Say a Word—Just Dance
You Started Me Dreaming
Music in the Morgan Manner
Brunswick No. 7641

The great "Bing" Deccas in four selections which couldn't be better for him. You can't help yourself once you start to listen. He sells every syllable. May he go on and on and on!

We'll Rest at the End of the Trail
Robins and Roses
Decca No. 791

I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'
It Ain't Necessarily So
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Synthetic Stars

Continued from page 39

ability. When the college football stars graduate into the commercial (for them) game it might be imagined that these performers have had first-class football shoved into them until it has become second nature. However, Clark took a team that many experts considered decidedly inferior to other major league pro teams in man-power, football brains and individual past performance and made it a winner by applying modern university calibre of coaching.

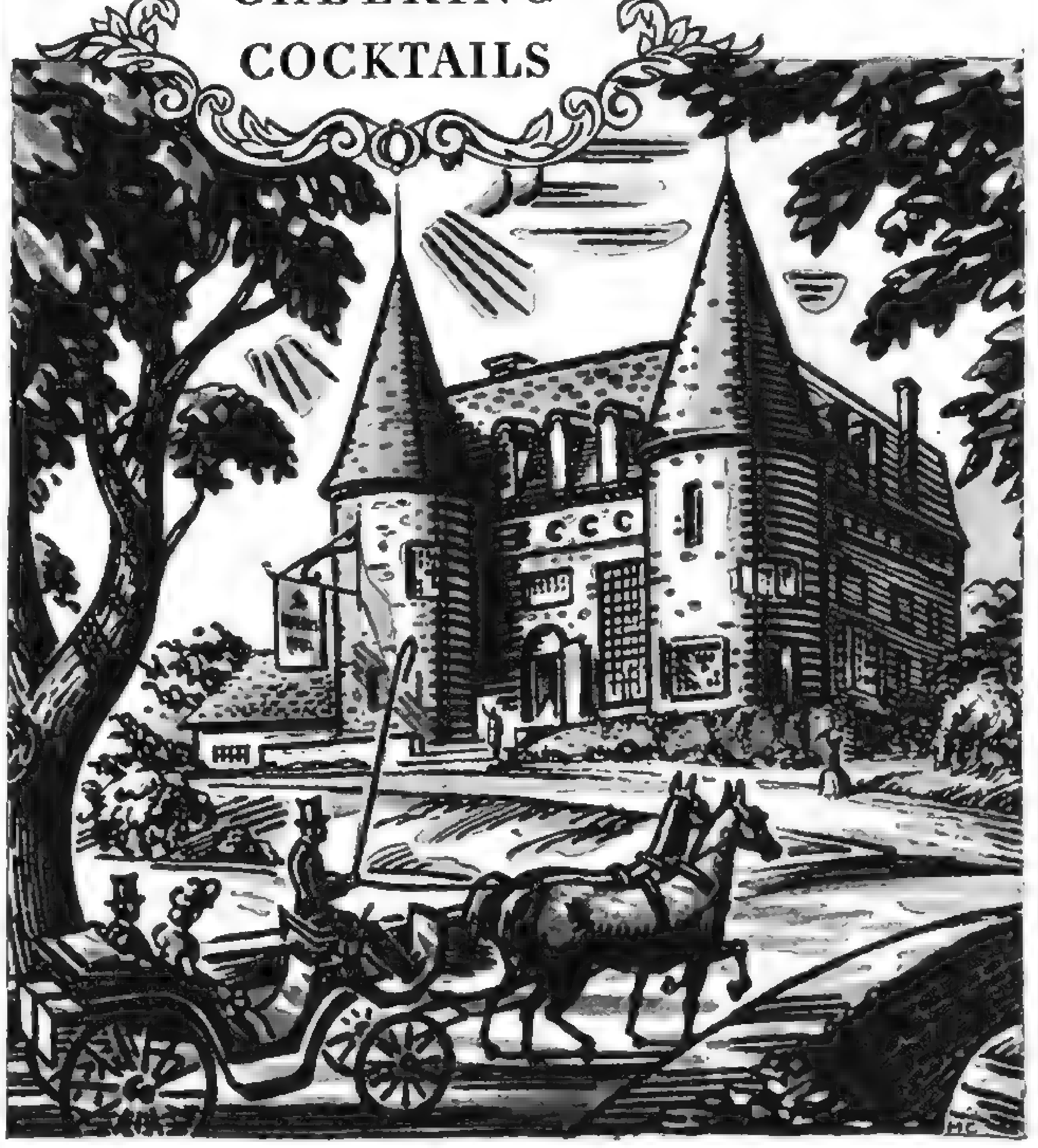
It isn't football alone that has gone into the higher learning of coaching with summer schools for the teachers. Basketball long since has emerged from its barrel hoop elementals into a science of complex exercises in plane geometry that the kids are to learn and remember perfectly in a split second. Basketball pedagogues this summer included the College of the City of New York coach, Nat Holman, advertised by the CCNY as the "greatest player of all time"; Barry of University of Southern California, Bee of Long Island university, "Dutch" Lonborg of Northwestern, Everett Dean of Indiana and Marsh Diebold of Carleton. Indiana, where they now breed for basketball players instead of authors, this year holds summer basketball coaching schools at Butler university, Blaney Park and Logansport.

In the *Scholastic Coach*, an excellent, flourishing trade paper that may be offered as evidence that the Natural Athlete wouldn't have much of a chance to survive as such, even if he did exist, there are twenty-one athletic coaching schools listed as being available for teaching the teachers during the summer of 1936. In addition to the tuition in football and basketball, there are courses for coaches in track, wrestling, boxing, swimming, training and even in golf. In this golf department the college coaches have beaten the golf pros to the classroom. First of the golf coaching sessions for the college athletic instructors is that of the University of Denver where Harold Long of the Cherry Hills club at Denver handles the classes.

The coaching school idea for some years has been the subject of professional golfers' informal deliberations. Through the pro golfers' friendly games and discussions with the college football

Continued on page 170

FROM A LITTLE
RED BRICK HOTEL
CAME THESE
CHEERING
COCKTAILS



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Synthetic Stars

Continued from pages 39-169

coaches, many of whom are golf enthusiasts, came the hunch to hold pro instruction sessions. At one time the movement for pro golfer classes advanced far enough for certain officials of the Professional Golfers' association to consider Bob Macdonald as pro for the pros. Macdonald seems to many of the professionals the logical choice for that difficult job because he, many years ago, deliberately withdrew from what appeared to be a promising career as a tournament player to devote himself to instruction. At fifty he still has what numerous pro authorities judge one of the soundest mechanical games up to the green.

Macdonald once made a statement that forecast the coaching golden era. He said; "the natural athlete is the dub." The remark, applied to Macdonald's field simply means that the fellow who believes that he is swinging naturally, naturally is a lousy golfer. Natural golf is no more polished performance than natural table manners, according to the Macdonald instruction philosophy. The instant you put a knife and fork in the hands of a King Henry VIII free style eater, you introduce an unnatural element that calls for instruction, points out Macdonald, who completes his parallel by saying that the instant a golfer is given a club with which to project a ball toward a target you give the golfer an unnatural problem in muscular and mental co-ordination.

The muscular habit systems of men and women generally are rather strongly established by the time they take up golf and the golf professional's coaching job becomes the tedious and perplexing one of correcting these habits over which the student has but little conscious control. Consequently the golf pro has a tougher coaching job than does the college coach whose material is still plastic. Alec Cunningham, a venerable Scot who is an instructor with more than ordinary success, has summarized the major task of adult golf instruction, by commenting; "It ain't the learnin' of them that's the har-r-r-d par-r-r-t. It's the unlearnin' of them."

Jones and Little, the outstanding amateur golfers of the last thirteen years, unquestionably were the most expertly coached amateurs of that period. That doesn't mean there were not golf instructors the equal of those who tutored Bob Jones and Lawson Little, but it does note that both these boys were fortunate in having instructors whose technique was mechanically sound and whose surpassing performance was that of attaining an effective temperamental contact with their pupils.

In that respect the college coaches are masters—if they are successful coaches. The "old psychology stuff" adapted to the conditions and temperaments of the coaches' students clears the track for retentive reception of the coaches' lessons in the playing fundamentals and whatever tricks are in the curriculum.

"The old psychology stuff," according to a noted track coach, has been especially effective in the development of Negro track stars. Because of the regard in which he holds one of his colored performers and for professional reasons, this coach will not be herein identified. He remarked:

"Those colored kids come to universities after they've shown some rough promise as high school track athletes and even if they are given some help in getting through school here, it's not much of a break a black kid is going to get.

"The coach is always looking for material, but it has to be material that will work. Give me a kid who isn't so smart he thinks he can get by without working hard and I'll take him every time instead of the wise lad who has been a standout in high school sports. The colored kids aren't brilliant, but they're not any dumber than the mine run of boys we get. And they haven't as much to do outside sports as our white kids have.

"I never saw a stop watch or a tape measure yet that wasn't color-blind so if the black kid is O.K.'d by the watch and the tape, he's O.K. with me. I give him more attention than anyone else on the campus gives him for I am hired to turn out winners. A prof can flunk every kid in his class and keep his job on the strength of being an exacting teacher, but too many of my kids can't flunk.

"When I give the boy attention, he pays attention to me. It's a novelty to a black boy to get attention. They've got rhythm in them, most of these Negro kids, and when you get that to work on you can make any necessary alterations in style without having a hard problem in getting the kid to co-ordinate all details.

"The Negro boy who shows athletic promise gets more individual tutoring in track or football than he gets nine times out of ten in a classroom. Therefore he is willing to work for me as he's told. Athletic prominence is about the one way he has of attaining some distinction so he's willing to throw more into sports than most of the white boys."

Perhaps that's the valid explanation for the rising tide of color in college athletics rather than any muscular or nervous difference between the whites and blacks. Medical authorities have made countless measurements in an effort to determine some physical reason for the speed and spring colored collegiate athletes have been exhibiting with increasing regularity, and thus far have found no uniform variation from the Caucasian physique. Medical examinations have failed to account for such as Metcalfe, Owens and Peacock as units of a type, therefore their record-breaking performances look to be evidence of expert coaching.

Probably one of the most convincing items of testimony against the Natural Athlete as a champion and in support of the case for the properly coached competitor, comes from Japan. Japan's earlier appearances in international athletic competition, especially in the Olympic games, was featured by an intensive study of the methods of the contestants. Motion pictures were studied and the American methods imitated with the religious patience and thoroughness apparently inherent in the Japanese. However, the carbon copies made in Japan of American methods didn't perform well. Then the Japanese turned to study of American coaching methods and things began to happen.

One of the pioneer Japanese Olympic Games contestants, after sessions with American coaches, was hit with the idea that the Japanese, because of squatting instead of sitting, developed leg muscles in a way different from the Americans. Working from this start he altered the jumping methods of the Japanese track athletes. The result was that in the 1932 Olympics a new running hop, step and jump record of 51 ft., 7 in. was made by Chuhei Nambu of Japan. In the same Olympic Games the Japanese switch to study of American coaching rather than American performing was reflected by Nipponese victories in the 100 meters free style, 1500 meters free style, 800 meters relay, 100 meters backstroke and 200 meters breaststroke swimming events. In all of these events except the 100 meters backstroke the Japs set new Olympic records.

There is one development that's been occurring all the time the Natural Athlete has been losing his traditional advantage, and the development strangely enough seems at first one that should give the congenitally stronger boy or girl still more of an edge over the kid who is only normal in physique. Better feeding of infants and juveniles is bringing more youngsters into colleges as substantial raw material for the coaches. The science of nutrition is just old enough now to be showing its beneficial effects in advanced school youngsters. The youngsters of poorer families who have fewer diversions than those of the gold coast are more susceptible to the exacting routine laid down by the coaches and, having been fed plenty of simple food, generally are in better condition to withstand the rigors of a competitive season, so coaches have observed. Maybe that line will get your kid to eat his spinach.

All those angles—feeding, family, physique, temperament, nerves, finances—and several more, have to be straightened out by the coaches before they reincarnate some very ordinary youngster as a star athlete but the coaches are doing that job so regularly that they don't hope any more for the Natural Athlete, even if the Natural Athlete did once roam the land in droves, as is said by the old settlers.

The Natural Athlete, were he to return to the lists against today's expertly coached performer, in the coaches' competent opinion would have about the same chance the brute power of the bull has against the skilled and agile matador, and five may make you five hundred from me if you want to bet on the bull. #

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 105

wig and skirts doing the role of The Lady. But these three prefaces by Shaw. . . . Ah, there you have the most agile-minded polemicist of our century putting your brain to the severest of tests. In them Shaw is factual and straightforward; he has none of the false humility which timider egotists think is an asset which greases them into the good graces of other egotists. He says the British critics of the drama, these days, are illiterate nincompoops. Nothing could be closer to the truth; but Shaw gives reasonable reasons for announcing the fact. Primarily they are servants of ideas which are obsolescent and in serious doubt; and what they write is a pathetic reflection of their precarious clinging to the weak straw of British snobbery in flood which is wiping away the very foundations of British security. "When ambition and greed and mere brainless energy have been disabled," writes Shaw, "the way will be clear for inspiration and aspiration to save us from the fathead stagnation of the accursed Victorian snobbery which is bringing us to the verge of ruin."

The preface to *The Millionairess* is the best exposition of the defects of the democratic dogma that has so far got into print. Others have sensed the failure of the dogma, notably Henry Adams and Brooks Adams—weak, beautifully articulate scions of a noble family who believed in democracy. Henry Adams saw good democratic action die in Ulysses S. Grant—a simple genius who at Appomattox Court House remembered that Lee's men would need their horses to plow their fields and that his officers would need their side-arms to ward off the Northern civilian shysters who would swarm like locusts into Dixie—because Grant, as president, was in a job for which he was not fitted, and poor, tired devil, there he was, later as presi-

Continued on page 172

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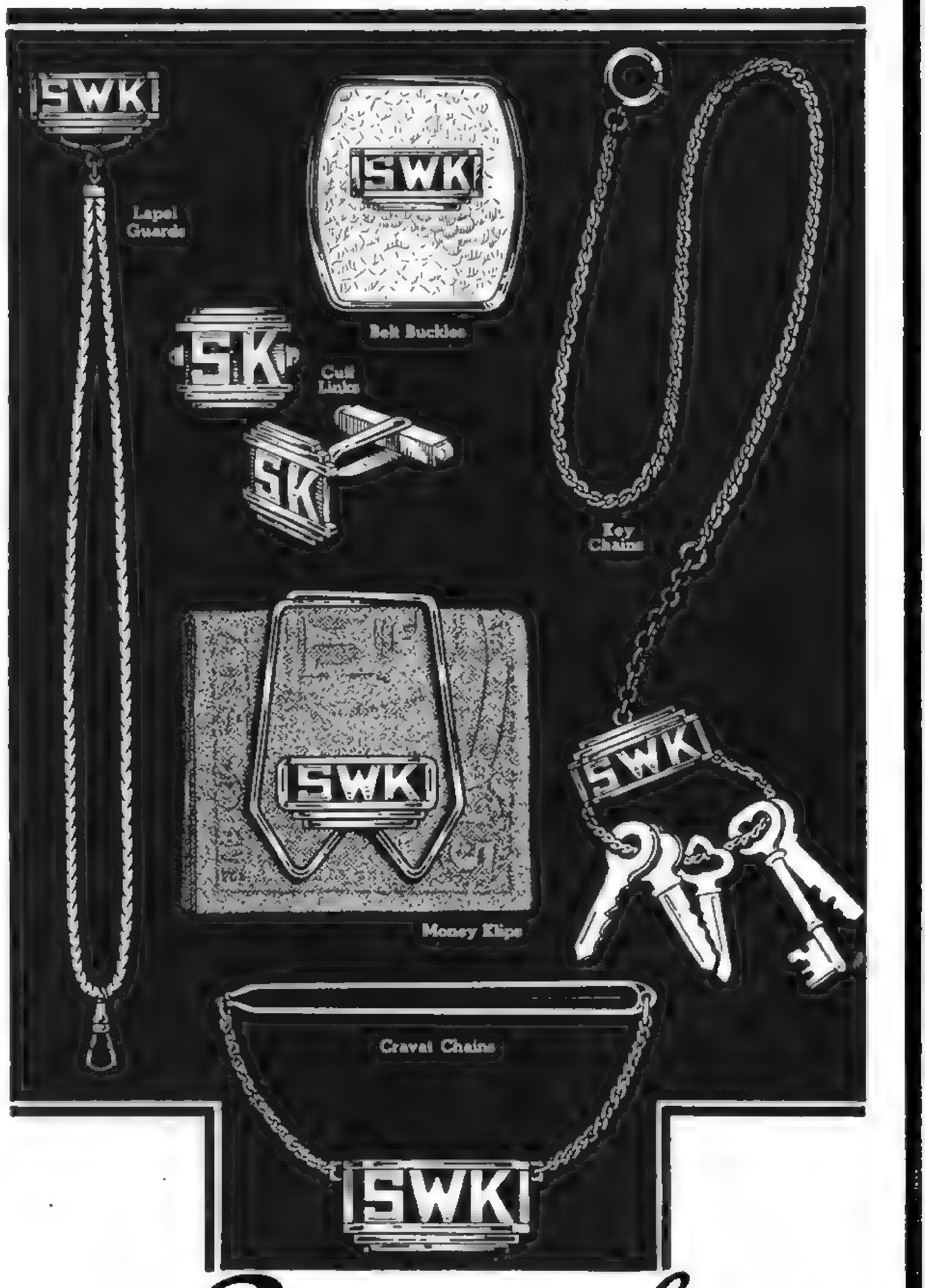


Swank

JEWELRY ACCESSORIES FOR MEN

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 105-171

dent, putty in the hands of shrewd, action-men whose lively energies were devoted to the acquisition of quick money profit. Henry Adams laments this and, not understanding the limitations of the human mind, denigrates Grant. And his denigration is that of a snob—moreover of a well-heeled snob who was, socially, an Adams of the Adamses. And Brooks Adams, it seems, never had to earn a living: he could write books (in the St. Botolphe Club in Boston) without worrying as to whether they would earn expenses to his publisher or make a profit to himself or not.

Shaw doesn't like the opportunists, such as Hitler and Mussolini. But he sees them as products of the faint, "shrewd" diplomacy of, say, Captain Anthony Eden. And he sees Eden's problem also. What is more, he sees the problem Ramsay MacDonald had to face. They all leaped on MacDonald, the Laborites and Leftists, who imagined he might bring into the English government a Socialist regime. MacDonald *was* a bust; but it was in the cards he would be. Shaw understands and explains why. MacDonald, in his outlandish knickers taking tea on the lawn at Buckingham Palace with a little man with a beard who happened to be a grandson of Victoria and, therefore, a king and emperor, was represented in the Leftish press as a Laborite who had gone snooty. He had, indeed.

But the problem lies not in any facile readjustment of the economic scheme but in a re-education of human nature—a re-education which the Christian Church and other religious organizations have tried to effect over a period of many centuries. It is a re-education that seems hopeless . . . but not to Bernard Shaw:

> "The same mysterious personal force that makes the household tyrant, the school tyrant, the office tyrant, the brigand chief and the pirate captain, brings the born boss to the top by a gravitation that ordinary people cannot resist."

It not only brings them to the top but it prevents them from functioning as the underlings would have them function.

Shaw, thereby, becomes a Utopian. But, perhaps, he always was.

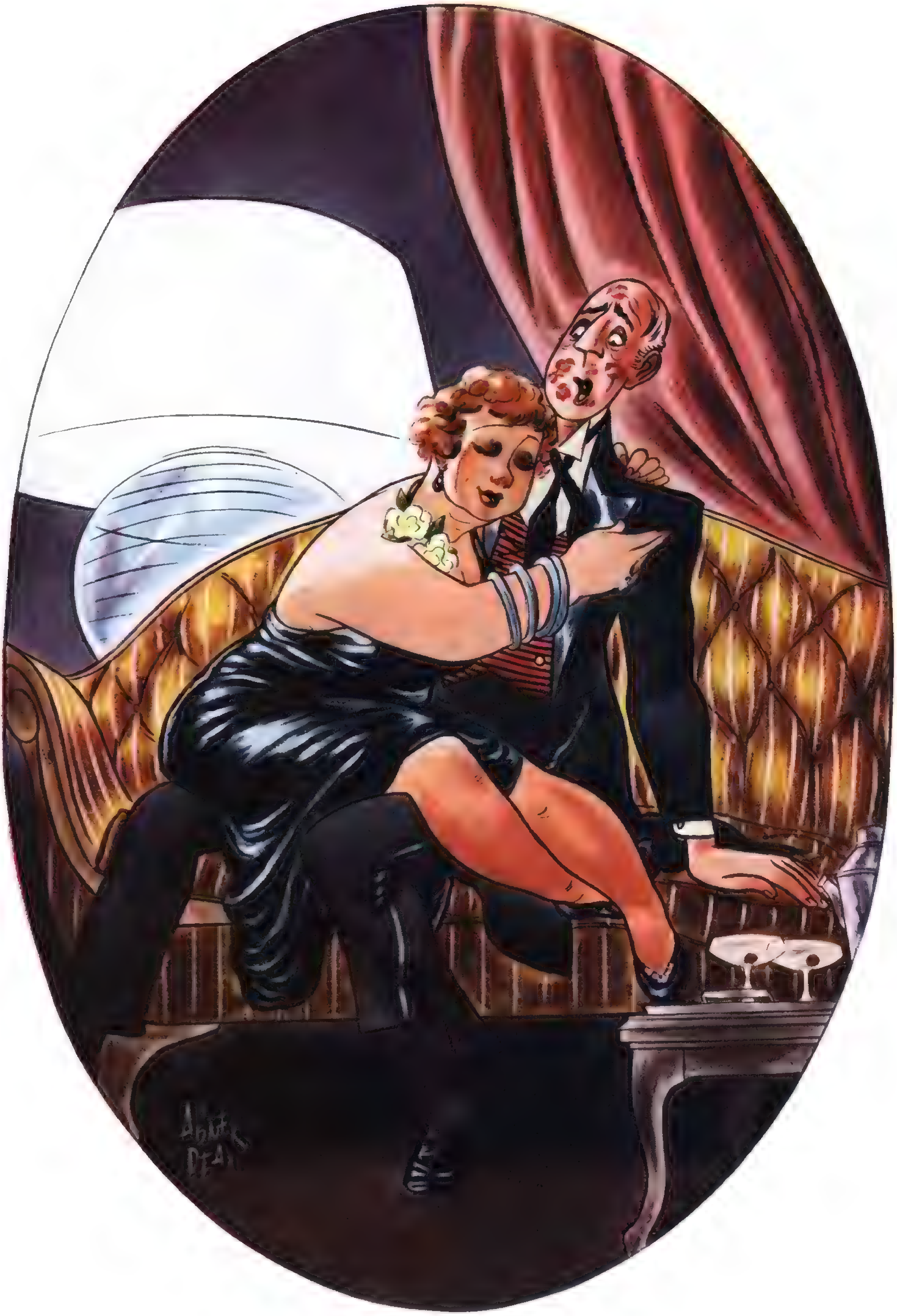
Louis Paul sprang into the limelight in 1934 by winning first prize in the O. Henry Memorial Award for the best short story of the year with *No More Trouble for Jedwick*, a story widely acclaimed by the critics. It was the first short story he had ever written and he had sold it to the first magazine to which he submitted it, ESQUIRE. His first novel, *The Pumpkin Coach*, was a Literary Guild selection for April, 1935.

Since selling his first story Louis Paul has had short stories published in *Woman's Home Companion*, *Collier's*, *The Forum*, *Pictorial Review*, *This Week*, *Esquire*, etc. He was drawn to Hollywood to write original material for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on a three months' contract; the contract was renewed for three more months; but at the end of that time he considered novel and short story writing as his field and, burning with the urge to write *A Horse in Arizona*, he returned to New York and wrote it in five months. Before deciding to become a professional writer, Paul had stored up a vast amount of experience and had successively given up the idea of becoming a painter and a musician. He had been in the Army and had gone overseas; he had been a dock-walloper and elevator operator, boondoggler in a C. C. C. camp, farmhand, bindle-stiff, clerk and what-not.

A Horse in Arizona is not about a horse; neither is the locale Arizona. It is a symbolical title, just as was *The Pumpkin Coach*. It is a reference to the human but futile desire "to get away from it all." Some men, irked by the strain of making a living and getting ahead in a highly competitive society, dream of running away to the South Seas, there to loll with native maidens on the sands and live on breadfruit and oranges. Still others long for a farm, or a ranch, a horse to ride around on in Arizona.

A Horse in Arizona is jolly, good-natured satire not only upon this desire but upon the conditions giving rise to the desire. Resin Scaeterbun, the hero of this novel, and his buddy, Corpril Ootz, released from the war by the signing of the Armistice, have no wish to go through the tiresome and unpleasant process of readjusting themselves to civilian life and re-accommodating themselves to the routine of earning a salary in peace-time occupations. They want to become bums, to give their whole souls to the art of bumming. But they find themselves circumvented and defeated on every hand. In a competitive economy it is very hard to avoid the process of working for and earning a living. Very few people are disinterested enough artists to become genuine bums. Scaeterbun and the Corpril discover that they haven't any real talent for sponging, bumming, and living without work upon the fat and increment of the land or at the sweat of other men's brows. They are sucked, willy-nilly, into the great American pastime of work.

It is as difficult to convey the quality of this novel in a few words as it would be to convey the quality of an elephant in a few words to someone who had never seen or heard of an elephant. It concerns itself entirely with the unbelievable adventures of the Rabelaisian ex-soldier Scaeterbun and his Pythias, Corpril Ootz. They are Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in the slightly incredible American scene. ⌗



"Madame, it's this sort of thing that makes me inefficient!"

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 97-108

be a dance critic but I can record that certain of the Astaire-Rogers numbers, like their duets in *Top Hat* gave me a real kick, while other numbers, like the long deck dance in *Follow the Fleet*, were just marking time to me.

And what disturbs me is that America seems to be developing a national dance of this marking time variety. In that backroad saloon, and in a million other similar joints all over the country, kids who are really expert dancers get an exquisite pleasure merely out of putting in more taps with their feet, per beat. The swell imaginative exhilaration that was in the Lindy hop, dancers flinging apart from each other, each going to town in a rampaging, solo flight, then banging together again—that had something of the elements of a national folk-dance.

But I think the influence of pictures has been to develop surface technique, rather than emotion in dancing.

Every once in a while some misguided director will show a close-up of feet, in a dance number. If the object of the picture were to present a technical study, for the use of students, that would be excusable, but I maintain that watching feet is not watching dancing.

Or again, a motion picture will feature a dance number, photographed statically from one angle, merely recorded. Escudero appeared briefly in a picture several months ago, and I think the ballroom team, Veloz and Yolanda, did a few numbers in a picture, with mildly effective results. The two methods of photographing dance numbers can be studied in the new Technicolor film, *The Dancing Pirate*, which, by the way, also brings to the front a rhythm-conscious Romeo named Charles Collins.

The Dancing Pirate opens with an eccentric yet romantic solo by Mr. Collins of the beautiful male limbs. It is a patter-routine, in which he puts on his coat, closes doors, snuffs out candles. The camera follows him, catches him from different angles, different levels.

Later in the picture there is a production number of a Spanish dance, done mostly with a stationary camera, and handled like a stage production. It gives Technicolor a lot of opportunity to catch vari-hued skirts whirling upwards and exposing warm naked legs, but it creates no dance-excitement, in me.

I would like to see the motion pictures get hold of some men like Charles Weidman and José Limon, who have done some swell things in reviews and recitals. Limon, especially, ought to be a great bet for pictures, as he's a beautifully proportioned, romantically handsome looking fellow, and that man can dance as a man should dance. These creators of modern dance classics have done things related to American life, to work-patterns and sport-patterns. Their dances don't have to tell a story about putting dishes on a table; they express ideas and moods.

Fred Astaire can do that sometimes but he has so far been able to put across only one idea and mood, that of sophisticated gaiety. It happens to be one which is typical of the great American desire, so he is a success, and a valid artist. Only, for what he has done, we have to take the Ruby Keelers and the Eleanor Powells, we have to see all the little Shirley Temples doing tap routines, and we have to watch America using feet for drumsticks.

The two kids came back and had more cokes. Lee confided, "You know that part of it was the truth what I told you that I had a fight with my brother. Honest, he pushed me so I fell against the stove and I went out like a light. I was out for a couple of hours wasn't I kid? He's sore because he says I ain't trying to get a job. He wants me to get a job. I live with my brother just the two of us. I cook for him and keep the house and everything nice, what more can you expect a girl to do? He makes twenty dollars a week working for the bottling company and besides he has a Ford truck and he makes a couple of dollars with the truck, and he goes and gets sore because I can't get a job. Huh kid?"

Her chum nodded, solemnly, a little sadly. That was the way it really was with their little lives. Twenty bucks a week and a flat in Gary, and a brother that got sore sometimes but who wasn't going to see his kid sister turn into a smoking and drinking punk, he was going to keep her straight if he had to break her neck.

She had quit school and she didn't know how to type and she didn't want a job waiting on table or any of that stuff and what would become of the kid? Why, she knew and we all knew, she and her chum would get rides all the way to Hollywood, one of these days, taking care never to ride in a car that had more than one man against the two of them. Or she would go on an amateur hour on the air and broadcast the swift rhythms of her feet and then she would get a contract and then she would be another Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell.

I drove them back, and they got out at a corner near where they lived in Gary. They were still snapping out snatches,

—Goody goody goody—

but they were careful to leave the cigarettes behind, and when they were gone I noticed that they had tied red and blue bits of paper streamers, from the tavern, to the doorhandles of the car. ᚑ

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from pages 24-26

whether you learned Greek or Greek art at your mother's knee? No one so far as I know, not even Cabell, and certainly not myself, has ever doubted the breadth and depth of your scholarship. I take that back. It would appear from your own statement in that old controversy that you were once challenged in an archeological dispute over the authenticity of a statue by Praxiteles, now owned by Mr. Rockefeller. I assume, naturally, that you were right in this dispute and that Mr. Rockefeller's Praxiteles is a phoney. You say also, 'I had quite a wrangle with the papal curator of the Vatican over some Greek fragments,' and I assume that in this wrangle you again were right and that the papal curator doesn't know his business.

"The plain fact is, however broad and deep your scholarship may be, you did not know what *Beyond Life* was about when you wrote that first letter I published in the Chicago *Tribune*, and you do not know what it is about now. Cabell tried to tell you in his reply to your letter that you had misread what he had written and that on no important point were you and he in disagreement in the matters on which you had challenged him. He did take issue with you, incidentally, not on matters of fact or of scholarship, but on matters of opinion and of critical definition. I thought he had the better of you in these arguments in that I think it is rather silly, for instance, to describe Homer as a realist and not as a great imaginative poet, on the grounds that his heroes ate three meals a day. I refrained from taking sides, as you remember, and published both your letters and Cabell's without editorial comment. I let the *Tribune* audience decide the issue as it seemed right to them severally.

"Privately I thought you made an unholy ass of yourself. In your second letter you used forty-one inches of space, thirty inches of which you used in testifying how important you are in general scholarship and as a writer, ending up with the incredible naivety of saying that 'scholars and men of high literary ideals' have compared your work and the program of your novels with that of Balzac.

"I remember clearly that extensive full page newspaper advertising campaign, which I heard that you financed or partly financed, in which you were advertised as the American Balzac and in which there were many quotations from 'scholars and men of high literary ideals' supporting the contention that you were. Perhaps there were many, like myself, who were patriotic enough to believe that you were the American Rupert Hughes, and as such you were very good indeed, and who resented the dragging in of the Frenchman, Balzac. At any rate, the campaign failed in its purpose, however much satisfaction it gave to you personally. Of course, it is in the realms of the possible that posterity will elect to refer to you as the American Balzac as Caesar called Plautus 'a lesser Menander,' and that Balzac's work will, like Menander's, survive only in a few mutilated fragments, while yours survive largely intact, and there will be no adequate basis on which to judge the comparison.

"You opened the attack on Cabell; I printed it; I printed Cabell's reply; I also printed your lengthy reply to Cabell's reply; I printed Cabell's two hundred and eighty word winding up. I thought I was being merciful to you in declining to let you make a further exhibition of yourself.

"Even in your letter to me there are such silly statements that it is difficult for me to take them up one by one, by way of reply, without falling into Cabell's tactical indiscretion of making fun of you. You say, for instance, that Cabell put forth the 'false' argument that 'medieval people were more interested in ballads than in money.' Nowhere does he do anything of the sort. You argue that medieval people were more interested in money than in ballads. That is nonsense. There were some medieval people who were more interested in ballads than they were in money, and there were some medieval people who were more interested in money than they were in ballads. There are some modern people, say, for instance, like James Stephens and Carl Sandburg, who are more interested in ballads than they are in money, and there are some modern people like myself, for instance, who are more interested in money than they are in ballads.

"What is eating you? You have done good work, excellent work in its kind, and you have made a lot of money doing it; you have been popular; you have won critical acclaim; your biographical works on Washington have added something to the store of the knowledge we have about Washington; your Music Lovers' Cyclopedia, after twenty-two years, is so good that Deems Taylor says it is still the best thing in the field, and that with only a little editing to bring it up to date it would be as good today as it was twenty years ago. You should be able to contemplate your career with a great deal of satisfaction. In your day you have dared to attack whole schools of scholarship and belligerently to challenge the popular conception of Washington. You have had the temerity to tell the papal curator of the Vatican Museum that he does not know as much as you do about something which has been the curator's life specialty and career. Why, then, do you jump up and down in a rage when I happen to imply, in an article not about you at all, that you came off a bad second in a controversy you started eighteen years ago with the subject of my article?

"You express fear that at some future time I'll refer to your letter in a way to misrepresent it. Let us forfend against this possibility. Let your letter go on record just as it stands, together with my reply to it, if the editor of Esquire will give space to them.

"One point, however: on reading over the texts of the old controversy I can see no place where Cabell said or implied that you 'wrote trashy stories in which rich brokers seduced poor stenographers.' That must have been said about you by someone else in some other controversy. But I am grateful to hear of your writing methods and aesthetic credo, i. e., 'if I ever brought two such people together I should have had the poor stenographer seduce the rich broker.' Astounding innovation! That shows your mind does not wander along the beaten path.

"And, of course, I can admire the prose of the late Robert W. Chambers and, as an editor of a popular magazine, buy his stories, without believing that he put his prose to the very best uses and without describing his stories as you once did in print, as 'masterpieces' and 'triumphs of art.'

"Sincerely yours,

Burton Rascoe"

•

Insulting sir:

I see that you call me "the world's most versatile writer," just because I have ornamented (not "crashed") four of your departments. Please recall that it was you, not I, who called my pieces by various names. If I sent you a cask of purest Hypocrene, and you put it into four bottles labeled satire, fiction, articles and poetry, could I help it? I assure you that all that I have sent you has been of one quality only—poetry of the purest water. Please try to learn a few things.

By the way, I think Mr. Groth's drawings for my *Chapala* are very vivid and striking. A poor author usually commits suicide when he sees how his work has been illustrated. So this is an unusual pleasure.

Greetings!

A. D. Ficke ⧻

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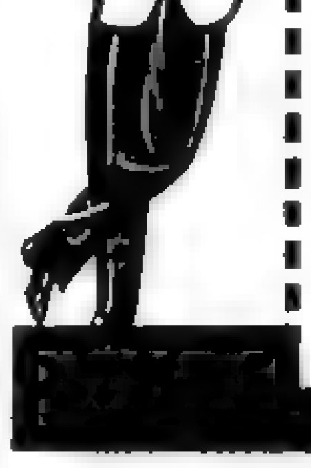

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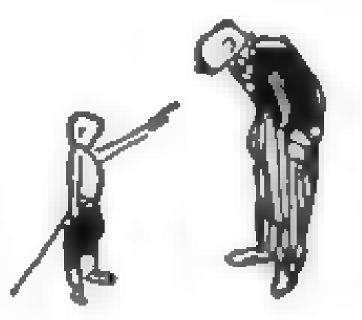
The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 6

DARROW AS A FUNDAMENTALIST

One day, when Clarence Darrow was just a little boy, his papa spanked him. Little Clarence's rearward parts tingled, and he screamed, and in the firm grip of the big bad papa's grasp, little Clarence felt small and helpless and impotent. And he never got over that tingling in his spanked buttocks, or over his screaming, or over his feeling small and helpless and impotent in the firm grip of a big bad papa's grasp. So he spent the rest of his life tingling and screaming and feeling small and helpless and impotent. That is, he spent the rest of his life trying to defend other little boys from being spanked by a big bad papa named Law and Order. And when he was seventy-nine years old, he took down his pants and showed to the world his still tingling seat, and ESQUIRE was proud to display the exhibit to the world. I, for one, found it an interesting although pathetic spectacle.



Every trial in which Clarence Darrow has ever participated has been simply a dramatization of that early spanking. He was emotionally stirred by each re-enactment. It became a vitally interesting play to him, a scene in a Roman arena, a battle to the death. That is the way, you remember, in which he opened his article.

The judge was simply his big bad papa with avenging hand raised vindictively above a quivering fundament, which Clarence Darrow was led sympathetically to shield. In his emotional reliving of that early event, he dressed his papa-judge up in funny clothes, made a caricature of him, pompous and pretentious in his robes. It was awfully funny to imagine papa-judge without his clothes on. Let's draw a dirty picture of him on the alley-fence behind the privy! Let's make fun of that "voodoo, singsong opening" of the court. Yah!

"There is no such thing as justice," says little Clarence. Of course not, Clarence, if for nearly seventy-nine years the prime mover in one's intellectual and emotional life has been a pair of tingling buttocks. But really, my boy, you should long ago have got over that tingling, like most of the rest of us, and have moved on in your development to other and more mature experiences. Naturally you were unable to give any definition of justice, you didn't want to come right out and tell about your little red-hot behind, did you!

Mercy and humanity, the emotional and kindly and sympathetic, love and charity, are the balms for which Clarence writes that he has been seeking in the court-rooms. Soothing, cooling ointments. Nasty spanking old judges and jurors who insisted on moving towards the wood-shed despite his sentimental pleas for no more whacks, have been the bugaboos little Clarence has never been able to forget or forgive. The Irish aren't so bad as jurors, for they too know what it is to be walloped on the behind, and will help to let the bad kids off. The English make good jurors, too, for they have an innate respect for one's privates. But Presbyterians and Baptists and Lutherans and all cold-blooded Scandinavians are firm for paddling. They got accustomed to whippings from their papa-God, and don't mind seeing others get theirs. Jews have been sufficiently knocked about themselves, evidently, to sympathize with the youngster. Agnostics, sticking out their tongues at God, seem to Clarence on the right side in regard to papa-judges.

What Clarence Darrow wants is a laughing jury. His papa was evidently too damned mad at the brat to laugh about what he had done. The boy looked up and saw that serious face above him, and the experience went deep. "Few things are worth considering deeply," he opines. Who can consider anything seriously, Clarence, so long as you are tingling in the seat of your breeches! To hell with thinking until I get over this tingling. And if I never get over it, even when I am seventy-nine years old, I'll just call the tingling by the name of thinking, and maybe the world will call me a great Liberal and a great lawyer, and ESQUIRE will take full-page advertisements to proclaim the fact.

"Life is made no happier by deep thinking or wise acting," he says. But Clarence Darrow is in no position to make such a statement. He has never known what happiness is, nor deep thinking, nor wise acting. He has never known anything but deep tingling.

Yours very truly,
Washington, D.C. MURRAY SHEEHAN

ONE MAN'S POISON . . .

It seems strange that along the line somewhere—in the first reading, proofing, typesetting, or something—that there was no one on your staff well-versed enough in the fallacies of history, as we know it, to spot a weak point in the article *Good Times for Authors*. Mr. Burlingame states that: "the artists of the Italian Renaissance were financed by such big butter and egg men (or, more properly, *patent medicine tycoons*) as the Medici."

The Medici were not "patent medicine tycoons." I'll admit that the name gives rise to the thought that our word "medicine" was derived from this source. However, the Medici were not doctors, or physicians, or even scientists, or chemists, at any time during the history of that great family. They were primarily *bankers*. Just a bit removed from the study of medicine.

Now, don't ask me where our word "medicine" came from, for I don't know. I have a faint recollection that its derivation is explained somewhere in the book called *The Medici* by G. F. Young, which, by the way, would be a good one to refer to Mr. Burlingame.

Sorry, sir, to upset your play on words—but why not get it right? Misstatements *do* detract from the main subject matter. Try getting your "more properly's" to behave more properly.

Otherwise your article was one of the best I've read for some time.

Oakland, Calif. GENE STONE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We've labeled the articles, the fiction, the departments, even the satire—will somebody please tell us how to label authors' little jokes?*

ADD POTTER-PUFFS

Well, I'll be damned! I've read ESQUIRE for a long time and look forward to its monthly appearance, but I'm rather amazed at your down-right faux pas, one Van Wyck Potter. (Where in Hell he got that name is a mystery to me. It *sounds* like an intellect.)

You have the utter affrontery to call his contribution your "theatre department." I'm a staunch believer in and admirer of the theatre as a profession and as an art but in the time I've been associated with it I have never seen or heard an article by one of the lesser critics (?) about his idea of the faults of the better, more successful critics called *Theatre*. It is an insult to the theatre and what it stands for. If ESQUIRE lacks anything it lacks a good reviewer of the productions, good and bad, playing New York.

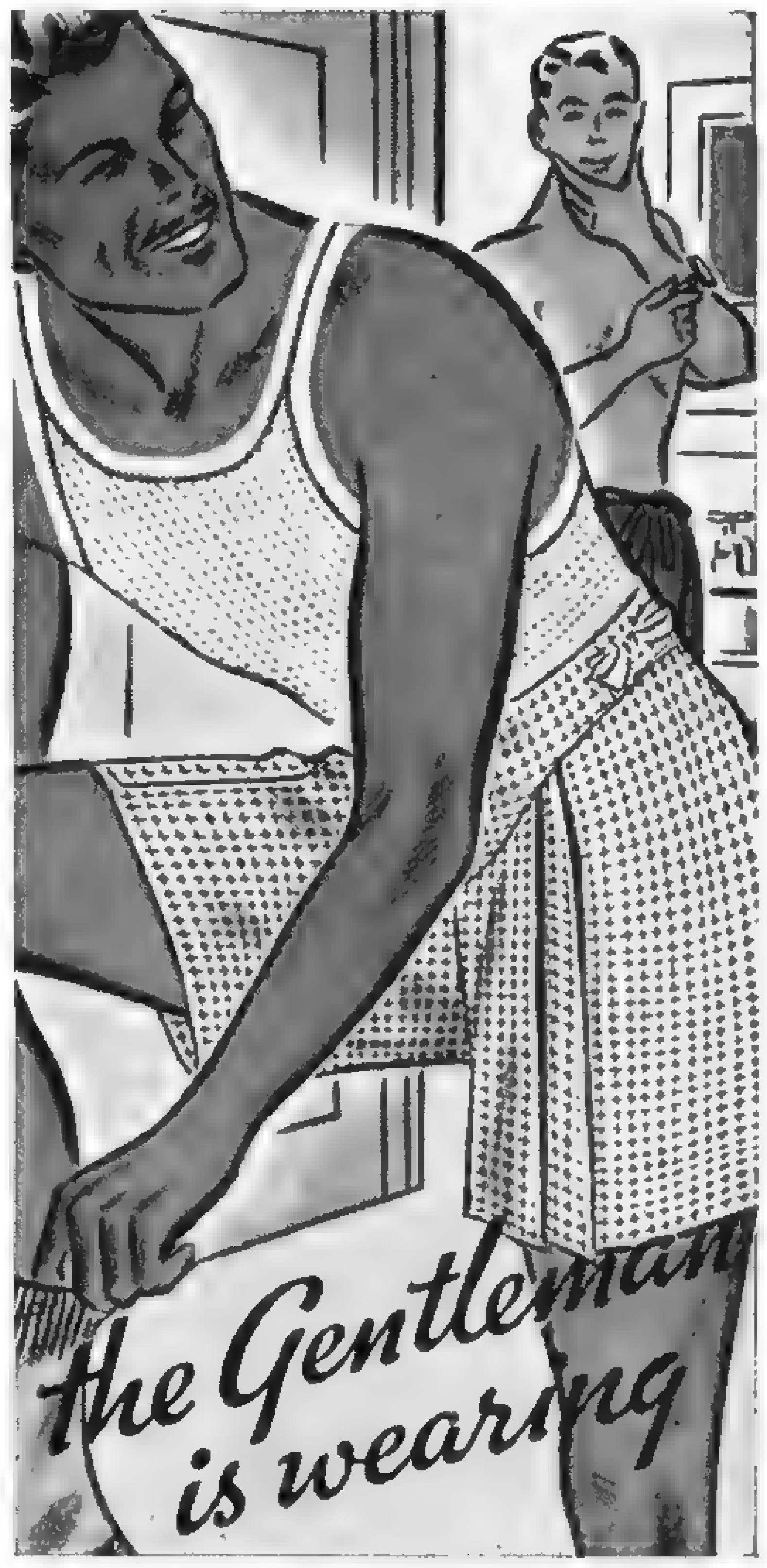
Potter's shallow, stupid, perfectly obvious panning of his superiors is certainly a mighty poor substitute for a much-needed "Theatre Department."

Even if you can't afford George Jean Nathan (I abhor that rat, too) you can get a good *reviewer*. My God! I daresay *I* could do better than Potter!

Sincerely, I promise you,
Concord, Mass. CHARLES HUNT-SMITH

Beneath that

tweed of Harris
those grey slacks
that Tattersall vest—



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DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH: A PRACTICAL VISIONARY

The other day I read J. D. Ratcliff's *Hell Bent For Earth,* Esquire, May, 1936.

It is deeply regrettable that lives have been and will be lost and crippled in test flights. This loss and crippling of highly trained pilots is even more regrettable when it is realized that complete experimental data could be obtained without risking the human pilot.

Visualize how a test flight could be conducted. The engineers of the aircraft company strap into the cockpit of the new plane a robot pilot controlled by radio waves from a ground-radio-transmitter. When all is in readiness the test pilot, instead of climbing into the new ship, seats himself in a cockpit on the ground connected mechanically and electrically to the ground radio transmitter. As far as the test pilot is concerned, he is in the new plane, for before him is the identical instrument panel with its multitude of pointers to watch, and at his hands and feet are the familiar controls.

At the given signal the test pilot lifts the ship from the field and after becoming familiar with the response of the ship to the ground controls, he puts it through the test flight routine watching both the ship and the instruments before him to check on the behavior of the new plane. He is in effect flying by instruments and yet he can see the plane in the sky obeying the movement of the controls on the ground.

Finally the test pilot maneuvers the new plane to some peak altitude and puts it into a spin; the pointers of the instruments, on the panel before him, gyrate wildly but all is well, when suddenly the control surfaces of the new ship are ripped off and it crashes dismally to the field. The test pilot turning around to the tense engineers, chuckles, "Well boys, there she is, shovel her up and find your mistakes."

The above does sound like a fantastic story to be read in cheap scientific story magazines, but I do hope that the following few facts make it seem less fantastic and more of an engineering feat not too difficult to attain.

Radio piloting is not a new art; in the 90's, Nikola Tesla demonstrated and took out, probably, one of the first patents for a teledynamically controlled body. He was able to control a boat at some distance by means of high frequency currents.

Since then many investigators of different countries have improved and developed the remote control art to a practical state. One recalls the recent excitement in newspapers and newsreels over the British target plane controlled by radio. In fact planes have been controlled at a distance by radio with varying success for at least the past fifteen years. The chief difficulty in the past has been that these investigators were working from another angle, that of using the radioplane for war purposes, as an aerial torpedo, for example. The reasons that the outcome of these experiments were not entirely satisfactory are that, vision limits the distance of control (until a practical television system is developed), that the piloting systems did not give the remote-control-operator complete and variable control over the plane, and finally, that the military prefer to use human pilots to guide explosive laden planes; furthermore, in military work, the enemy might succeed in jamming the control signals, although the boys have worked out schemes to prevent this too.

All of the above disadvantages of the radio pilot to aerial torpedoes are obviously not applicable to the radio-test-pilot and it would be most encouraging to see some aggressive aircraft company start development work in adapting this remote control art to their particular work and thereby obtaining information to build better and structurally stronger planes, such information at present not being obtainable by physical pilots whose intestines, blood vessels, and brains, burst by the terrific forces involved in test flight.

In addition to preserving life, the radio pilot, not only is less expensive, but makes for a more thorough check on the new plane. For, now that life is not at stake, the new ship can be put through a more rigorous test and in the event of a crash, valuable behavior data, which either the pilot or instruments should have conveyed, is not destroyed, for the instruments at the ground-control-station can be self-recording, weight and space are now not important factors. In this manner important experimental data is not the impressions which a groggy pilot obtained dimly while pulling out of the long spin, but graphic recordings made on paper which can be studied at leisure to find out just what happened.

Very truly yours,
Ann Arbor, Mich. Michael Bozoian

WHY NOT TRY CELERY?

Anent G. Antheil's article on how to pick sidewalk hunt trophies: his classification may be adaptable back in the land of the free and the home of the brave, but here in the paradise of the Pacific (where we ordinary mortals have to stay at least two years on a normal tour of duty), it just doesn't work.

Caucasian females are scarcer than the well known equine end product in a garage, and the predominant type is a conglomerate mixture of Orientals, Samoans, Chamorros, Hawaiians, Portuguese, etc.

For instance, let Mr. Antheil classify this type, which is not at all unusual:

Hair: kinky
Skin: spar-colored
Teeth: none
Gait: induces sea-sickness to watch
Legs: bandy

Out here, we call 'em tree lizards and let it go at that. I watched for two hours and failed to see a single type he enumerated, so gave up in disgust and proceeded to get sociably drunk.

What would you have done, Mr. Editor?

Aloha,
Honolulu, T.H. J. R. Wilson

BUT THIS DOESN'T CONCERN FAIRIES

I object to the use of the word "article" under George Antheil's name. I'm sure it should be "fiction" or "fairy tales."

I thought such pseudo sciences had long been consigned to the ash can along with phrenology and such. Doesn't George believe in environment—or is he trying to create one?

Very truly yours,
New York City R. M. T.

INVITATION TO ALTRUISM

About that Hoff person. In the guise of variety, Esq. is turning loose the Hoff Horrors in a really superior atmosphere. It's like a Woolworth rhinestone in a setting of Cartier emeralds.

Being female (if I'm not, I've fooled a lot of people), I guess I'm supposed to be touched by your inclusion of ads for women's hats, but I'm not. Women will read your magazine anyway without such obvious baiting and are more likely to do so without your clumsily catering to 'em like that. On the other hand, if you're to maintain your smart pretense of caring only for the men's reaction to your mag, why not own up that most men feel a little gypped at this wanton invasion of their last chance to find surcease from the eternal "feminine touch?" Or are you really too poor without these ads to view this matter in an altruistic light?

Yours,
New York City Marcy

Continued at top of page 178

LAUGHING WATER...the lovely, shimmering fabric that ripples with every motion of the wearer...is one of the most widely imitated articles in the whole realm of fashion. The authentic fabric is woven only by Stehli. Dresses and suits made of this genuine fabric are made only by George Hess Company, of New York. They may be purchased in smart models, such as those illustrated, at good stores all over the United States, at prices ranging from $14.95.

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SHERRY-NETHERLAND
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-177

SAILOR ASHORE

Being a seaman, I do not always have a chance to read periodicals when they are issued, therefore it was not until now that I read the article, *Private Life of a Sailor*, in your May issue. So now I join the army of those who wonder why, if ESQUIRE *must* print "articles", its editor doesn't get someone who knows something about the subject written about.

It was apparent to me, as it must have been to all seamen who read the above-named article, that your Mr. John McNamara is one of those collitch guys who make a trip or two and are thus made authorities on the sea and those who follow it. I speak as one who has been down to the sea on ships of some dozen or more companies, shipping out of ports on the East Coast, West Coast and Gulf of Mexico.

I agree with him on some points, e. g., forecastle etiquette, his language, his tattoos, his drinking, his love-making. BUT:

When the ship is in dry dock, the crew is usually kept on, but not "to assist in the repairs." The dry dock worker's job is distinctly separate from the seaman's job.

He does not shave every day, and in cold weather he does not bathe every day. Except where his work requires an every day shave, as in the steward's department, he shaves not more than an average of once in three days, and on long trips he often goes as long as a week without it.

He wears sandals while taking a bath, but not to prevent "athlete's foot." He had sandals long before some advertising entrepreneur discovered that dreadful social disease. He wears them because the decks between room and bathroom is none too clean nor comfortable to bare feet.

He knows about venereal disease, not from the tons of literature from government health services, but from actual experience.

He reads considerable, but he is not well-read in the true sense of that expression, because most of his reading is confined to pulp magazines, true detective stories, and the like. There is a minority which reads magazines like *Time* and ESQUIRE, but I am speaking of the average. There are many copies of recognized classics in the libraries sent on board, but they do not become very thumb-worn from constant use. Your Mr. McNamara speaks of the American Seaman's Friend Society as though it were the only organization distributing books to seamen. Personally I have seen more books from the American Merchant Marine Library Association, but I wouldn't know about statistics.

His favorite game is most decidedly *not* Acey-Deucey. Favorite games vary widely with different ships, but as a rule his favorite gambling games are poker and pinochle, his favorite pastime games are cribbage, rummy, casino, coon-can, or what have you. Blackjack and pitch come into popularity on some ships.

Sailors *are* "fired." Try to tell one of them differently. They are signed on before a shipping commissioner only on foreign and inter-coastal trips. A man on a coastwise ship can be "fired" at any American port, and this happens with great frequency.

Your Mr. McNamara seems to think New York is the only port touched by seamen. The temperature on South Street bothers the man who sails on the West Coast, the Gulf, or such ports as Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore not at all.

This is a longer letter than I intended to write, and it probably will never go farther than the nearest waste-basket, but I just wanted to putcha wise, buddy, I just wanted to putcha wise.

Cordially yours,
THOMAS H. JOHNSON
Huntington Park, Calif.

SAILORS AFLOAT

We, the crew of the S. S. Golden State, wish to send our appreciation for the article *The Private Life of a Sailor*, in the May issue of ESQUIRE. We all agree it's the most authentic article on the present day life of a Merchant Marine sailor we've ever read. The novelty of reading something about a sailor that doesn't classify him as the scum of the earth makes it the more interesting. Our only regret is that the exclusiveness of ESQUIRE limits the average reader.

We were wondering if at some time or other you weren't a sailor yourself, Mr. McNamara, to be so accurate. Thanking you again we remain,

Gratefully yours,
THE S. S. GOLDEN STATE CREW
San Francisco, Calif.

"Don't Call Me Doggie!"

Continued from page 55

body along with the medicinal properties and keeps his blood in good condition and prevents the distemper and all kinds of other ailments he might get. I still feed it to my dogs and there never were healthier dogs in this man's town.

That is the thing that makes me boil. *Dog biscuit. Medicated dog biscuit. Dogs don't need anything like that. How can a dog tell whether it does him any good or not? Dogs are just dogs. If they're going to get sick they're going to get sick and when they're hungry they'll eat whatever fills them up. All this talk about diets for dogs is crazy. Medicated, balanced, dog biscuit!* And the fools, they don't seem to realize that certain foods are poison for a dog, that he hasn't the knowledge to take care of himself like a human being, that he has a heart and stomach and bowels and lungs and everything just as they have, just because he runs around on four legs and barks and eats what they throw him and can't talk back and tell them what he thinks of them. A dog is a delicate, finely adjusted living creature with sensibilities and aches and pains and indigestion and with more loyalty and God knows more honesty than all of them put together, and they talk about a dog being just a dog and being fed as if he were a garbage can with a coat of hair to keep slick and legs to run off for them, eyes to see their birds and rabbits with, a tongue to lick their dirty hands with and a tail to wag to show them how snivellingly grateful he is to be let live around them!

Well, I got what I got all right and thinking it out is not going to make it any different. . . . Yes, it is chicken croquets all right, and peas and probably there will be vanilla ice cream or doughy apple pie. To hear them all laughing and talking as they eat this tiresome food that Jack Schumann is robbing us blind on you would think they were millionaires at a banquet. Somehow Al Peeples makes

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me think of Nero glutting himself and about to reach for his fiddle. I could touch my lighter to the underside of the table or the cloth without being noticed and give them a fire for him to fiddle by. I wonder what they *would* think if the table started all of a sudden to blaze?

"No, I'm just not very hungry, Flem." Who would be hungry with these chicken croquets and peas again? I'm not very hungry. No. But I could eat a good thick steak and think nothing of it. And I was right: it is apple pie or vanilla ice cream. They could serve strawberry pie or maple nut ice cream, for instance, but that would be unusual, and nothing unusual can happen in the ordinary routine of a Service club. We don't come here for change; we come here to sneak away from our business problems and sink down into the safe sameness and eat and talk and sing the same things with each other, just as a reminder, I guess, that we are orderly little human beings living according to rule. Otherwise we might laugh out loud at a funeral some day or sleep with each other's wives right out in the open or vote Communist.

This thing I've got isn't apple pie or ice cream. It is a pudding or a cake, covered with whipped cream. It is hard against my spoon. I scrape off some whipped cream. And now I understand. There is the name stamped on: Dog's Friend.

What a sweet little joke. Now, I suppose, I am obliged to look up and down the table foolishly as much as to say "This is a good one on me, boys. This is *lots* of fun. You're a clever gang all right." So I look down the table and nobody makes a sign that he knows, and I look up and nobody makes a sign. I could ignore it and say nothing, but then he could say that I was a sore-head. I know where to look all right. But Hank McElligott leans over. "What's that you got there, Doggie? Hey, Mr. President, how about this? Does Doggie Gorham get a special dessert?" And the bray comes, like an eager explosion. Oh, I know where to look all right, but I won't give him the satisfaction. "How about it, Doggie?" the President wants to know. "Is this true that you're trying to put something over on us with the kitchen?"

"Make him pass it around and let everybody else have some," Al Peeples shouts. "Who does he think he is, anyhow?" And he brays again. *Brooohooh oohaw!* What I know I should do, of course, is get up and walk over and push it into his fat face. But then I wouldn't be a good sport; I wouldn't be a gentleman; and he would be a martyr. So I am supposed to grin and look embarrassed and pass it around. "Here," I say to Hank McElligott.

Hank examines it and laughs. "Dog's Friend!" he says, laughing, and he passes it on. Oh, it's funny all right; everybody enjoys it; and above them all I can hear that *Brooohoohoohaw!*

Now that they're through the President calls for order and makes the announcements. "So let's all of us get behind old Harry and turn out for the tournament on Thursday. It doesn't matter if you shoot in the high 150's, the spirit is the thing. Bring along your clubs and—one buck . . ."

I know where Al Peeples got that dog biscuit. He sent out when he saw I was here and got it over at George Purdy's, because George is the only druggist in town that had a package of these new style ones with the rounded corners. So I have the satisfaction, anyway, of knowing that Al had to spend fifty cents, and that's a few cents more the Dog's Friend Medicated Biscuit Company gets. That's the first sale in this man's town in a long time if I know anything about it. What I guess I ought to do is join *all* the luncheon clubs and let all the Al Peepleses in town have their fun every week and maybe some of those yellow-bellies would get to be millionaires after all if they would put their money back in . . .

Well, it is over, and here comes Al the way he usually does to slap me on the back and make sure that I have a proper appreciation of his joke. "Brooohoohoohaw! Aren't sore, are you, Doggie?" "No, I'm not sore." Of course not. "The old dog biscuit kid, hey Doggie?" Sure. I nod. "Still got all those hounds over at your place, Doggie?" I nod again. Sure. I've got them. And I'm the old dog biscuit kid and always will be as long as I live in this man's town, and I don't know how I'm going to leave, owing everybody like I do and not owning a thing anymore but the place my daddy left me and it mortgaged all to hell. Yes, that's me all right, the old dog biscuit kid. I'm not a man or a citizen or a human being or anything, just the old dog biscuit kid. I'm a real joke; I'm funnier than the movies; I don't know how I keep from laughing at myself.

"Take you anywhere, Doggie?" he asks. That is to show me that aside from joking he really is a fine fellow at heart and he wants to keep me his friend.

Ordinarily, of course, I would say *no*, and inside I would think *to hell with you, you lard-headed bastard*, but this time before the thought really forms I say *yes*: I have just heard myself say it: "Yes. You can take me home if you're going that way. Al."

"Sure will."

So we start down to his car and I find the thought growing again in my mind, just as it has grown so many times before. And as before it has been there a long time without my knowing it. This time, though, I am not trying to stop it, and I feel all the better for it. It must be a natural thought or I would not think it so often, and stopping a natural thought is cowardly. I have stopped it, though, for the same reason that these fools come here every Tuesday and go to church every Sunday and vote the straight Democratic

Continued on page 180

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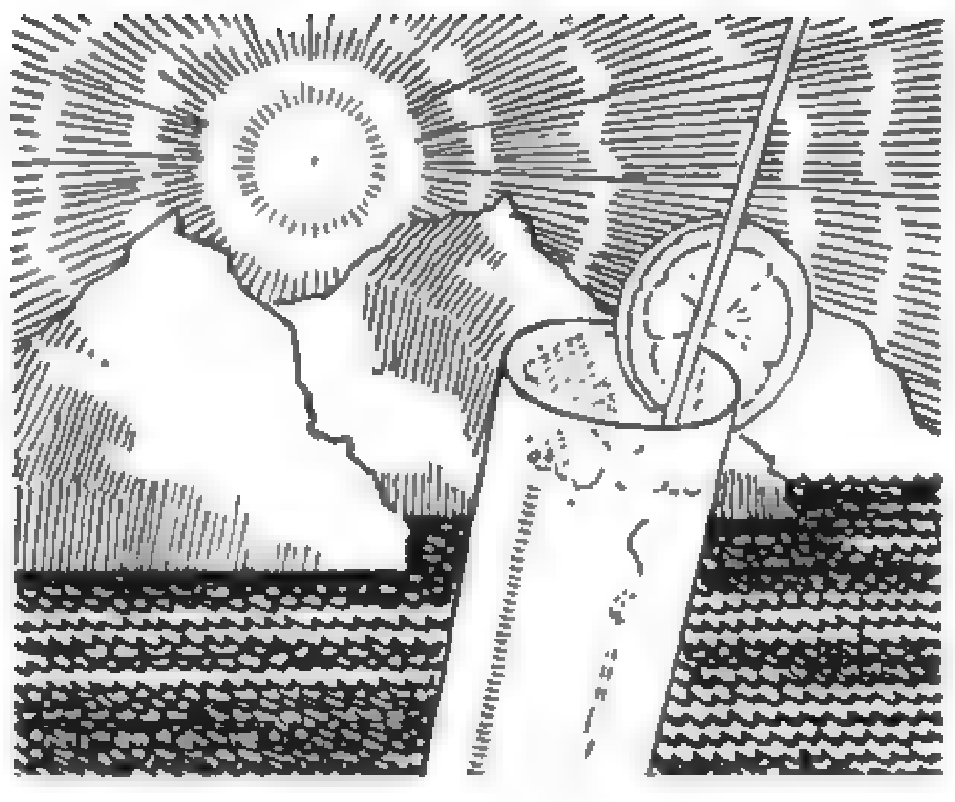

When the mercury zooms to the upper nineties and beyond, our tropical neighbors stir up a Caribbean cold wave with icy rum drinks. North America caught the habit last winter in summer-warm Miami Beach, where thousands of visitors found Ronrico Rum drinks featured in every smart bar. Find out for yourself that the *best* summer drinks are made with *rum.* To aid you in this pleasant research, there's the new Ronrico recipe book, free at your dealer's.

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No cocktail has ever become so popular so quickly as this big, frosty, delicious summer drink from the West Indies. Bars everywhere are now installing mixers so that you can get the same drink that keeps them cool in Puerto Rico — an icy glacier-in-a-glass, with the superb taste of RONRICO RUM, lime and a dash of white maraschino liqueur, whipped electrically for a full minute into the coldest, smoothest cocktail you ever sipped. Try it today!

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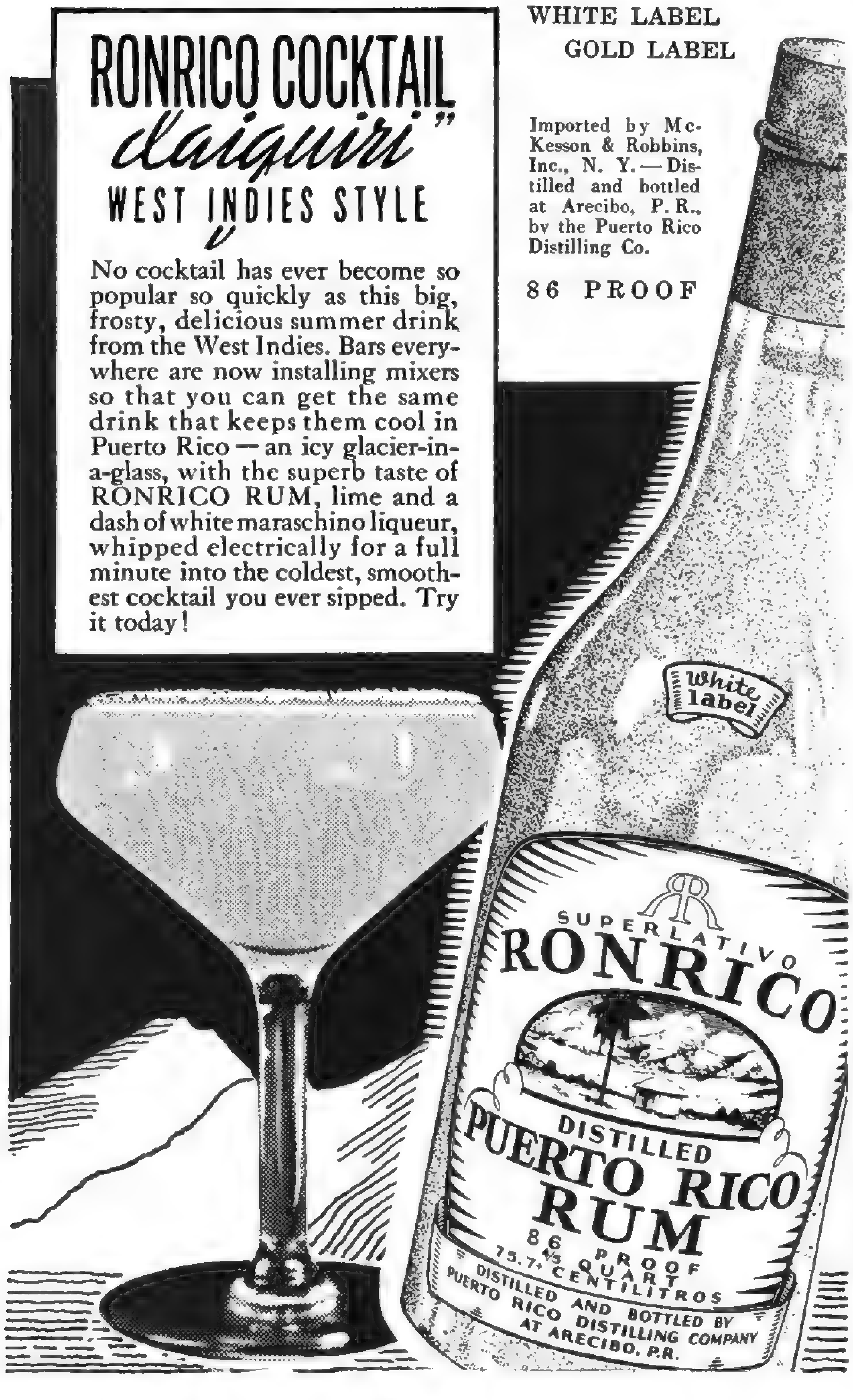

"Don't Call Me Doggie!"

Continued from pages 55-179

ticket. And now that I think about it, that is illogical, for it cannot be reconciled with *my* coming to Service club every Tuesday I can get here when I know that I would be more comfortable away. I come because I want to hear them say it again and have them bark at me and kid me and do such things as they did today and not because I yearn for their company. I know that; I know how I am in this; and therefore I can't be crazy, then, can I? I am *not* crazy; I am honest with myself. The thought is what brings me here before I know I have it. Now, a crazy man never could stop and reason this way and see these things through so clearly and logically. Then I am not crazy, but honest, and to be thoroughly honest I must not fight off the thought if it is a natural thought for me. Looking at it this way it seems as simple as a glass of water.

"What's that?"

"What?" I say.

"Oh, I thought you said something," Al Peeples says, as we ride along in his car.

"Oh," I say. Isn't that enough for him? I guess I am entitled to my little joke, too.

He is a fat lump beside me, ridiculous in his brown sport coat and his brown and white striped trousers, trying to look young and smart, driving along chatting, at the wheel of his three-thousand-dollar car. There are twenty-five thousand people in this man's town and he is just one of them. I wonder if he ever thinks of that? He is a lump of lard, wind, sweat and braying laughter who manages to be crafty and convince people that he is jolly and civic spirited and a friendly sort of leader in their piddling little affairs, but he is just one of twenty-five thousand little dabs of grease that the sun is slowly evaporating on this strip of sand. He drives along in his three-thousand-dollar car getting a satisfaction out of knowing that after he has played his stupid joke on me and humiliated me again before those men I am borrowing his time and the use of his car and gasoline because I am no longer able to afford a car. He feels superior sitting here beside *me.* But he is merely one of those loathsome little grease spots in the sun and I am a will. Would he keep going back for more the way I have? Would he have sense enough to know why and guts enough to admit it?

He doesn't know that I am stronger at this moment than he is or a million like him everywhere in the country. What disturbs me is that I am pitying him more than I am hating him.

"I forgot something this morning," I say as we draw up in front of my house. "I wonder if you'd mind waiting just a second, Al?"

"No. No, not at all, Doggie. I'll wait right here in the car."

So now I am on my way up the walk and it is not another dream. I am glad that she is at her mother's today, though I wish her mother could be here with him. They would make a great pair all right. I don't know when I ever felt so good or when my ears and eyes and nostrils were ever so keen. I am missing nothing of this walk up to the house. I could count every blade of grass in the lawn at one glance if I wanted to bother. It all seems outside of life and therefore crazy, but you see I know it, don't I, and if I know it I can't be crazy. I know that I know my own mind as well as I know that my hand feels the round smooth hardness of the knob.

There is no good in waiting. The thing to do is to act calmly and directly while I am so powerful and he is there in the car. So I open the closet door and I take down the gun. I examine it and make sure that it is loaded. It is a fine automatic shotgun that cost me $150 in Jacksonville two years ago.

Well, there he is, sitting in his car. They say that at a time like this you lose your mental balance temporarily, but my mind was never clearer or steadier.

My mind is clear, yet I feel a soaring sense of superiority and well being as if I were skimming over the surf-froth in the white noon sun. Still, I am not excited. I am comfortable, steady, divinely peaceful, and I know that I never have had more of power or of cool sanity than at this moment, more, I am sure than any man now living.

I raise the gun carefully and take deliberate aim through the window at Al Peeples as he sits at the wheel of his fine car whistling and looking down the pleasant palm-lined street. My finger rests lightly on the sensitive trigger of this shotgun. This, now, is power; it is the ultimate, distilled essence of supreme earthly power; it is, under my half curved forefinger, the power of life and of death. All I have to do now is give a slight muscular pressure, to loose the merest vagrant tremor of my nerves, and hammer will fall, cap will explode, good, dry eager powder will roar and leap and send nine round black balls of buckshot screeching through this window into the body of Al Peeples, and if he wouldn't be the most dumbfounded fat fool in this man's town! It is a godlike happiness, standing here in my library with this sense of detachment and mastery, pointing my sleek blue-shining shotgun through the window at that poor, braying egotistical ass, without his seeing me or suspecting what I am doing or that I am even watching him. So. I lower the gun and make sure once more that it is loaded.

I place the polished stock on the floor and lean over and take the cool oily-metal muzzle in my lips and with the tip of my outstretched forefinger I touch the trigger. ⧺

A Duel by Candlelight

Continued from page 31

the use of your lethal weapons. I have not come to challenge you in order to give myself up to be helplessly slaughtered. If you intend to give me satisfaction, you must leave it to me to state the conditions."

The baron bowed to the ground.

"And your conditions are—?" he asked.

The rabbi took two or three little steps forward.

"In the first place, your lordship will be so kind as to have yourself firmly tied to that armchair with stout ropes."

"Tied? I—tied?" cried the baron, indignantly. "Not I!"

Levi made a hurried deprecating gesture.

"Pardon, pardon, My Lord, I shall merely see that it has been properly done, and then I will have myself similarly tied in this other chair. Your lordship can trust your men to make sure that they will bind me no less securely."

"What is the game?" said the baron, grudgingly giving way: "Let myself be bound! Get that out of your head, Jew!"

The rabbi spoke up with decision:

"Your lordship has yourself said that it is for me, as the injured party, to determine the conditions of the duel. Nobody will seriously suggest that a baron of Gyoroky would decline to keep his word. As I said, your servants will bind me with equally strong ropes. Just look at my arm, and you will agree that the condition cannot be prejudicial to you. Is it conceivable that a bound Jew should cause more fear to a baron of Gyoroky than *vice versa?*"

The baron flushed.

"Fear is a Hebrew word, Mr. Levi; excuse me for not understanding that language."

"Quite so! So there we are," said the rabbi, with satisfaction. "I am forced to insist on this condition, because I hope to wound you, My Lord, and you have a way of hitting out if one comes too close—"

"Faint heart!" laughed the baron. "If I fight with you, you are free to wound me as much as you can. But in your own interest, little man, I advise you to do without ropes. How can you talk with your hands tied? I give you my word of honor that, even without ropes, I will keep entirely to your conditions, and my word protects you better than the most powerful hawsers could."

"Surely, surely, My Lord! I know that is so, but you are reckoning without a force stronger than any word of honor, the force of habit. You would regret it, of course—you would be ready to cut off the arm that had made you break your word. But that would not help me. Unless I am mistaken, the windows of this hall look out over the great moat, with deep water in it—"

The baron burst out laughing: "That's so. The windows are a hundred feet and more above the moat; you have the bump of locality, old chap. Well, now, this is a good joke. I'll agree to deliver myself to you bound hand and foot. I make only one condition: our duel must not last too long. No doubt you know there is better fun awaiting me than a *tête à tête* with a trussed Jew!"

Nothing in the rabbi's bony face revealed that he understood the allusion. The baron put a heavy hand on his shoulder, and gave him a confiding wink:

"You will allow me, Mr. Levi, to drink one more cup of Tokay, to give me courage before the duel. Perhaps you too will accept a cup?"

"I thank you, My Lord; but I prefer water. Will you, however, do me the honor of drinking both glasses?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, good rabbi. While I am about it, give your orders. I don't think we shall need a surgeon under your prudent system of trussed duellists?"

The rabbi discreetly left this question unanswered, only smiling faintly with satisfaction as the lord of the manor had his enormous goblet filled twice to the brim, and swallowed the heavy Tokay like so much water. After that, Samuel Levi carefully superintended the work of the servants. The baron's arms were securely bound with three turns of rope to the arms of his chair, and his whole body, from chest to ankles, to the back, seat, and legs of the heavy piece of oak furniture. Levi tested the ropes, found here and there a knot insufficiently tight—and finally sat down exactly three paces away, opposite the baron, and was bound with equally strong ropes to a similar armchair. He himself warned the servants to draw the bonds round his skinny arms no less tightly than round the bulging muscles of their master's. Everything must be done with rigorous correctness. He fully appreciated the honor of measuring himself against a Baron Gyoroky!

Lastly, fresh candles were placed in the great candelabra, and, at the request of the rabbi, the baron formally prohibited anyone from entering the hall until daybreak, whatever noise might be heard. The servants obediently withdrew, the doors were closed, the footsteps died away; the duellers were alone.

* * *

Then an extraordinary thing happened.

The mighty lord of New Gyoroky, who had never before known fear, had the impression of being suddenly crippled and cast upon a desert island, abandoned by the whole world, and struck off the roll of living men. The slight spluttering of the candles in the deep silence called up memories of a night spent on

Continued on page 182

PUNCH
New TRUE TEMPER Golf Shafts
—made with double-thick walls at tip for double strength and power.

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This shaft is made with extra thick walled tip, from a seamless tube of super-alloy steel. The greatest strength is at the club head, point of greatest strain.

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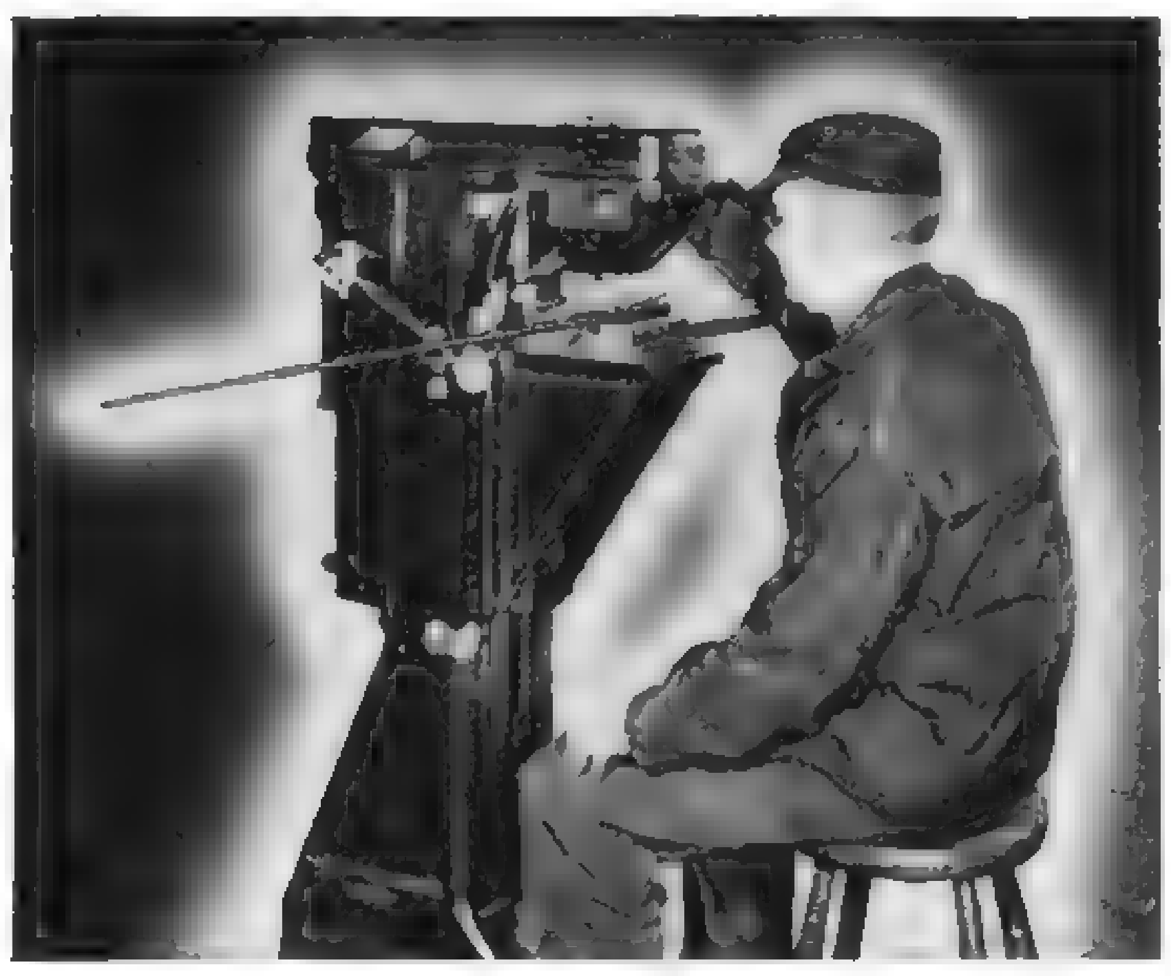


TRUE TEMPER
Steel Golf Shafts

Easy on the eye

In 1931, the heads of a great advertising agency asked America's newspapers to send their March 4th editions of that year to Philadelphia. There, row on row, on the floors of the Ayer Galleries, fourteen-hundred fifty-one of them represented practically every member of the daily Press.

This was the setting of the first competition in history in which beauty and newspapers were to be talked about in the same breath. Five judges paced the rows for hours, days. Their decision would name the first winner of the Francis Wayland Ayer Cup for newspaper typographic excellence.

Fifteen years before, a half dozen Herald Tribune men and a nationally known typographer spent an entire year devising means to make a newspaper easier on the eye, faster on the mind. They determined that:

Herald Tribune headlines should be upper and lower case (capital and small letters instead of all-capitals).

Herald Tribune headlines should be set in a modified bold version of that 150-year-old type masterpiece known as Bodoni.

When the formula of 1916 squared off with newspapers of 1931, the work of fifteen years back carried conviction down to the Ayer Galleries... and walked out with the first award. It did the same in 1934. In the two intervening years, and again in 1935, it won honors.

When, in 1936, first award once more went to the Herald Tribune, the Cup became this paper's permanent possession — symbol of a newspaper whose terse news-writing matches its readability. EASIER on your EYE, FASTER on your Mind...

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

A Duel by Candlelight

Continued from pages 31-181

guard at a lying-in-state; the enforced immobility, the loss of power over his muscles, suggested the immobility of the corpse in its coffin. A cold shiver ran down the baron's spine.

He pulled himself together and looked across with a mocking smile at the little Jew, prepared to laugh at his ridiculous appearance.

But the sight of the little man sitting trussed up opposite to him froze his blood, just as if he had seen Satan himself in the chair.

Every trace of inferiority, every sign of respect had vanished from Samuel Levi's face. A disquieting and inexorable assurance shone from his little eyes, while his glance measured the powerful frame of this baron of Gyoroky. He looked as sure of victory as a practised duellist about to use his deadliest thrust to transfix his adversary.

The baron was very near calling for his servants.

"Come, come, little man!" he burst out, chaffingly, but grimacing as though every word had to be dragged from his mouth like a tooth. "I feel very like going to sleep, and then all the guns in the castle could not wake me. So hurry up with your 'wounding.'"

"I'm just going to!" replied the rabbi, cheerfully, and his face showed how much at ease he felt in his bonds. At the first considered words that he spoke, the last traces of uncertainty disappeared, and he seemed like a man set free.

"So, you have—as your friends would put it—seduced my wife, and you are very proud of your success? I wonder why. If I were a Baron Gyoroky I should have begun by looking for a pretty young maid, and only afterwards, when I was tired of her, should I have married her to Rabbi Levi. For Rabbi Levi that, I must say, would have been a bitter pill. But, thank goodness, you are content to have it the other way round. You say 'After you, Mr. Levi!' Well, I reply 'With pleasure!' If you are so modest as to take my leavings, it is a matter of taste. You may keep your bit of fluff."

The baron smiled sourly:

"Thank you, rabbi. It is not a bad bit of fluff; the only thing is to know how to get hold of it."

Samuel Levi bowed approvingly:

"Quite so, My Lord, quite so. We others go and find ourselves wives, young and virgin, in their parents' homes, without serenading or seduction nonsense. It is only then that your sort come along, with your flowers and chocolates, even jewellery, and set out to conquer women who are deflowered and out of currency. It mystifies me. Is it your modesty or your stupidity?"

The baron paled:

"None of your insolence, Jew! Don't forget that my word of honor protects you only until dawn!"

"Are you hurt already?" said the rabbi. "I thought I was free to do my worst to wound you. Are you straining at your bonds so soon? It seems as if you are the one that needs his hands to talk with."

"Cowardly dog!" growled the baron. "How you would beg for mercy if only I had my right arm free!"

Samuel Levi's face shone. His voice grew hard and grating. He hacked at his adversary as though with the beak of a vulture:

"Why do you call me coward? Am I not tied to my chair just like you, and telling you the truth to your face? Is that cowardly? As for cowardice, what of yourself? As far back as your family chronicle goes, no Gyoroky has ever refrained from insulting and beating men who were defenceless, men in chains. Did you not torment your soldiers because discipline forbade them to retaliate? You—Gyorokys, did you not whip your serfs, and rob your merchants? Did you not squander their substance in drinking dens and gaming hells, always yourselves armed and surrounded by armed men, armed against trembling and helpless victims? That is the sort of cowardly dogs your ancestors were — and you yourself—"

"Another word about my ancestors, and I will kill you, Jew!" roared the baron in his fury.

"When?" laughed the rabbi, contemptuously. "Tomorrow morning, perhaps? I can believe it. Tomorrow morning, when I am once more the weak and defenceless little Jew, and you are lord of the manor of New Gyoroky, with all your men. But why are you helpless now, when we are equals? I am using no arms against you, I have no servants at my back, and yet here you are squirming and grinding your teeth like a caged gorilla. Do you see now what a miserable coward you are?"

The words died on the rabbi's paling lips, for Baron Gyoroky, with a terrific heave, brought his seat so far forward that the arms of the two chairs touched. Levi shrank back in mortal fear; he could feel the baron's panting breath on his face, as though his head were now in the jaws of a wild beast. In terrified fascination he watched the powerful arms twisting in their bonds, like harpooned sharks.

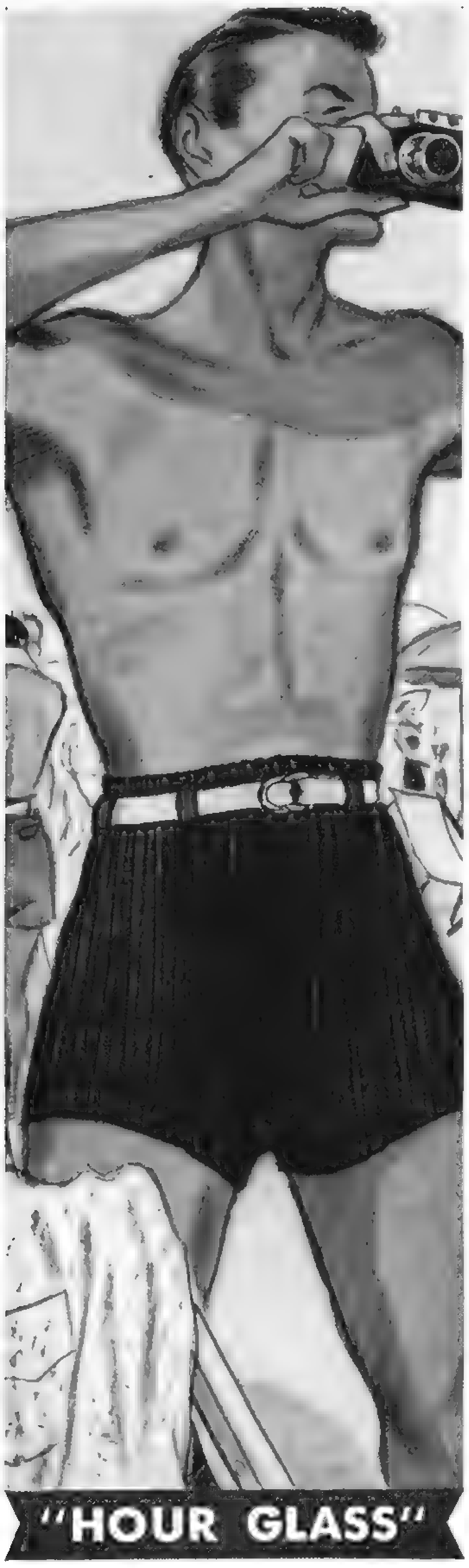
But the knots held.

The rabbi breathed again. He shouted into his adversary's purple face:

"You brute beast! I will suffocate you with your own rage!"

The baron managed to regain command of himself. Quietly, almost inaudibly, he whispered between his clenched teeth:

it's New ☆
and it's NEWS!



by B. V. D.

"Hour Glass" it is dubbed because in repose its heavy accordion ribbed elasticity takes that shape. On you it becomes the smartest trunk that ever helped the stroke and kick of a champion. In heather mixtures with straight Lastex support—$2.50. Other straight support Samoans at $1.50 and $1.95.

Also new and news are B. V. D. Samoans with B. V. D.'s perfected and patented *adjustable* support. An exclusive Lastex fabric—practically detached from the trunk for quick-drying—its adjustment and fit is governed by the belt, $2.95 up. The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York.

B. V. D.
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SWIM SUITS
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"I am sorry for you, Jew. You have no notion of what is in store for you in the morning!"

"Don't worry about me," Levi jeered. "Unless I greatly overestimate my powers, you will have a stroke before midnight."

"Murder! Help!" gasped the other. The affront was beyond bearing. This worm, this louse—and he could not move two fingers to smash it! Raving fury clutched at his throat, hammered at his temples, set the blood surging through his swelling veins. The giant whimpered like a child, quelled by the malevolently grinning face bent over his own.

"Well, who is the cowardly dog?" shouted the rabbi in his ear. "Now do you know how good it is to be bound hand and foot? Can you feel what it means to be gagged and helpless? Wasn't it fine fun to chain men to a bench and whip them until they began to whimper like children? . . . Squeal away! You yourself, you fool, gave orders that nobody was to enter. I shall let you suffocate . . . trample on you . . . not a soldier, not a gun: on equal terms. Ha! You are blue already. Keep it up! . . ."

The baron made a supreme, superhuman effort to burst his bonds.

Then, suddenly, with a deafening crash, the back of the armchair broke in two, the arms came asunder, and the lord of the manor of Gyoroky was on his feet, with the pieces of the broken chair clinging to him like fragments of a shattered coat of mail.

Samuel Levi raised a piercing shriek to his God, and, with his head shrunk between his shoulders, waited for death.

But the blow did not fall. The baron swung round, made a few queer dance-like steps, clutched the air as if in search of a hold—and crumpled up, half buried under the heavy timbers of the broken chair.

Outside, the tower clock chimed the last quarter before midnight.

When, hours later, after vainly knocking and listening at the door, the servants at last ventured into the hall, they found the candles burnt down, and little Samuel Levi snoring loudly in his armchair, his weedy beard fluttering in the morning breeze.

At his feet the lord of Gyoroky, nicknamed the Iron King, lay stretched out, stone dead. ⧻

Byrd's Bad Boy

Continued from page 52

But to get back to the flight that did come off. It started June 29, 1927. And how it started. Acosta was at the controls of the huge, tri-motored *America*. It had a 3,000 pound overload and a 9–10th mile runway. A few hundred people gathered around to watch four men burn to death. Instead they saw probably the finest take-off in all aviation history. Big Bert handled the stick with a feather-fingered delicacy. The runway evaporated before him. Two hundred yards left . . . 100 . . . 50 . . . 25. It looked like a crash —then the ship lifted.

At this point troubles were not over by any means. Even if the ship did get off the ground the most incredibly small miscalculation would put it right back there—a flaming, roaring tangle. Bert got it over the top of the hangar with five feet to spare. It was like flying an elephant with canary's wings. By the time he reached Bridgeport he had begged and prayed it up only 300 feet.

The plane was well out at sea before anyone had the guts to suppose that everything was all right. But it was. Acosta flew a little more than 40 of the 46 hours the trip took. He twice tried to find a hole in the fog to set down in Paris. "It was as black as the inside of a derby," and there wasn't any hole. So he doubled back for the Channel figuring a crash landing in the water better than one on land. You're not so apt to catch fire.

A few exciting moments followed once they found a hole in the fog near the coast. It's not likely any one will ever know the precise story of what happened. But the best version is this: Byrd ordered Acosta out of the pilot's seat, maintaining he had flown too long and might not have a steady enough hand to get the ship down. Tired, battered by the wind from an open cockpit window beside the pilot's seat, and nerves worn to thin ends by the steady drone of three motors, Acosta flew into a rage. He'd started the flight. By God he'd finish it. Byrd is supposed to have crashed him over the head with a fire extinguisher. Balchen set the plane down.

There followed an amusing sequence of events. The plane crew wandered through the tiny fishing town pounding on doors. Frenchmen and their good wives turned over in their beds, muttered "drunks" and went back to sleep. Finally they pounded their way into a lighthouse. They introduced themselves as Americans who had just flown across the Atlantic. They couldn't fool the lighthouse keeper. He knew a fellow named Lindbergh had flown the Atlantic . . but them? Bah. Fortunately the telephone rang as he was about to toss the potential heroes out. It was Paris calling with instructions for the old man to keep his eyes peeled for some unreported American flyers.

Although Bert was an old school pilot—believed every plane should have a bottle of whiskey installed between the pilot's legs —there were still things in the air for him after that triumphant return from Paris. Acosta burned up when Fokker let drop the remark that he was a physical wreck, burnt up with whiskey.

Continued on page 184

it's New ☆
and it's NEWS!

by B. V. D.

Four-square shorts buttoned to halter top, is a good fashion recipe when you go down to the sea.

When you add—as B.V.D. does to *all* its 1936 Swim Suits—certain amazing and contourating new "beauty secrets," the result is a suit to the queen's own taste!

"Button-to" is proudly made of B.V.D.'s exclusive Skipper Knit, so smart to look at, so grand to wear, so silhouetting it gives you new grace. It has smart new military side stripes, an *up-lift brassiere* top, a seat with *extra* (but not too extra!) fullness. $5.95. The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, N. Y. C.

B. V. D.
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SWIM SUITS
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a bald statement of fact

As you can see, the sun has got this august gentleman on the spot. Tomorrow his pate will be sore and red. Too bad he didn't use his head, to better purpose. Of course the theme of this lecture is—*tan with Sun-Pruf Cream!*

Sun-Pruf Cream prevents sunburn. Used thickly it prevents a tan. Used sparingly it permits you to tan safely. Yes sir, it's as invisible as your shaving lotion. $1

Ideal Suntan Oil keeps the skin smooth after tanning. $1 and $1.75

Eight Hour Cream. If you did not know about Sun-Pruf Cream before you permitted the sun to burn your skin, use Eight Hour Cream which quickly relieves sunburn or blistered lips. $1.75 and $3

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Byrd's Bad Boy

Continued from pages 52-183

He blazed back: "Tony Fokker can go to Hell."

Fokker might have been right but it was more likely that he was wrong. Bert began doing fancy flying that couldn't be done by a burned up alcoholic wreck. It got him in trouble aplenty.

Looping bridges became his favorite pastime. He got the surprise of his life once when he found a mill dam under one of the bridges he was looping. But it didn't bust him up much. Another time he spent several hours trying to steady himself by doing precision work: knocking the wind-vane off a New England church with the undercarriage of his plane. While yokels gaped Acosta kept missing. Finally he ran out of gas. Risking skewering his plane on the church steeple he came down in a steep, powerless dive, knocked the vane off and landed in a tiny cornfield. They had to take the plane apart to get it out.

Another time Bert "borrowed" a broker's ancient Jenny—an old OX-5. He flew between his girl's house and another on Long Island at cornstalk height. Then he flew on out to Massapeque Inn and landed in a parking lot. By the time the plane's owner found his property two days later Acosta was lighted up like a High Mass in St. Peters. The pilot got indignant at the protests of the broker; proudly displayed the magneto which he'd removed so no one would steal the plane. He got even more indignant when they started dismantling the plane to get it out of the lot. "I put it in there and I can fly it out," Acosta said. The broker didn't give him the chance to try.

Another bit of Roosevelt Field legend, created by Acosta, still persists. One night on a drinking bout he announced, with all the solemnity of a small boy picking lint out of his navel, that he wanted to know what time it was. Someone volunteered to tell him but Acosta insisted he wanted accurate time. Really accurate time. He got in his plane and flew over to New York to look at the lighted tower clock on the Metropolitan Life Building.

The louder people hollered about his crazy stunts the madder Acosta got. Possibly he was justified. As an old timer he refused to believe that the old days were done. He was like a pioneer settler who rankled and sulked when civilization came to take that which he had hacked out of a forest. So Acosta got crazier and trouble mounted on his head.

Connecticut authorities got after him. Bert spent an afternoon flying under a tiny bridge at Naugatuck. It was such a tight fit that the undercarriage got damp with river water while the wings picked up splinters from the underside of the bridge. That little exploit cost him his license. This was in 1928.

Acosta drew piecemeal work just the same. Manufacturers aren't too squeamish about licenses when they want planes tested; want them dived toward the earth at four or five hundred miles an hour to see if wings sheer off when the pilot tries to level out. He picked up some of this work on the side. Getting his license back—the most precious possession of any pilot—didn't tame him down. In 1929 Connecticut again gave him trouble. For flying low and doing barrel rolls so near the ground that his wings fanned trees, he had a $500 fine slapped on him. When he couldn't pay, Commerce men took his license away and kept it for six years. He took his beginner's test to get it back a few months ago.

That six years was hard on a man who helped raise aviation and who always boasted that he could fly a barn door if someone would put wings on one for him. But he managed to scratch by. With some financial help he bought half a dozen planes that should have been in the Smithsonian Institute as relics. They were about as close relations to modern day planes as the stone axe is to a Vickers machine gun. But they would fly after a fashion. Acosta played the county fair circuit with them and managed to pile up a handsome total of Commerce Department fines for flying without a license. But he couldn't pay them and they didn't like to put him in jail.

He also did a little testing during this period. One of his most freakish jobs came in this line. An impecunious inventor built a plane which he finally concluded no man on earth could fly. Acosta said he could. What's more, he did. But unfortunately it proved nothing—for Acosta can fly them when no one else can.

Since losing his license Acosta's jams have by no means been limited to flying. He was jailed once for slamming empty whiskey bottles out a window at passers-by. Another time his wife put him in stir for six months for abandonment. Yet another time an alienation of affections suit got him in jail for three months and brought a mournful wail from a New York Supreme Court Justice: "If it could be arranged to keep this aviator in the air all the time, it would be safer for the homes of the community."

On one of his excursions to jail Acosta served his term, then finished off his sentence with a Casanova-ish gesture. He borrowed the patrol wagon; returned it when a frantic sheriff had every policeman in Nassau County looking for it. Bert had borrowed it to look for a job he said.

Periodically Acosta medals—presented by cities, states, governments—turn up in pawnshops. "They're stolen," he snaps.

For Bert Acosta life has been a

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FOR A BETTER NIGHT'S SLEEP

The patented Faultless Nobelt Waistband gets rid of the rope that ruins sleep.

No. 21430. Pleated slacks are deep-tone broadcloth. "Gaucho" jersey harmonizes in smart horizontal stripings. Maroon, hunter green or Havana brown. The set, $3.00.

See Sportjamas at men's wear stores and departments everywhere . . . $2.00 to $3.50.

No. 15670. Deep-tone broadcloth slacks and 6 x 3 rib-knit tops. Navy, maroon or brown. The set, $2.00

Every pair of Sportjamas has the famous Faultless Nobelt waistband—a comfortable, stre-t-c-hable waistband that holds pajamas up neatly without pressure. Guaranteed not to lose its resiliency. ©WILSON BROTHERS

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also makers of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas, Faultless Nobelt Super Shorts, V-Shaped Shirts, Buffer Hose, Skipper Sportwear and Swimwear, Wilson Neckwear.

Chicago New York Boston San Francisco

spicy, gay and brawlish romance. In quiet moments he is formally polite, curiously modest. When he has a quart of Scotch under his belt he is Hell on wheels. A Long Island policeman found that out one night when he tried to arrest Acosta after a traffic accident. The flyer let his old Spanish temper rip. The cop who next day got Bert 90 days was a sad looking specimen.

Today Acosta—one of the grand old men of aviation at 41—is somewhat chastened. Somehow the idea seems to have slipped through that the old days are irrevocably gone; that planes will leave Newark at 8:30 and arrive at Chicago at 12:43 without doing any barrel rolls or dives under bridges along the way.

He still stubbornly rationalizes his stand: "Some people think low flying and stunting are foolhardy. But they're not for me. I did them to perfect my finesse and keep up my touch. I didn't care how dangerous it seemed. But I'm through with all that now." That sounded like a new Acosta. But in the next breath the old fire horse blood cropped out: "Besides you can stunt high enough and over areas which are not thickly populated." ⫲

Without Benefit of Ethics

Continued from page 57

stations and a barbecue restaurant. We had rented a splendid public address system from an out-of-town firm. A path leading from the stage to the Sow and Litter club building, where dressing rooms for the contestants had been installed, was strewn with wildflowers which had been gathered by the Girl Scouts.

The program started with the municipal band playing Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever*, followed by Reverend Albert Timmins of the First Presbyterian church, who read the invocation over the microphone system. The drill team of the Rebekah lodge put on a beautiful sword drill and then we were ready for the Gala Parade of Elkville Pulchritude.

First, the girls marched down the flower-strewn path, lined up according to height, and paraded on the race track in front of the grandstand. Then they retired behind a billboard which had been erected to the right of the stage and which, incidentally, brought in almost enough money from advertising signs to pay the cost of the prize trip. I mounted the stage and gave a short, rather humorous speech concerning the contest.

Then I began calling the names of the participants. As each young woman's name was announced, she walked up the steps leading from behind the billboard to the stage and paraded before the audience, turning around slowly so that she could be viewed from all sides. The board of directors, sitting directly in front of the stage, took notes on each contestant's best points.

Every girl was greeted with an ovation, but the applause accorded other contestants by the audience was as nothing compared to the tumult of clapping and cheering which arose when Miss Holverstad appeared.

When all twenty-six of the contest entries had paraded across the stage, I retired with the board of directors to the office under the grandstand, where the winner was to be determined.

I had in the room a blackboard bearing the name of each contestant.

I reasoned that Miss Holverstad would be able to win without any undue effort on my part, and, since I was in charge of the balloting, I saw no need to influence the other judges unless it became absolutely necessary.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "we had better get our judging done as quickly as possible, because this large audience is waiting on pins and needles for the results. I will read the roll, and each of you will give his first choice when his name is called. We will continue balloting only until some one of the young ladies has a majority of the votes."

"Bert Mills," I called.

"I vote for Alice Holverstad," he said. It seemed that my judgment was vindicated.

"Elmer Samuels."

"My vote goes to that little Connie Jenkins," he said.

Mr. Samuels had never impressed me, and the Jenkins girl was a rather flippant waitress at the Arcade Lunch.

"Art Johnson."

"I vote for Dolly Mason," he said. It seemed impossible that a banker's judgment could be so poor.

"Rollie Hendricks."

"Put me down for the Schmidt girl. Wilhelmina, I guess her first name is," he replied. I couldn't understand it.

"Walter Kinsey."

"Celia Pike gets my vote," he said. It seemed apparent by this time that no entrant would have a majority on the first ballot.

"Charlie Edmunds."

"I'll vote for that tall, slim Kearns girl. Pearl Kearns," he answered.

There was one more name to call besides my own.

"Oscar Klandrud."

"I'm voting," he said, "for Lily Keeney."

"Mr. Klandrud," I reminded him, "don't you remember that we all agreed at a special meeting of the board of directors that nobody would vote for Miss Keeney?"

"That's all right," he said. "It isn't as if she was going to be elected. Nobody else has to vote for her, but I'm voting for Lily Keeney and that goes."

I saw there was no use in argument.

"And my vote," I said, "goes to Miss Holverstad, who is un-

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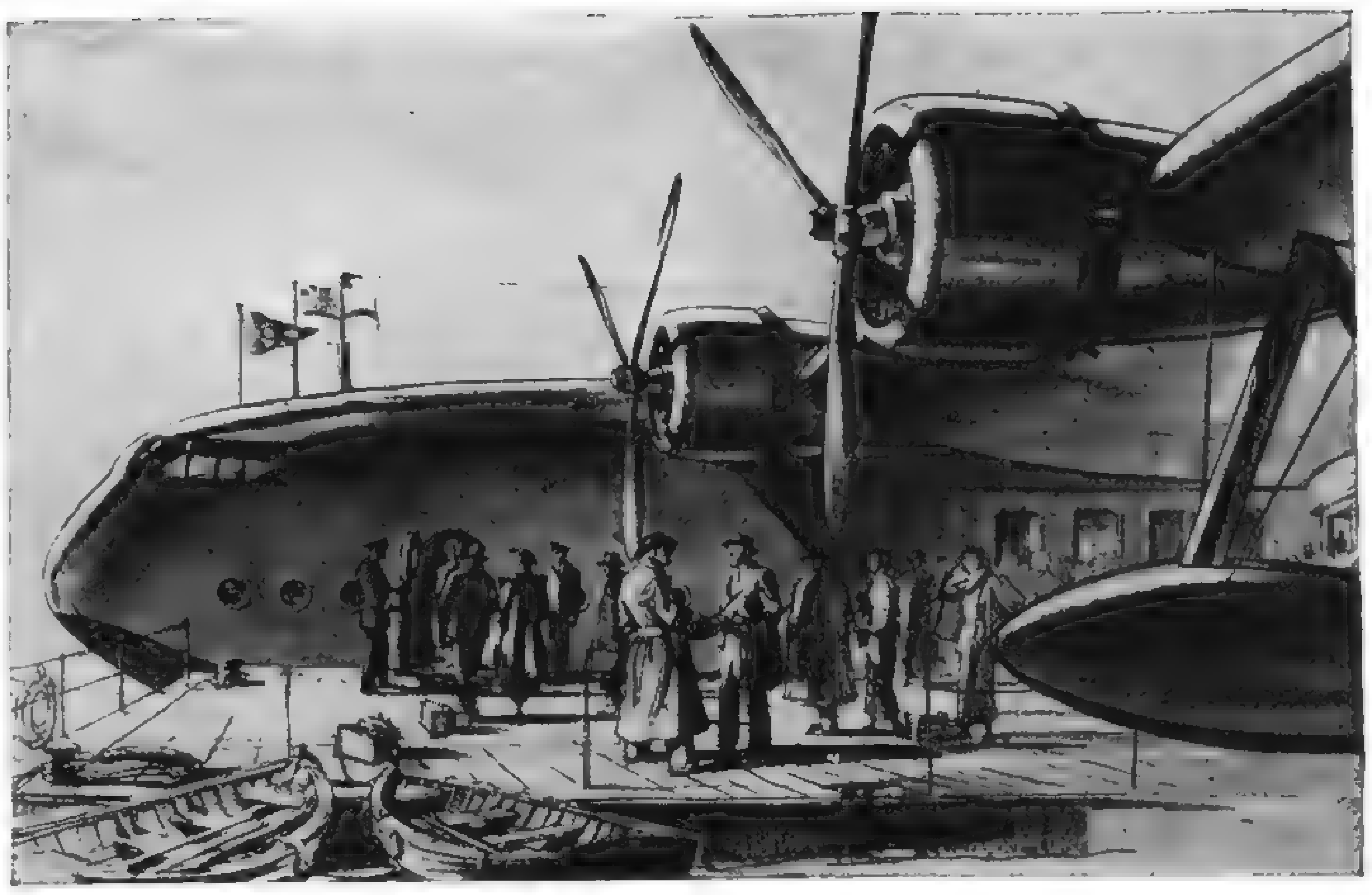

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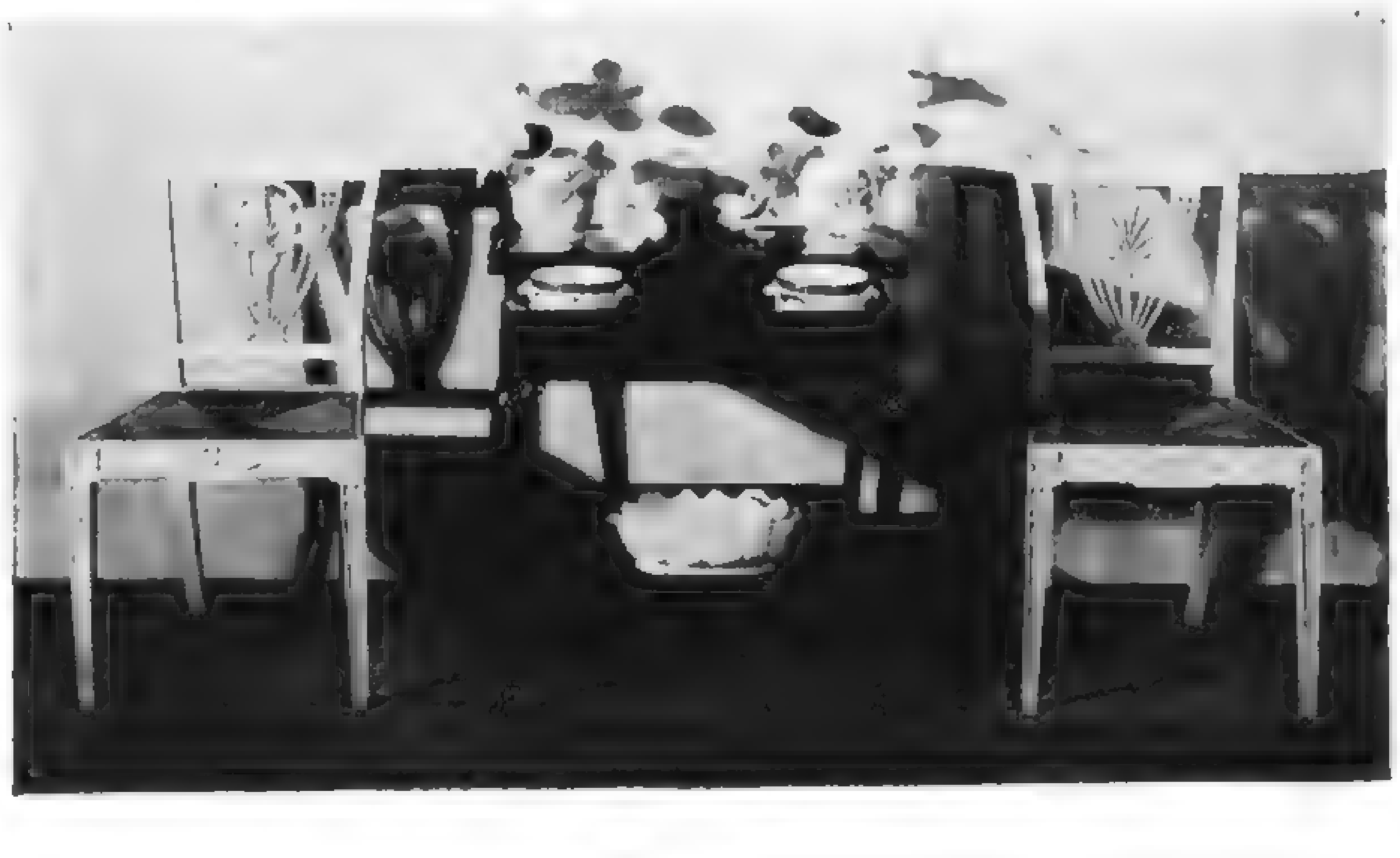

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Without Benefit of Ethics

Continued from pages 57-185

questionably the outstanding entry. Since Miss Holverstad is the only contestant to get two votes, I think we should make it unanimous for her on the next ballot. This will be a wise choice, since Miss Holverstad is an outstanding young woman who will reflect pride upon our community. I will read the roll again."

I repeated the names, and every man on the board voted the same way he had on the first ballot.

"Gentlemen," I protested. "Someone will have to give in. I respect your judgment, but Miss Holverstad is still the only entrant with two votes and I think the gracious and sportsmanlike thing would be for three or four of you to change your votes to her at once."

On the eighth ballot, every man was still voting exactly as he had the first time.

One of the boys from the band knocked on the door and we let him in.

"We've played every piece in our book," he said, "and we've started all over again. People are beginning to get nervous, stamping their feet and whistling. You better hurry up."

We took five more ballots with no change in results.

"We're not going to get any place if we stay here from hell to breakfast," Elmer Samuels said. "This contest means an awful lot to some of these girls, more than some of you men might realize. I'm a man whose word is his bond and with me a promise is sacred. I happen to know what winning this contest would mean to the little Jenkins girl and I wouldn't change my vote to anyone else for anything in the world. I figure she's entitled to it. But it looks like everybody else has different ideas and we're not changing our opinions. I move that we write the names of the girls who've been voted for in this group on slips of paper and put them in a hat. The girl whose name is pulled out of the hat will get the prize."

Much to my disgust, the board of directors was unanimous in agreeing to this plan which violated every rule of the contest.

Slips containing the names of the girls were put in a hat, and Dolly Mason's name was drawn.

"To avoid confusion," Oscar Klandrud suggested, "and to keep down hard feelings as much as possible, I think we should go out the back way from the grandstand before the name is announced. Let somebody else announce the winner's name. It would be better to have it announced by an impartial outsider instead of one of the judges, anyway."

"Well," said Art Johnson, who had voted for Dolly Mason, "the rest of you can go out the back way if you feel like it, but I think I'll be on hand for the prize announcement."

As the rest of us were getting ready to follow Mr. Klandrud's heartily endorsed suggestion, Bert Mills, my only ally in voting for Miss Holverstad, called me over to a corner of the room.

"Just what," he asked, "does Alice Holverstad mean to you?"

I resented his implication. "Miss Holverstad," I said, "is nothing more than a good friend."

"How good?" he asked.

"Mr. Mills," I demanded, "just what are you trying to insinuate?"

"Don't play so dumb," he said. "Don't try to tell me that you don't know why the rest of these fellows all voted for different girls and wouldn't change their votes. Every other girl got just one vote, but what burns me up is that the girl I voted for got two votes. I don't like it. I'll be the laughing stock of the board of directors."

My anger was becoming almost uncontrollable. "Miss Holverstad," I said, "is a very fine young woman in every way."

"Yeah?" he said. "Well, I'm not so sure. I can't figure out whether you're unconscious or awful smart."

I ignored his insulting remarks and hurried to my car.

The next afternoon, I was asked to appear at a special board meeting called, I anticipated, to discuss plans for publicizing the new Miss Elkville's trip to California.

Instead, I found that the meeting had been called to ask for my resignation as secretary of the Chamber. A vague explanation of this action was offered by Mr. Klandrud.

"You're a good starter," he said in his coarse way, "but a hell of a poor finisher."

"Yes," Rollie Hendricks put in, "this whole affair has been mighty embarrassing for all of us, and the way it looks this afternoon we haven't heard the last of the trouble yet. Girls act pretty peculiar sometimes and when they lose out on what they think is a cinch, they're apt to do darned near anything. That damn' Schmidt girl might start all kinds of malicious and untrue stories about me to get even for not winning the prize, although why she should be mad at me is more than I can even start to figure out."

I glanced around the room and the feeling of enmity against me was obvious. Every member of the board seemed to hold me responsible for his own obstinacy in refusing to change his vote.

"The sooner you hand in your resignation," Bert Mills said, "the better everybody'll be satisfied."

Losing one's position is not pleasant, and I have given the whole affair considerable thought, retracing every part of the Miss Elkville campaign from start to finish. I make no charges, but I have reached certain definite conclusions.

I cannot find it in my heart to say that the ethics of the Modern American Business Man are good. ⧺

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The End of Sidney Snarby

Continued from page 44

"Mostly whiskey," said the Colonel with finality, as though the subject were better closed, and changed it for good measure by addressing his lady sharply with, "Hey, pull down your skirts, you baggage, you'll get a cold in your thigh."

* * *

The voyage of the Professor down the street was, to put it mildly, a rather embarrassing occasion, and it was with the utmost effort that he preserved his academic dignity when passing students and colleagues. It was not often that a gentleman of such standing in a community as that enjoyed by Professor Sidney Snarby could be seen making his way down the main street of the town with a wee thing in blue on one arm and one in tweeds on the other, the former affectionately pulling his ear and calling him a sweet old darling and further phrases of endearment, while the latter, waving a stick about the Professor's nose, kept up a ceaseless fire of abuse, liberally salted with salacious profanity, in the loudest voice of which he was capable. It was with an understandable sense of relief that he reached his trolley stop and said, preparing to unburden himself of his new acquaintances, "Well, my little friends, here is where I'm afraid we must part company, for I take the trolley here to whisk me to my humble lodgings."

"Oh no you don't," said the Colonel, his stick tapping lightly but painfully on the bridge of the Professor's nose, "Humble or not, don't think you're going to do any whisking without us."

"Please," said the dainty lady in blue, "please don't go away and leave me. I love you so very much, and I'd be so very very lonesome, and I haven't any place to go, and—" small but hugely bitter tears began to course down her cheeks and fall onto the Professor's necktie. He could feel close to his heart the little body wracked with sobs. The Colonel wisely held his peace and watched the scene with approval. Sidney Snarby was quite unused to such open displays of emotion and didn't quite know how to cope with it. He clucked weak little "there, there's" in response to her "please, please, dear, dear Professor, don't leave me now's." Finally he broke (as what else could he do?) and said, "All right, dear, I'll take you home for a little while." The Colonel on his other arm chortled merrily. "Well done, Buelah," he crowed, rocking precariously, "well done! If I had your sex appeal to go with my brains, I'd be King of England." He whooped, clapped his hands together in uncontrolled mirth, and in doing so lost his balance and went tumbling head over heels to the sidewalk, his suitcase landing on top of him. A volley of the most vehement abuse hurtled from his mouth. He hurriedly opened his suitcase to inspect the damage, found everything intact and sighed, "Well, thank God for little favors." The Professor was, for the moment, not inclined to agree.

* * *

The trolley came along and the Professor soon had his charges installed on either side of him, doing his best to look as though such a scene were the most usual in the world. He found this difficult before the staring eyes and gaping mouths of the occupants of the other seats. This was particularly so when the Colonel plunged into his case and came up with a large bottle of whiskey.

"How about a drink, Professor?" he offered.

"Why, no, ah, no, no, ah do you think we'd better?"

"Why the hell not?" said the Colonel, clambering back onto the seat. "How about you, Priscilla, have a slug?"

"No, thank you, Colonel."

"Showing off, eh? Trying to make an impression? Sweet girl graduate! Humph!" He took without a quiver a drink which would have paralyzed a guardsman, and proceeded to sing, in spite of a thorough shushing from the highly fool-feeling Professor, dirty verses of *Madamoiselle from Armentières*—and he knew some spectacular ones. The buzz of the passengers increased in volume. Then the Colonel stopped dead in the middle of a verse, muttered imprecations under his breath, took another mighty pull at the bottle, replaced it in the suitcase and came up with several decks of cards. "How about a swift game of rummy?" he demanded. To the Professor's protestations that this was hardly a fit place for such pastimes, he explained: "Diana and I always play it in public places. Self-defense. All the stupid gawks like that fat female across the aisle stare at us as though we didn't have any clothes on. I wonder what she'd do if I really did take them off. I've a good mind to find out."

"You do, young man," snapped the lady in question, whom the Colonel was eyeing most unpleasantly, "and I'll spank you where it will do the most good."

"If you were about half your size," returned the Colonel, "I'd whale hell out of yours, just for the fun of it." The Professor turned to apologize to the lady, and found behind an icy eye the dean's unsympathetic wife. In a dither of distress, he gathered up his cargo and, though several stops from his lodgings, disembarked and walked the rest of the way.

* * *

Sidney Snarby closed the door of his flat and sank into the most comfortable chair in his academic, book-littered bachelor's quarters with a feeling that, at last, here was sanctuary. But he was

Continued on page 188

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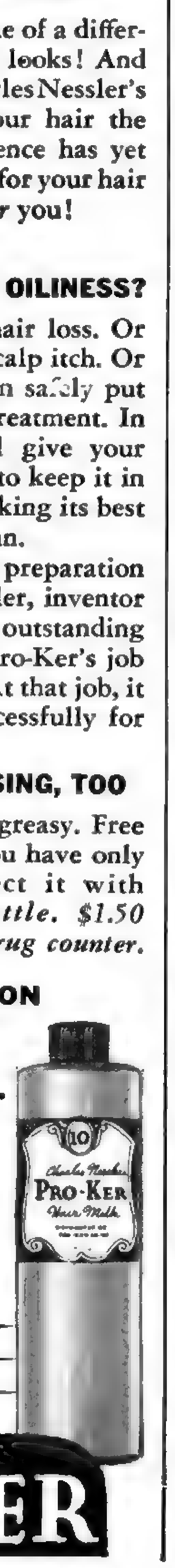

The End of Sidney Snarby

Continued from pages 44-187

doomed to most abysmal disillusionment. The Colonel's lady insisted upon wandering about on his lap and demanding affection of the more demonstrative sort, all the while pulling his ear as a gesture of endearment; while the Colonel, having practically drained his bottle, embarked upon a rather destructive tour of the premises. He poked hither and thither with his gold-ended stick, pulled books from the shelves and papers from the Professor's desk. Eventually he returned and yelled, "Hey!" The Professor was otherwise engaged warding off the attentions of the Colonel's lady. "Hey!" he repeated louder, and whacked Snarby on the shins with his stick. "Got any women around here?"

"No, no, I'm afraid not," admitted the Professor.

"You're a hell of a host," snorted the Colonel deprecatingly. "How about something to eat, then?"

"Why, yes, yes," said Snarby, "I believe that could be arranged."

"O. K., park the female and rustle some grub." Then, pausing to glance about, "Didn't I see a cat about here somewhere?"

"Oh, yes," agreed the Professor, "that's my Darius, a very fine Persian."

"I thought so," said the Colonel, and hastening to his suitcase, pulled forth a dangerous-looking automatic. "Did you ever have one in a stew? Mighty fine, mighty fine," he commented, and proceeded on a hunt for the unsuspecting beast. The Professor leaped up and started in pursuit with the Colonel's lady swinging from his neck like a lavaliere, and caught the Colonel just as he was drawing a fine bead on Darius, whom he had cornered in the bathroom.

"Here, here, mustn't do that!"

"You mean you like cats?" exclaimed the little man.

"Very much indeed."

"You know, Henrietta," said the Colonel to his lady in blue, "I think this is even a worse case than we'd thought."

Sidney Snarby, unaccustomed to the purposeful display of firearms, inquired, "Why do you carry that evil looking weapon?"

"To kill people with, you silly ass," said the Colonel, "Whyever else?"

"You mean you—" began the Professor in amazement.

"Certainly, thousands of them."

"But why, ah why—ah, why?"

"Oh, just for the hell of it," said the Colonel nonchalantly.

"Oh, do stop bragging!" exclaimed the Colonel's lady. "He's not nearly as bad as he makes out, Professor. He's quite a dear, really. Do tell him truly why you do it. That's a good boy."

Not even the Colonel was wholly impervious to the charm of the lady in blue, so he explained in a matter-of-fact tone, "Well, you see, we drive so many of them mad that we just kill them off out of sheer philanthropy. You know, '*Quod Deus vult perdere, prius dementat,*' or those whom the gods bump off, they first drive screwy."

The preparations for dinner were a little hectic, because of the insistence of the Colonel's lady of riding about on the Professor's shoulder, pulling his ear, rumpling his hair, and bussing him at frequent intervals; whilst the Colonel, getting drunker by the moment, tried to put everything in the soup from the goldfish to the early works of The Sweet Singer of Michigan. The dinner itself was even less successful. The Colonel, seated upon a stack of the Professor's choicest tomes, flourished his spoon in time with any number of further verses of *Mademoiselle* and, among other things, did perhaps irreparable damage to Darius the cat by beaning him with a leg of cold fowl. The Colonel's lady interfered considerably with the good Snarby's mastication and flow of gastric juices by squatting oriental-fashion on the table, immediately in front of his plate.

When, once again, the Colonel suggested "a swift game of rummy," the Professor was only too happy to oblige. The game was, however, a rather disjointed affair, owing to the Colonel's persistence in making up his own rules as he went along, his rather alcoholic condition, his songs, and the absolute refusal of the wee lady to pay the least attention to the game. Finally, in utter desperation, the Professor decided that his only recourse must be a retreat to the privacy of his celibate bed. His little guests were, however, loath to depart, and after much abuse from the Colonel and a mist of tears from the Colonel's lady, he made up a bed for them on the sofa and hied himself to his bed chamber.

He had closed the door tightly and had progressed as far as the removal of his woolies, when he heard the raucous laughter of the Colonel outside his door, followed by, "Look at him, Cynthia, look at the old parsnip. You certainly didn't draw any bargain in him." There was more laughter, then the voice of the Colonel's lady saying, "Oh, I don't know, I've seen worse in my day." Sidney Snarby drew a robe about him, strode to the door, and flung it open. The little ones were standing on a chair and had all too obviously been peeking through the key-hole. Snarby slammed the door not too gently, donned his nightgown and popped into bed. He turned out the reading light by his side and wooed Morpheus, who proved a most elusive god. Very definitely Sidney Snarby had the jitters. He saw spots before his eyes; he heard noises which he knew could not

Continued on page 191

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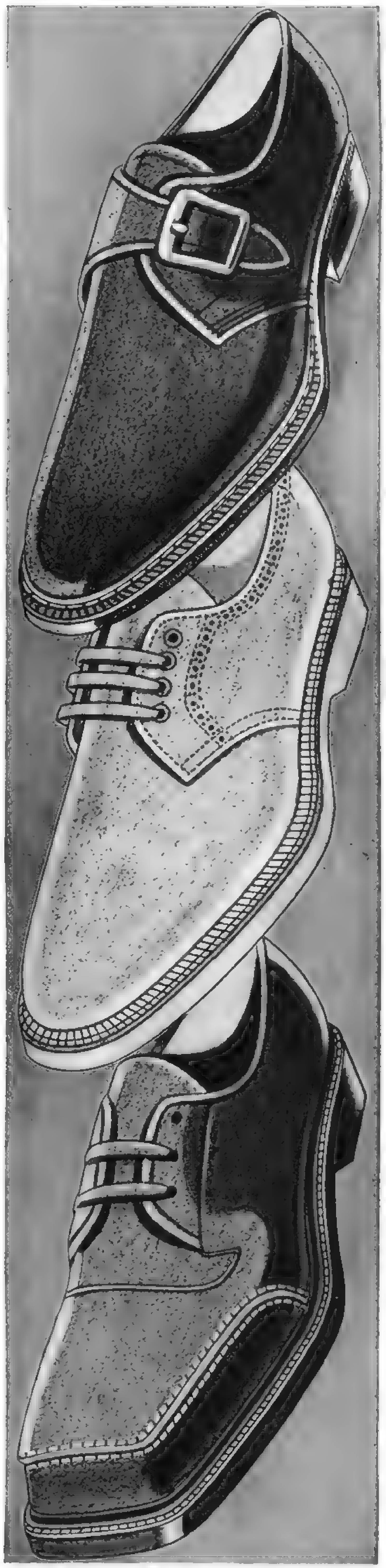

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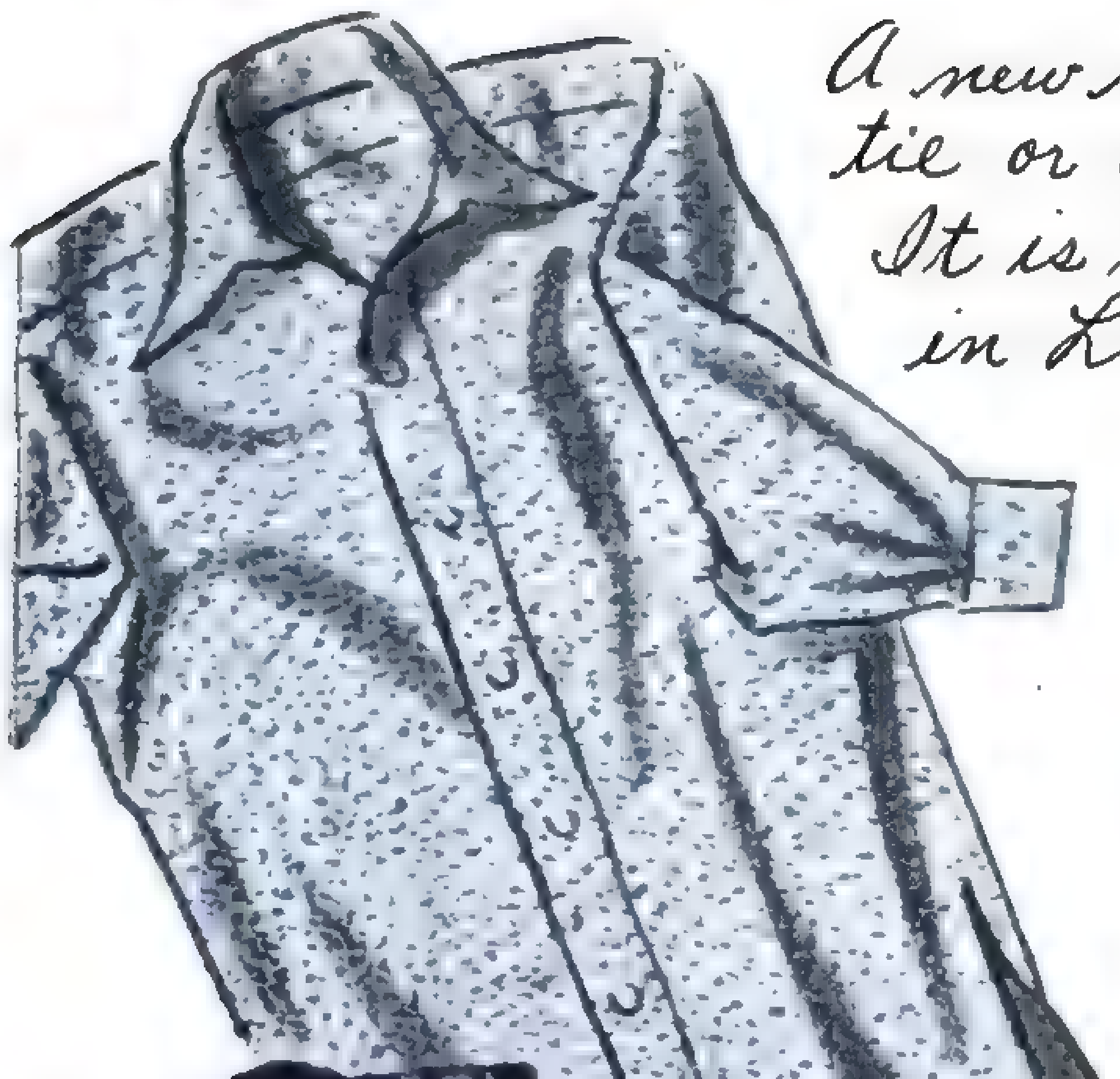
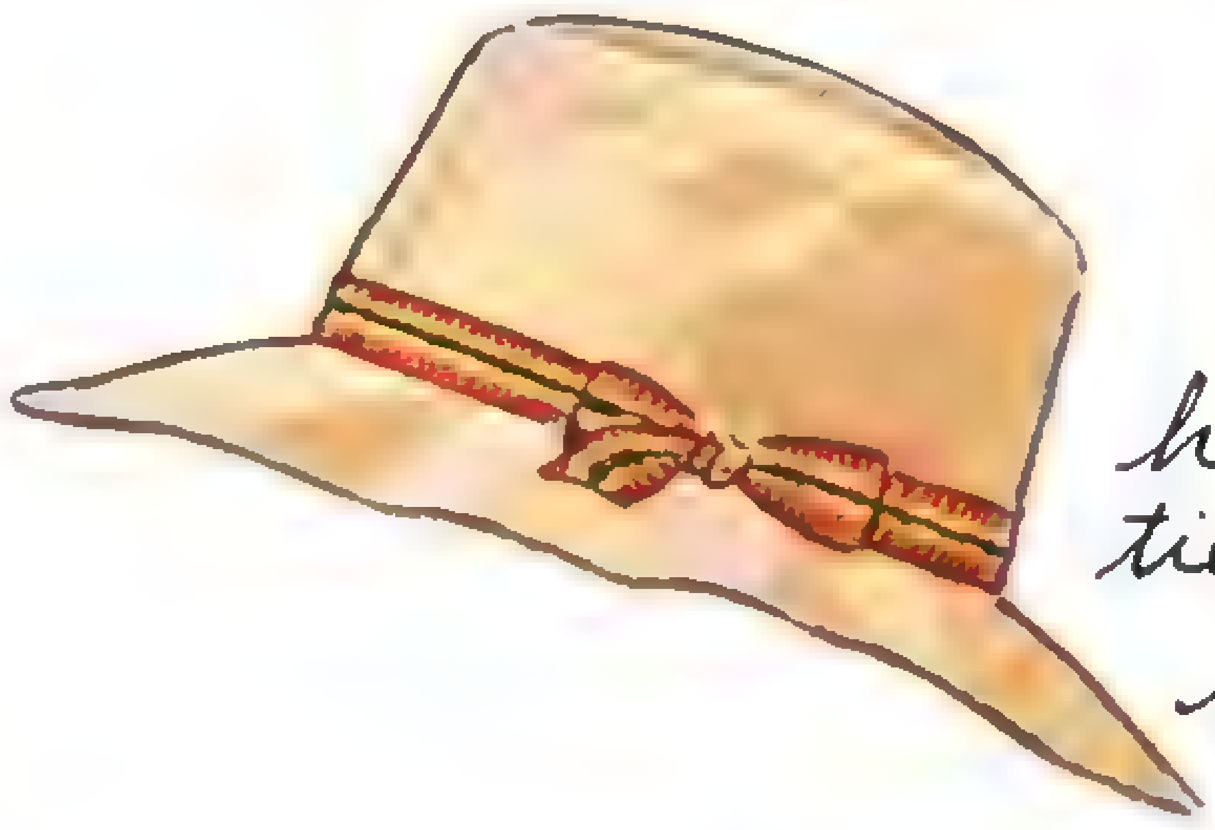
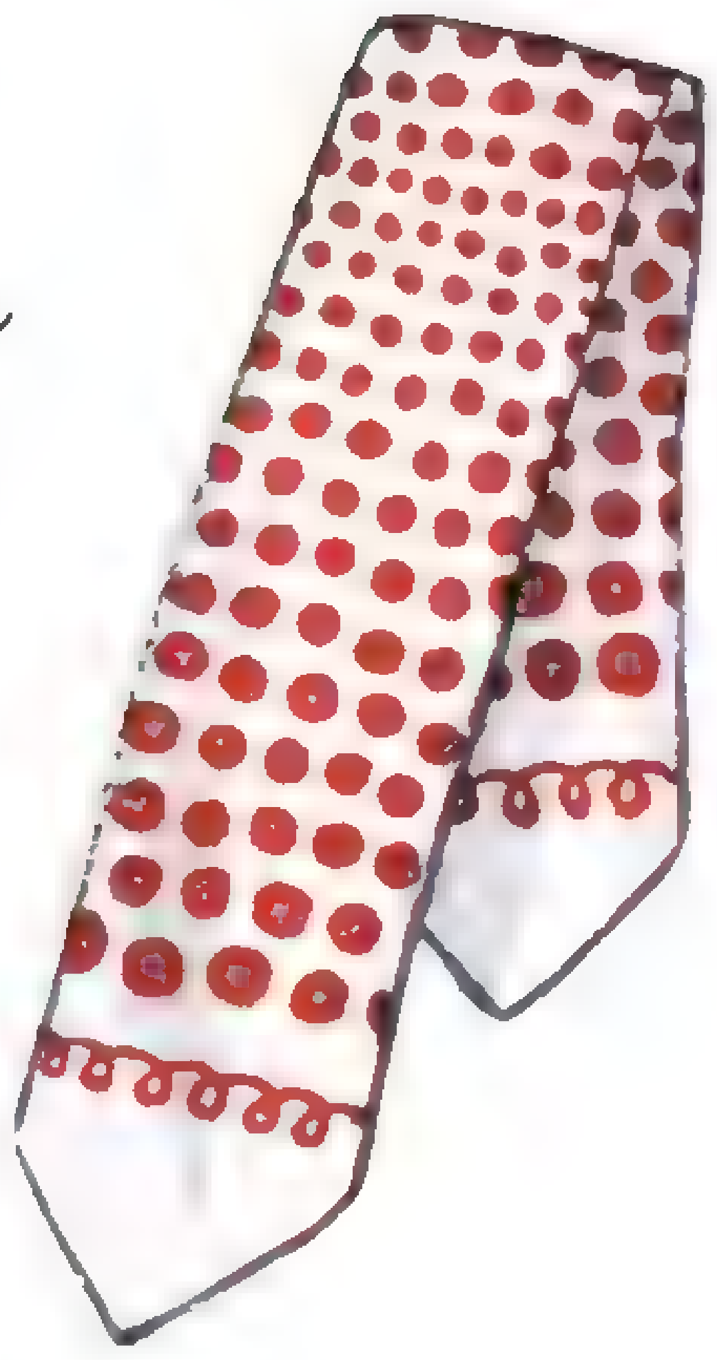


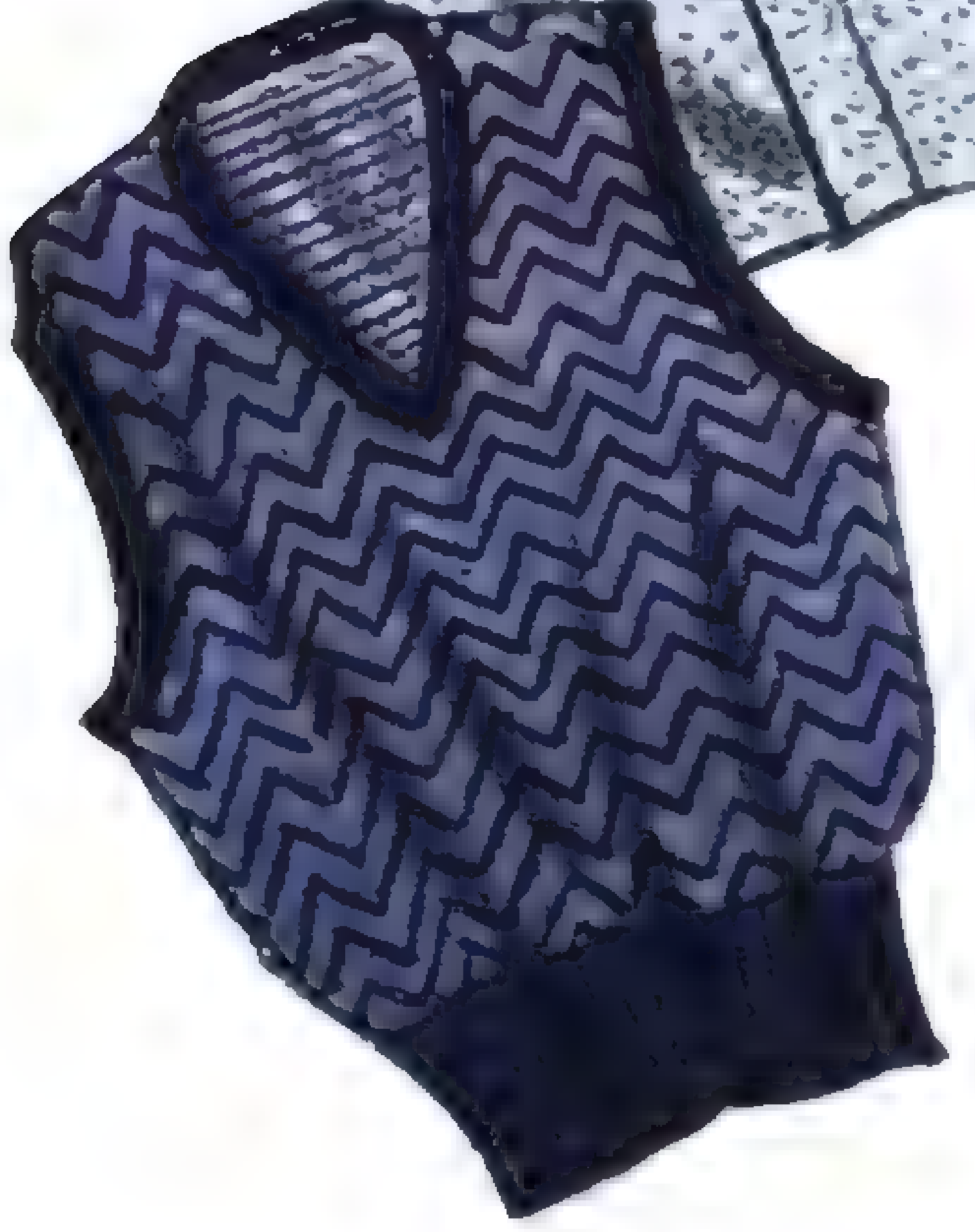
A new mesh shirting that may be worn with a tie or open at the neck with beach slacks, It is made of a mesh fabric recently introduced in London—



Fine panama hat with hand tied regimental band

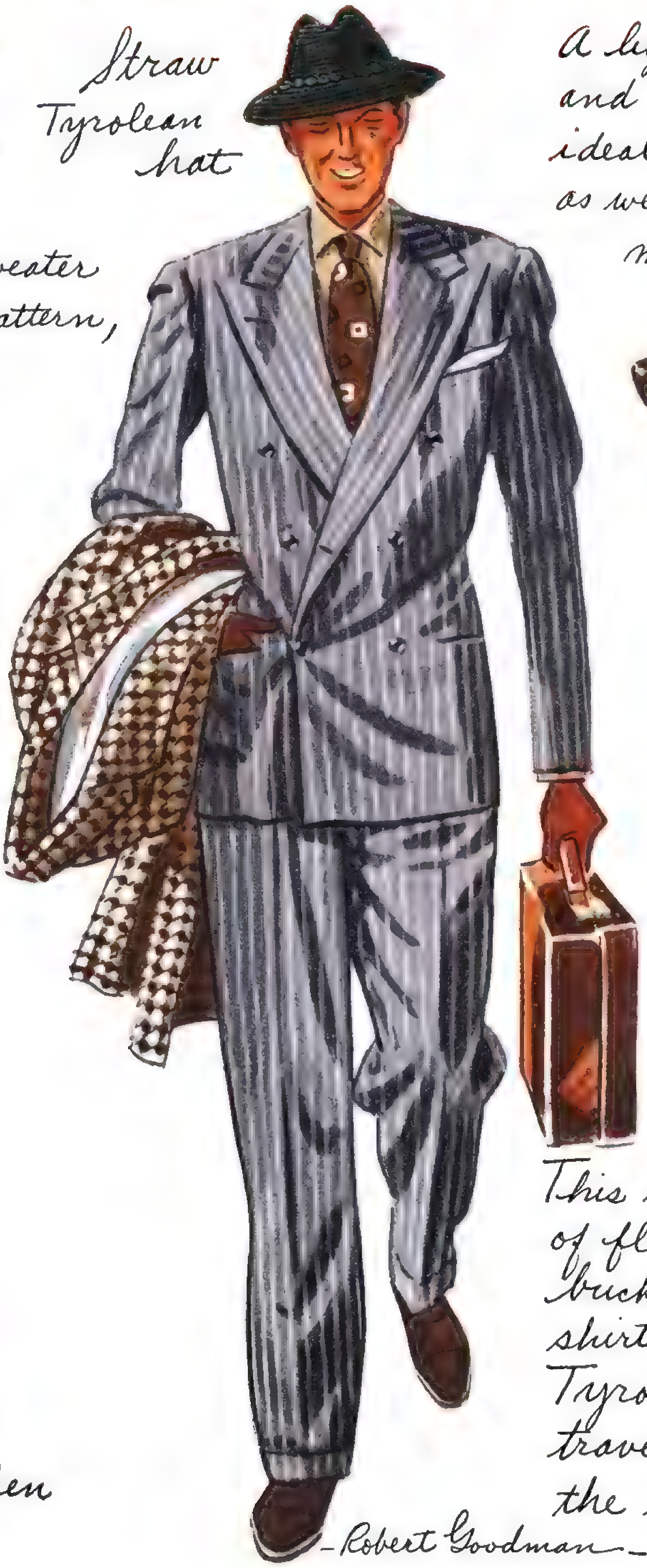


Silk foulard beach scarf with graduated spots—

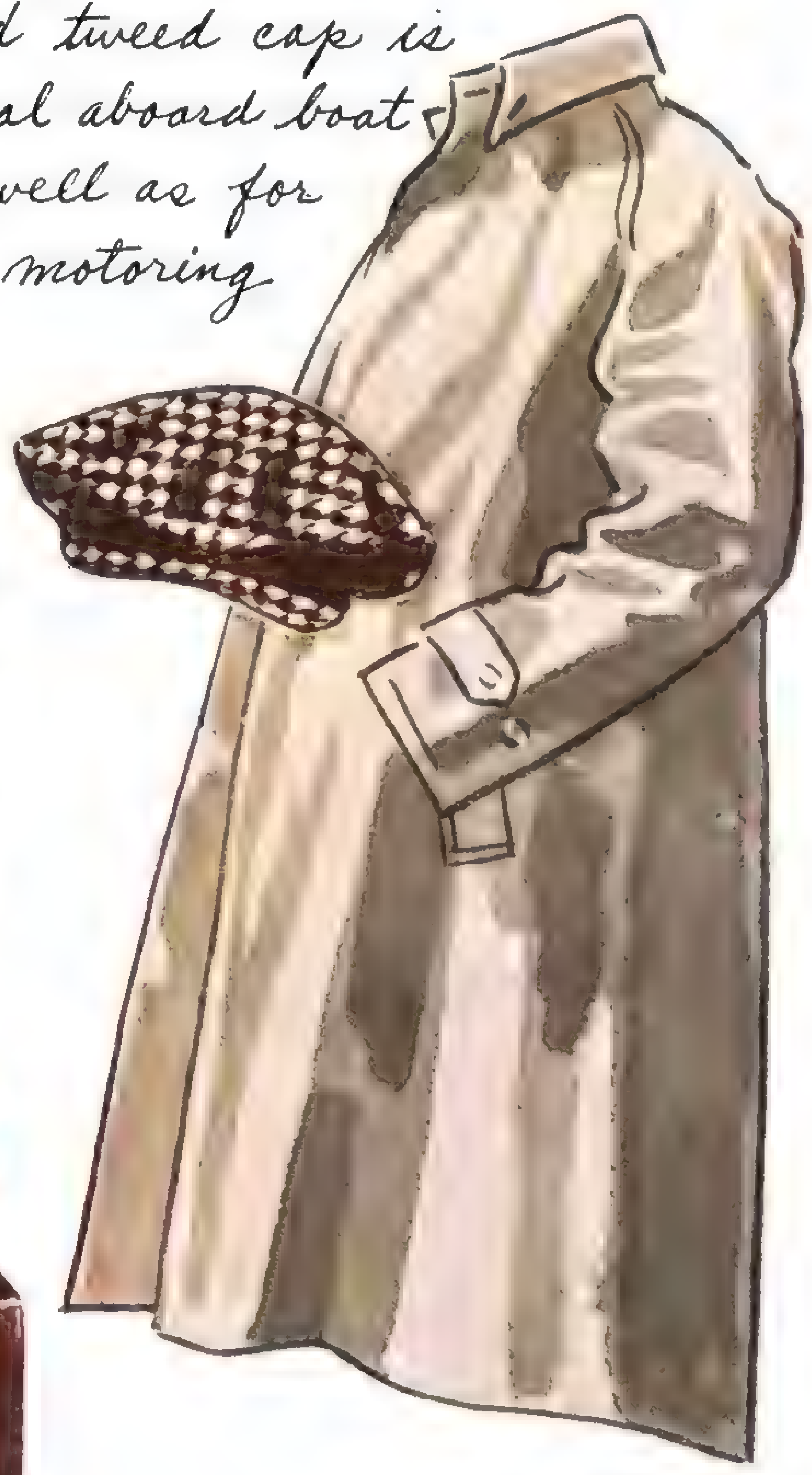


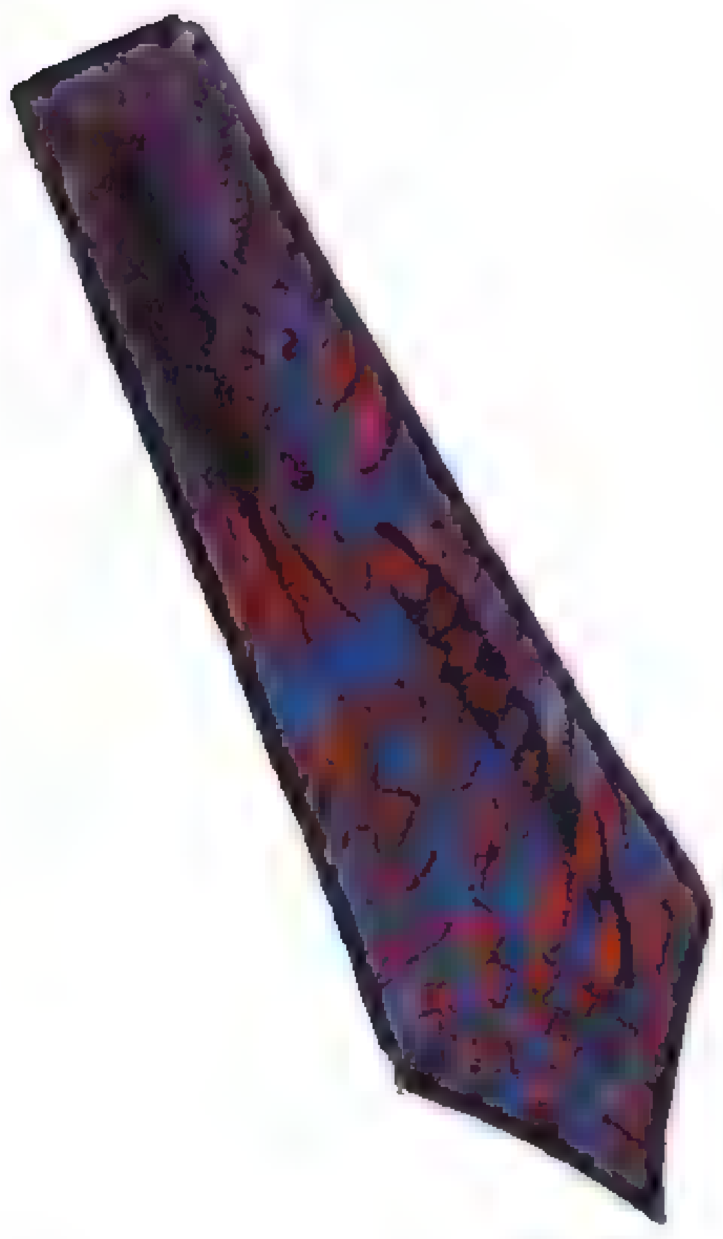
V-neck pullover sweater with herringbone pattern, made of cashmere

Straw Tyrolean hat

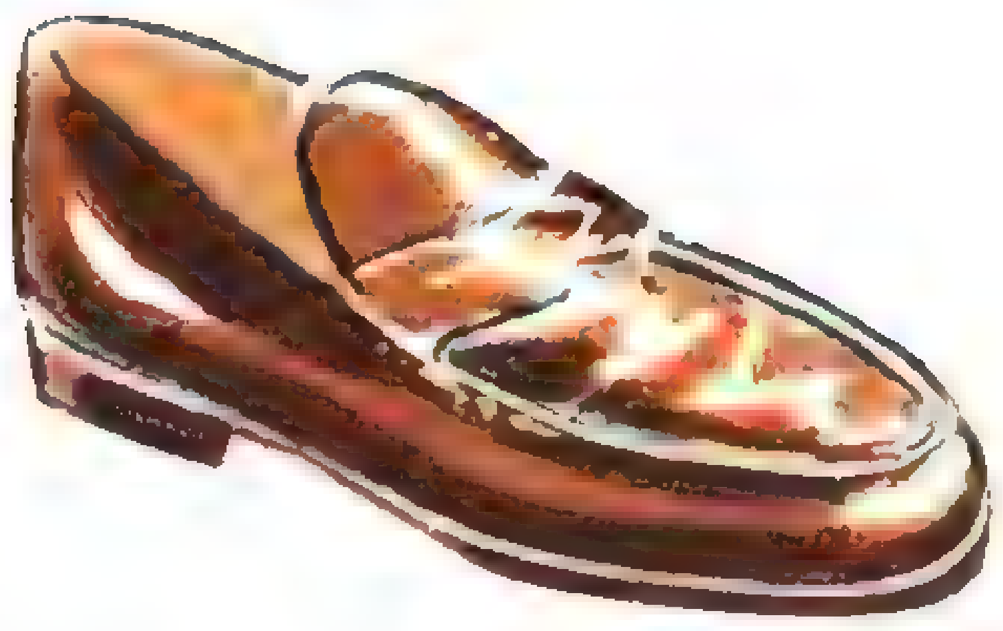


A light weight raincoat and tweed cap is ideal aboard boat as well as for motoring





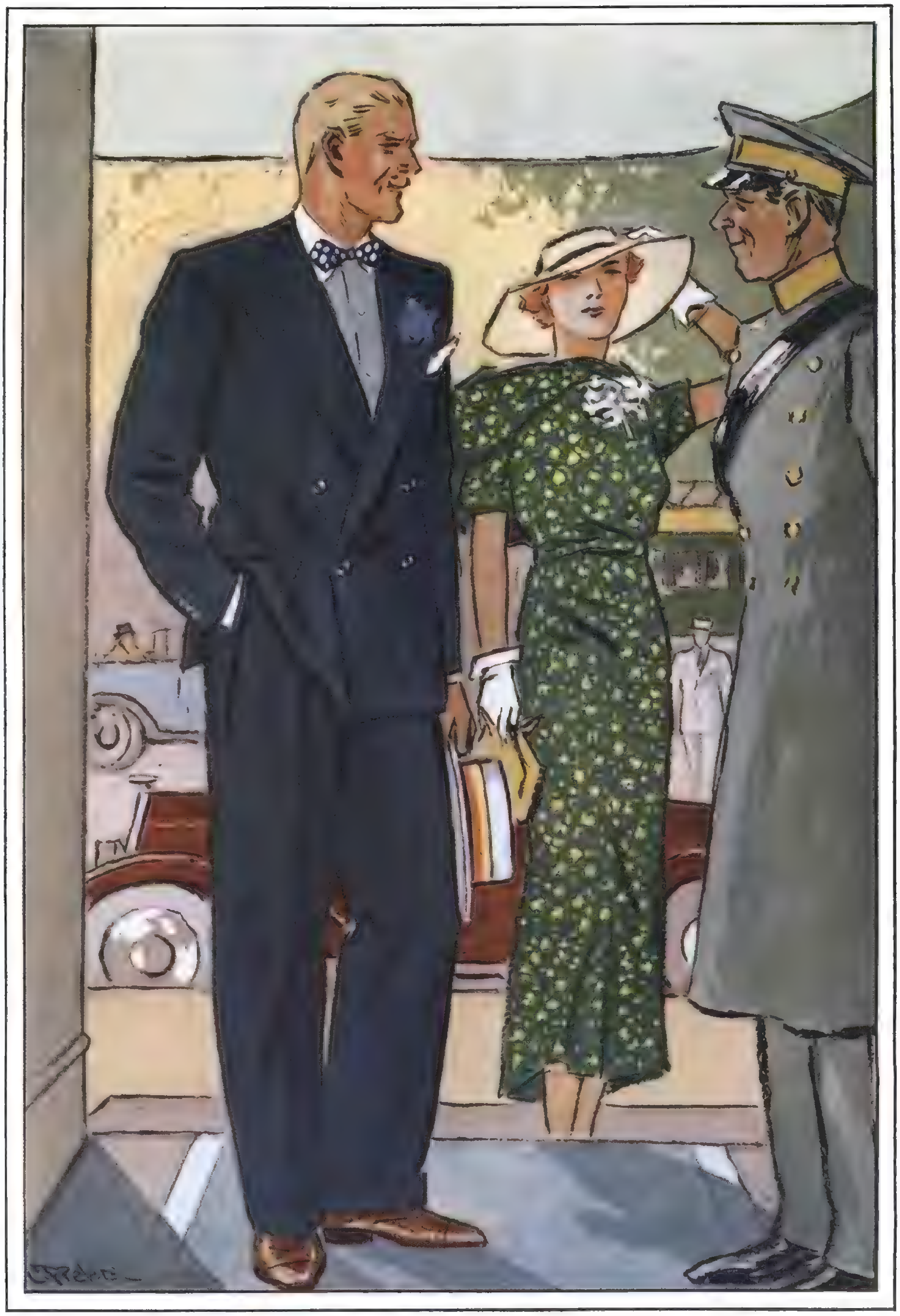
A new foulard tie



Weejuns ideal when traveling

This type of dress consisting of flannel suit, tweed coat, buckskin shoes, soft collar shirt, foulard tie and Tyrolean hat is ideal for traveling of any sort during the warm weather—

-Robert Goodman-



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For summer days in town many men dislike the extremely light colors usually associated with summer clothes. Some even go so far as to refuse to abandon their wonted stiff collars. In this there is more method than madness, as a starched collar, if it fits properly, lets the neck breathe more freely than when it is encased by a clinging soft collar. As for summer suitings, their coolness lies more in the cloth itself than in its color and dark summer weight suitings have long been available. The suit shown here, for instance, is of navy Palm Beach, cut in the Duke of Kent double breasted model with the long lapel roll, worn with a blue broadcloth shirt with a white starched collar and a foulard polka dot bow. Crocodile shoes and a sennit straw hat with colored band complete this cool but dignified outfit. Substitution of white trousers and a blue matching collar would make it equally appropriate for resort wear.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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The End of Sidney Snarby

Continued from pages 45-187-188

exist; strange, fantastic visions whirled through his mind. He tossed and turned but found no peace. Some time had passed when Sidney Snarby heard a sound and suspected a presence which he felt was not the product of his distraught brain. He reached out, snapped on the light, and there, perched on the crosspiece at the foot of his bed, and leaning coyly against the post was the little blonde in blue, smiling at him in a most friendly fashion.

"Go away!" said Snarby.

"Please," teased the Colonel's lady.

"Go back to bed!"

"I want to sleep here."

"Go sleep with the Colonel."

"No. He kicks."

"So do I."

"But I wouldn't mind you."

"I might roll over. Then where would you be?"

"I wouldn't mind." This with a glance and a tone of voice which even the Professor could not interpret.

"Young lady," said Snarby, "you're being indecent."

"Is that what you call it? How odd."

"Go back to bed." The Professor rolled over and buried his face in the pillow.

He was conscious that the Colonel's lady clambered down from the crossbar and, holding onto the blankets, lowered herself to the floor. For a moment he heard nothing more, then glancing up to investigate, was greeted with a sight which paralyzed and held him speechless. The little lady in blue was no longer the little lady in blue, but just plain little lady, and the absence of blueness revealed beyond a shadow of doubt that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady had much in common. The Professor had probably known a few Judy's in his prime, but they could have been nothing like this, or the good Professor would have become a far different man. His appreciation of the lady who stood gracefully posed for his approval so delightfully undraped was no particular credit to his aesthetic appreciation, for any connoisseur worth his salt would have had to admit that, viewed through a magnifying glass, the Colonel's lady in her present shape and condition, would have proved a Delilah for whom any Samson would gladly have torn out his hair by the roots. The lady broke from her pose and advanced towards Sidney Snarby—and there was a look in her eye. Snarby ducked under the bedclothes, warning her frantically away. He lay silent and immovable, awaiting further developments. He felt a slight disturbance near the foot of the bed. It continued as our lady raised the covers a trifle thereabouts and squirmed up under them. He knew the small body was somewhere in the vicinity of his feet. Soon he knew that it was drawing closer. He reached down and tried to push it away. She held his hand and drew it to her. Sidney Snarby moved away, but the frail small form stayed with him. Swifter and still more swiftly he fled here and there, but all to no avail; ever and hotly was he pursued. The bed had become a very hurly-burly of activity, when Snarby knew that someone else had joined the festivities. He raised his head from beneath the covers to find the Colonel at the end of the bed, swinging round and round in glee on the right-hand bedpost, like a pennant in a high gale, and screaming, between bursts of laughter, the most rousing exhortations to the little lady in the manner of a maniacal fan calling for a touchdown.

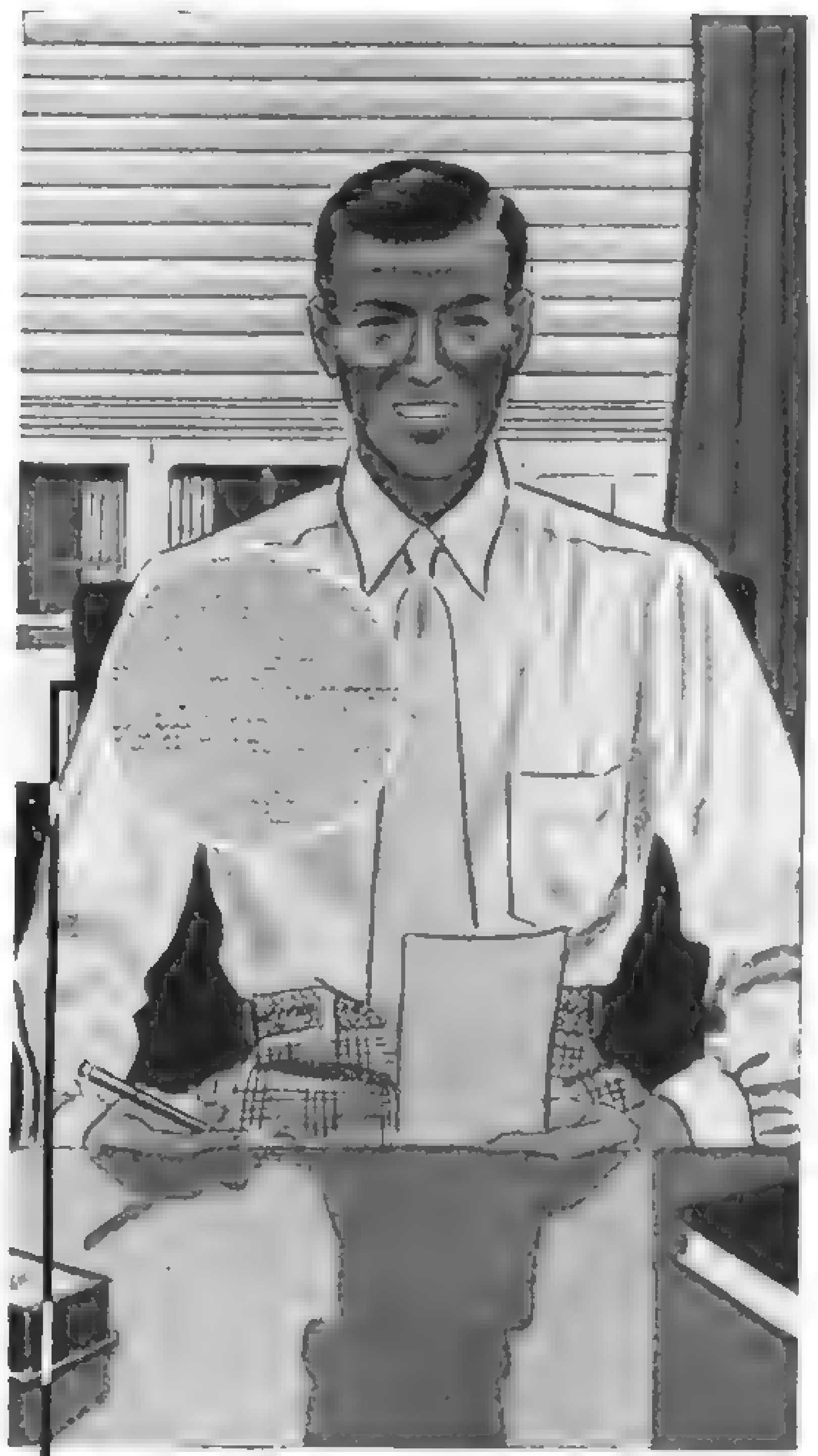
The Professor ceased his flight momentarily to admonish the Colonel for his raucous conduct. He paused too long. The Professor leaped from the bed, leaving the little lady quite abandoned and fled into the living room. With a bound and a shout the Colonel was hot on his trail, followed immediately by the Colonel's lady. They cornered the fleeing scholar near the kitchenette, and it was with some difficulty that he dislodged the wee female who was trying to shin up his leg, and dashed out of his door, down the stairs and into the night.

They found Snarby the next morning. He was on the bank of the river. Evidently, as deduced from the footprints, he had been followed there, and being unable to swim, had been trapped by his pursuers. When a squad of police arrived on the scene, Snarby was dead, and a wicked-looking automatic lay close by. A small nude figure sat on his stomach, and one in tweeds sat on his face. One of the first remarks when the police arrived was made by the Colonel, who said, "How about a swift game of rummy? That's one of the few virtues of these academicians — such conveniently flat chests," and laid down three kings over Snarby's heart.

The sergeant in charge of the police squad had been trained by long precedent and practice to be amazed by nothing in the whole wide world, and proceeded to do his duty in routine fashion. "Well," he said, "I guess you circus freaks have let yourselves in for a peck of trouble this time. You better come along with me; it'll be the hot-squat for you sure."

His equilibrium was, however, slightly upset when, on reaching out with an officious hand for his prisoners, they both bounded into the air and hovered some ten feet over his head, the Colonel's lady blowing kisses and gazing amorously down; the Colonel crying amidst a stream of profanity, "Don't be trivial, you dumb flatfoot, don't be trivial, don't be trivial, don't be—" Then they faded and disappeared. ⧺

COUNTRY COMFORT
COMES TO TOWN



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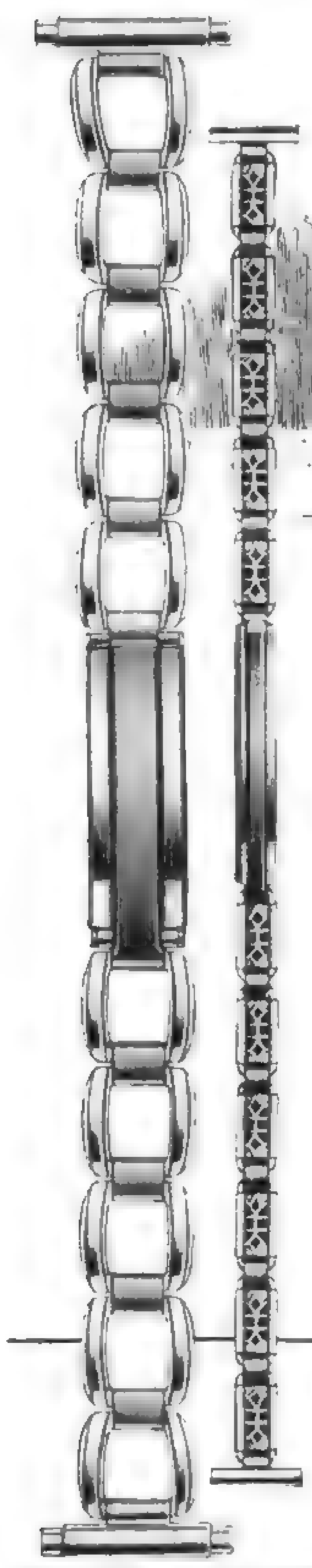

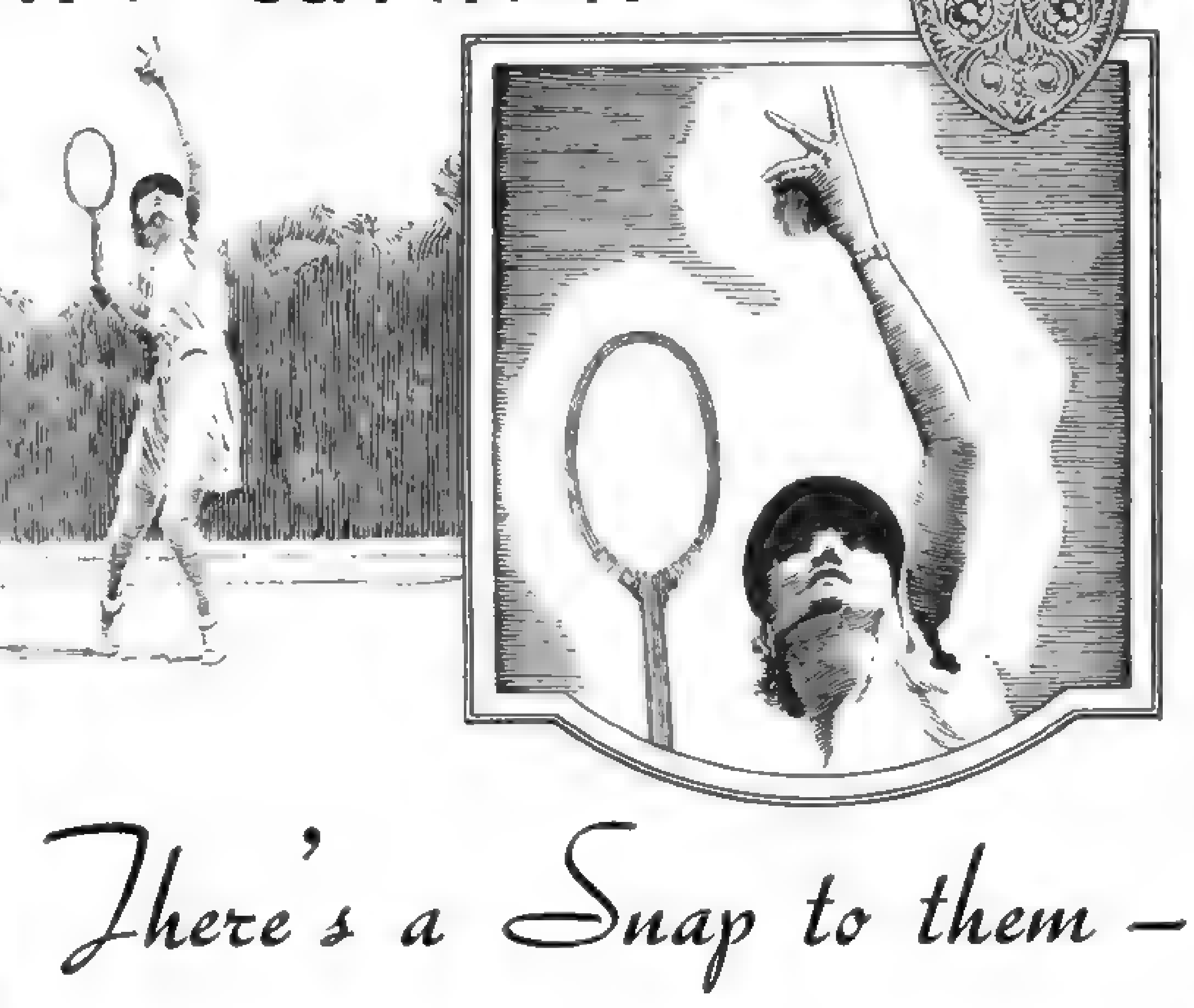

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Know Thyself

Continued from page 34

itary-excessive, will bear the children of adrenal gentlemen (who may well become sub-adrenals later on) or of thymocentrics, and she will always save the magnificent prepituitaries who are those manly men most attuned to her nature, for May Pole Day, or the summer haying.

Thus instinctively throughout the ages have the latest principles of modern eugenics been anticipated in practice if not in conscious theory.

Modern woman, however, differs sharply from Moo in that she too often makes the mistake or raising intellectual questions. The fatal influence of the girl's college—novel reading, psychoanalysis, woman's-place-in-the-world, and all that kind of stuff—had done and is doing its deadliest work to ruin feminine intuition. True enough, I admit every once in a while a little heiress still runs away with the family chauffeur, but this is becoming ever more and more the exception—not the old splendid rule.

But we digress. The point is that the female invariably chooses and, just as invariably, makes the male think that he has done the choosing. The point also is that when she chooses, instinctively and intuitively, she hard-headedly picks for a husband a man whose glandular *deficiencies* match her own glandular *sufficiencies*, even though the man of her own glandular type may always be her romantic affinity. That is to say, a woman may and usually will pick a husband for his deficiencies but she will choose a lover for his sufficiencies, in relation to her own glandular makeup.

With these two points in mind, obviously it behooves you to know thyself, glandularly, if it is of any interest to you whatsoever to avoid muffing such opportunities as may come your way. Remembering that man is the chosen and not the chooser, and that the female is turning the dials of romantic friendship, then it may interest you to know your own wave length, as it were, so that you will be aware of it whenever you are "tuned in." If you are a bachelor, this knowledge may help you in two ways. It may save you the embarrassment and disappointment that would inevitably be yours if you were to persist in wasting your own time and that of a lady to whom you are not, and never will be, *simpatico*. It may, on the other hand, reclaim an otherwise lost opportunity. And if you are a benedict, knowledge of the distinguishing psychic characteristics of your own glandular type, in relation to that of your wife, may well enhance your ability to get along with her—assuming, if you will pardon the assumption, that your ability along that line can do with a little enhancing.

The Gland Book for the Questing Male, as first roughed out in the May issue and refined into chart form in the June issue, confined itself to dominant feminine types, on the not too unreasonable assumption that the questing male would hardly waste a second look on the infinitely less attractive subdominant or deficient types. But on the principle that a cat may look at a king, we must advance the premise that a mongrel male, endocrinologically speaking, may look at a queen. Accordingly, in order to assist you to find your own wave length, on the assumption that you are interested in tuning in on any of the dominant feminine types listed in the June Glandbook, I am now forced to the perhaps unflattering kindness of listing not only the dominant masculine types, which are the exact counterpart of the feminine types already listed, but also of including one or two of the more common subdominant types. Not that you will need them, to identify yourself, but that the other fellow will and we are sworn to the democratic principle of giving the greatest number of men the nearest approach to an even break.

Stray feminine readers, poking curious noses into these pages, need not expect that the masculine glandbook that follows (and that has been reduced to chart form on the page opposite the beginning of this article) may serve them in the same way that the author piously hopes the feminine glandbook has already proved worth a young fortune to you. Bachelor girls at sidewalk café tables will hardly find this present glandbook very useful as a psychic X-ray to turn on the passing males. First of all the percentage of single dominants among men is much lower than it is among women. In other words, if you have done your home work and committed the June Glandbook to memory, you are now able to analyze and classify by glandular type, without the use of more than one hyphen, about six out of every ten women who catch your eye and hold it for more than a cursory glance. But men are not so simple. By and large, single dominants among men are just about as rare as they are common among women—that is, the percentages are just reversed. But through study of this month's chart and the following additional clues, you ought to be able to dope out your own glandular type.

To begin with the dominant type, the most obvious point is that there are exact masculine counterparts for each of the splendid feminine dominants. Even as the postpituitary type is the most womanly woman, so is the prepituitary type the most manly man. Thyroid men, even as thyroid women, will be perfectly proportioned and very handsomely grown, and they will have those

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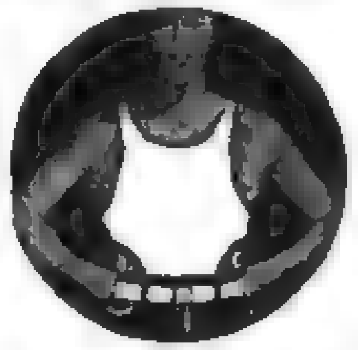

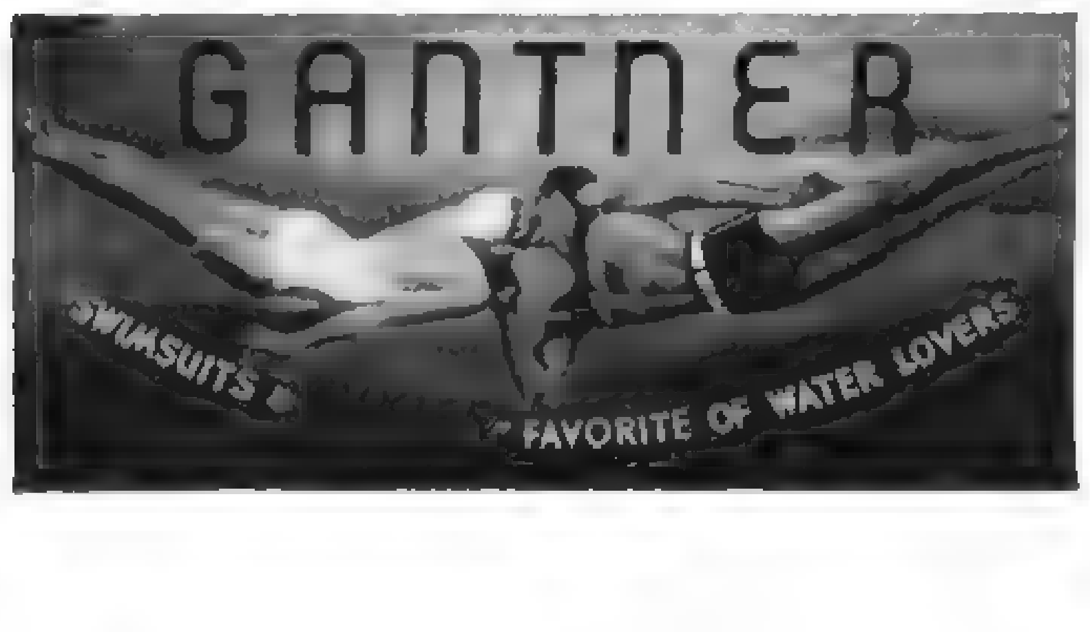

tireless rippling muscles, almost invisible but almost inexhaustible too, that characterize the thyroid female.

Too, they will have handsome oval faces and will, in general, be the essence of sleekness and co-ordinated movement. But when their eyes are too glistening and they smoke too many cigarettes, drink too much and sleep too little, they are recognizable as the restless hyperthyroid—exactly alike in both sexes. The adrenal man contrasts to the thyroid man as the bulldog contrasts to the greyhound. He is square headed, his face is dark, probably freckled, and broadish and one is especially and constantly struck with its hairiness—the hairline is low and hair often appears over the cheekbones. His teeth, like the adrenal woman's, tend towards a darker more yellowish color and it is useless for him, despite the blandishment of toothpaste ads, to attempt to attain the pearly whiteness naturally characteristic of the teeth of the thyroid. His canine teeth particularly are both long and sharp. He has plenty of hair on his chest, and everywhere else, and is the nearest approximation we have, at least in appearance, to our common ancestor, the caveman, yet he is the very essence of 1936, just as his sister type, the B woman, is the veritable Miss 1936 herself. Mussolini, for instance, has a stronger dash of adrenal than of any other component in his glandular makeup.

But the subadrenal is almost as common, unfortunately, as a product of our high geared overpaced conditions of living, and must be considered too. When the adrenal burns out he becomes the neurasthenic sub-adrenal type, the sensitive, indecisive, lassitudinous and almost thymus-like incapable, even though he may have been a very hot shot among high pressure business men up to the time his adrenal went back on him. As you will note upon reference to the chart, he is physically still very much the same as the adrenal dominant, and the two may easily be mistaken for each other. The chief difference is that his skin has become soft and moist, as opposed to the harsh dryness of the adrenal dominant state, and, physically as well as psychically, he has cold feet. He can't sleep when he lies down and he can't keep awake when he stands up. He peters out early in the day, he can hardly accomplish any real work after noon, and by night he is utterly fagged and probably plagued with a headache.

Unlike the prepituitary woman, who is a splendid type both physically and intellectually, the masculine counterpart, the postpituitary man, is a comparatively ineffectual creature. He is much closer to the thymocentric man than the postpituitary woman is to the thymocentric female. He is, in essence, the womanish man, whereas the prepituitary woman is not, except for rather masculine intellectual attributes, a mannish creature. But the postpituitary man, while rather feminine, is not actually effeminate. Most composers and musicians (as well as most unhappy henpecked husbands) belong to this type. Like the thymocentric, the postpituitary man has rather fine, silky hair, but unlike the thymocentric, he has a lot of it. The thymus man has a very slight beard and seems always fresh-shaven, even though he may shave only every other day or even less frequently than that. But while the postpituitary man has a thick beard, it may be recognized by the fact that it is quite silky. By and large, he may be characterized as a fine, sensitive, little man, trying very hard to be understanding yet almost always being misunderstood. He is a round little guy and, despite diet and exercise, it is almost impossible for him to remain anywhere near slim after arriving at maturity.

The subject of baldness seems to be perennially intriguing to the readers of this magazine, and it is a clue, though not a positive one, to another subdominant type. More than any other endocrine gland, the thyroid seems to control the growth of hair on the head, and baldness is one of the surest signs of a thyroid deficiency. I have never seen a baldheaded hyperthyroid. This is not to say that all baldheaded men are definitely subthyroid, but subthyroid men are almost invariably bald or fast on the way to that state. Their hair comes out in handfuls, they get fat, especially around the belt line, very fast, their eyebrows grow scanty, their hair gets dry (as opposed to the rich, oily state indicating thyroid sufficiency), their eyes become more and more deep set and lacking in lustre, and their circulation becomes poor. They do not perspire readily, they fatigue easily, are extremely subject to colds and other infections that the dominant type throws off with ease, and they are extremely lackadaisical, having to whip themselves into even ordinary routine action. The subthyroid type was not given space on the chart, but may be fairly well deduced by taking the exact opposite of the hyperthyroid characteristics listed under Type C.

The same thing is true, incidentally, of the subpituitary type. As noted before, the prepituitary woman, like the postpituitary woman, is one of the finest natural specimens. They are readily recognizable from their long and bony faces, their large and square teeth, especially the upper middle ones (the bigger the middle teeth the better the pituitary) and from the fact that hair grows over the bridge of their noses. The subpituitary, however, is the exact opposite. He is not lean and gaunt, but padded and plump, and he has a full moon face instead of the angular bony skull of that classic hyperpituitary,

Continued on page 194

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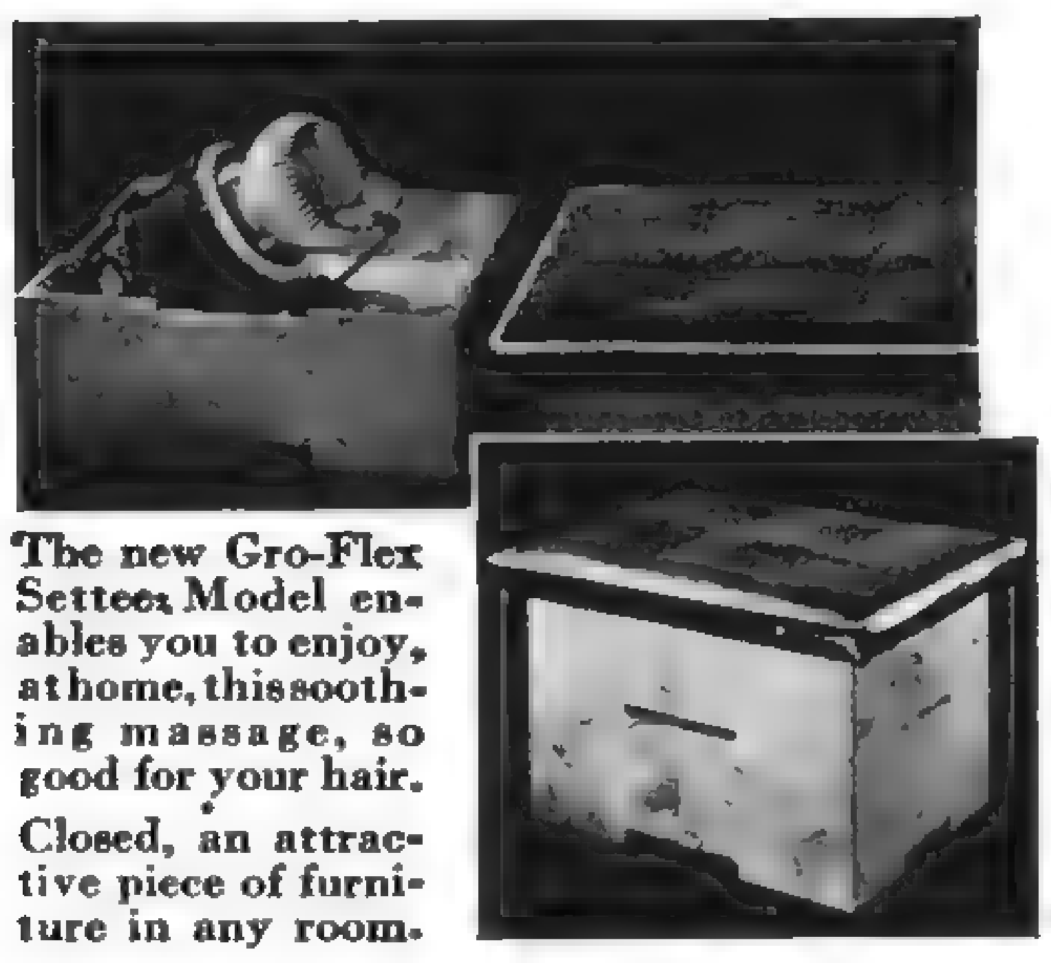

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Know Thyself

Continued from pages 34-193

Abraham Lincoln. His expression is complacent and tranquil, in opposition to the rather intent and thoughtful expression of the dominant type. Incidentally, as Berman points out, when a postpituitary woman turns subpituitary, after a lifetime of perfect postpituitary functioning, she tends to become the fair, fat and forty type—too good natured and rather dull.

The thymocentric man is very easy to recognize, by his soft, smooth skin tending toward apparent hairlessness, his extreme white peaches and cream complexion, his baby-long eyelashes, and his usually receding chin. His teeth are milky white and somewhat thinner than those of the other glandular types.

There is no such thing, of course, as a subthymus type because the thymocentric is, itself, a subdominant, indicating the persistence of a gland that should have receded with childhood. The thymus is the gland of childhood, all children being thymocentrics from the age of about two on, with dwindling thymus emphasis between the ages of ten and fourteen when the gonads achieve ascendancy over the receding thymus to bring about the maturing processes of puberty. There is another glandular type that results from the persistence of the gonads, and it is, in its origin, very much like the thymocentric which results in the persistence of the thymus beyond its normally allotted time. The gonadcentric is the truly effeminate man, with a heightening of the effeminate tendencies that may be noticed in the D and A-1 types on this month's chart, and since his affinities are almost invariably male it hardly seemed worth while to complicate the picture by giving this type more attention than this mere passing recognition of its existence.

The pineal is another freak type, hardly common enough to warrant a listing in the chart, and this type, too, owes its origin to the persistence or reappearance of a gland that should, with normal people, serve only a temporary function. All infants are pineal from birth to about the time they begin to talk in sentences, the pineal acting as an absolute brake on all other glands while the tiny body is given an opportunity to multiply its size. The thymus, which succeeds the pineal as the normal dominant of childhood, is also a brake, holding back the glands of maturity while the child's body grows toward the stage of adolescence. The brake function is next taken over by the gonads, which hold back the dominant glands of maturity while the youthful body is matured to manhood or womanhood. The persistence of any of these brakes, crowding out or stunting the normal effectiveness of the three most important glands of maturity, the pituitary, the thyroid and the adrenal (which together, mould the adult personality), results in one of the freak or circus types, in whose ranks are often found, it is true, some of the great geniuses of the human race, but who are so far from normal that they hardly warrant extended consideration here. There are not, I venture, enough Mahatma Gandhi's in the audience to make it worth while to give an extended dissertation on the pineal type.

Assuming that from the foregoing and through study of the chart you have managed to identify yourself, the natural question arises that now you have learned your type, what are you going to do with the knowledge? Remembering that the picker is always picked, the answer to the implied question is simply this: Women tend instinctively to marry men who either compensate their glandular deficiencies or men whose deficiencies they can themselves compensate, whereas they select lovers for their perfections and not their imperfections; accordingly, if one is the marrying kind, he would do well to study his glandular deficiencies in picking a wife, whereas the sworn bachelor should study his glandular excesses in "picking" a playmate if he prefers to avoid being led to the altar. Defiance of this rule accounts for many of the brief, almost transient, jazz-marriages of our day. They order these things better, it seems to me, in France. The worldly wise Frenchman regards the "selection" of a wife and of a mistress as antipodally opposed problems; he follows the rules regarding his own deficiencies and sufficiencies, respectively, knowing that otherwise his life will be nervously disordered and improperly balanced, his home becoming a boudoir and his mistress's boudoir becoming too much like home.

If you happen to be that most masculine of males, the prepituitary type, and if through some instinctive urge deep down in your unconscious, presumably for compensation, you yearn to have a daughter, you'd better adopt one and have it over with, or you may turn your house into a dormitory for boys, trying to accomplish that not impossible but very, very improbable result of your hopes. Conversely, if you are a hyperthyroid, resign yourself to many daughters if the goal of your dreams is a son. This has nothing to do with the glandular type to which your mate belongs, as the prevailing thought on the subject is that the sex of the offspring is determined entirely by the male.

The three classifications on the chart, Feminine Affinity, Probable Mate and Probable Offspring cannot, obviously, be guaranteed, but they are as accurate as fifteen years of constant and enthusiastic,

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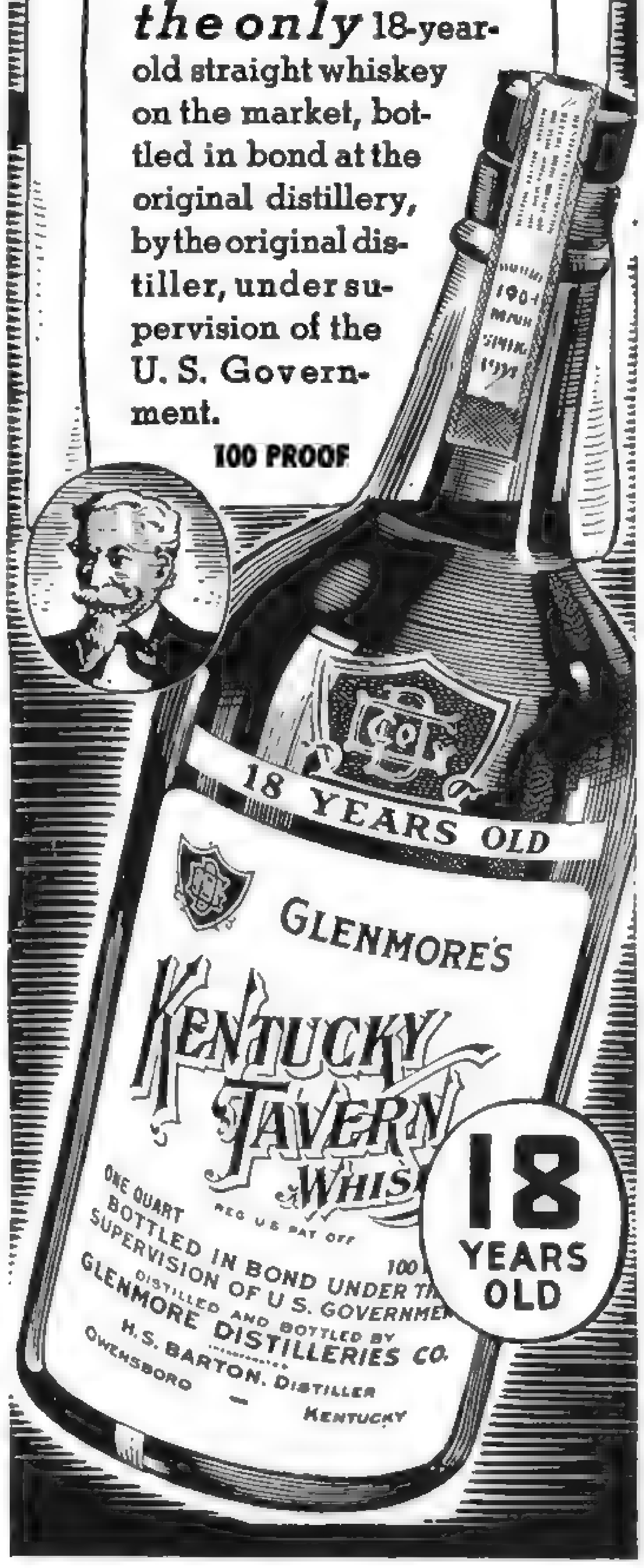


if amateur, observation of endocrinological characteristics can make them.

And now, to leave you with one sweetly solemn thought at twilight, if you will play around at these sidewalk café tables, and yet you want to be a bachelor, just come along with me, but first copy down and keep handy in your hip pocket a list of your sufficiencies as well as your deficiencies; only this way is it pleasant to reflect that we males can play at this business of "selection" too . . . don't look now, but I see somebody looking you over . . . flick a cigarette or do whatever you conceive to be the masculine equivalent of powdering your nose and setting up your hair. . . . ⧺

My Brother and I

Continued from page 58

the way he said it that nobody expected us to win, they only wanted to make us feel important. But I had thought secretly of surprising them.

Of course, Tad and I really didn't have any right to be at the tournament. I was only a freshman back at Cedar High, and Tad was still in the junior high. But tennis wasn't a major sport at the school and we had beaten the few who did play. We had had a court in our side yard for the last two years and we played from early in the spring to late in the fall, some days from breakfast until it grew too dark to see the ball.

As we walked along, Tad kept swinging his racket at the weeds along the sidewalk and I could tell he wasn't bothered about losing—he knew he'd done his best.

"I wish I could take it more like you," I said, thinking aloud, and he said, "Aw, quit worrying." He gave me a shove, so that I had to step off the sidewalk. I could have shoved him then—it was a game we used to play—but it didn't seem dignified away from home, when we were supposed to be upholding the honor of the school.

Courtney and Snake, who played numbers three and four on our team, were sitting on the steps of the Sig Nu house as we came up, and we didn't need to ask them if they had lost too. Court, who was nineteen and one of the oldest boys at the high school, had come along mainly for the trip, as he had told us. He had said he didn't even want to win, it was too much trouble. Court's face was faintly pocked and back home he didn't hang around with the crowd from school. Nobody knew where he went at night, scorning parties, but some of the fellows thought they could guess. Snake was thin and dark, like Court, but not so secretive. They were pals.

They nodded to us and I knew they had been talking but wouldn't go on, now that we were there. We all perched on the steps, watching a couple of Sig Nus changing a tire on a fenderless Ford across the street.

"Don't they have any co-eds in this town?" Court said finally, to no one in particular.

Snake sort of laughed through his nose, "I don't know, but we certainly saw some babes last night, didn't we Court?"

"Where'd you go last night?" I asked, then regretted it.

Snake snorted again, "Boy, where *did* we go, huh Court?"

There was nothing more to say, we were just sprawling and waiting for time to pass. As noon drew on, the day was holding crystal-like and just sharp enough, so that our sweaters were not too warm. Maybe you've never felt it, but sometimes on a day like that a boy, sitting still, can hear the time creeping by, ever so slowly, like a grandfather's clock checking off the seconds—tock-tock, tock-tock. That used to make me wildly impatient, and I tried to think of something to do with the crawling minutes. But I couldn't. Across the street and all over town the leaves of the great trees were turning.

Afterwhile Court said to Snake, "Listen, let's go home. We can make it by eight or nine o'clock, in time for a couple of dates."

"You can't do that," I said. Then I said, half-pleading, "I mean, let's wait 'till three or four o'clock anyway. Tad and I will be finished with our doubles match by then, and if we lose we'll leave right away."

I waited for Court to answer. I was the captain of the team, but, after all, it was his car we'd driven up in, and we'd have to go back when he did. We didn't have money for the train.

Finally he said, "Oh, for God's sake, you know you'll only get licked again. So what's the use of staying?"

Tad, who was sitting on a lower step, turned his head. "Who says we'll get licked? You can go ahead if you want to, but I'm staying right here."

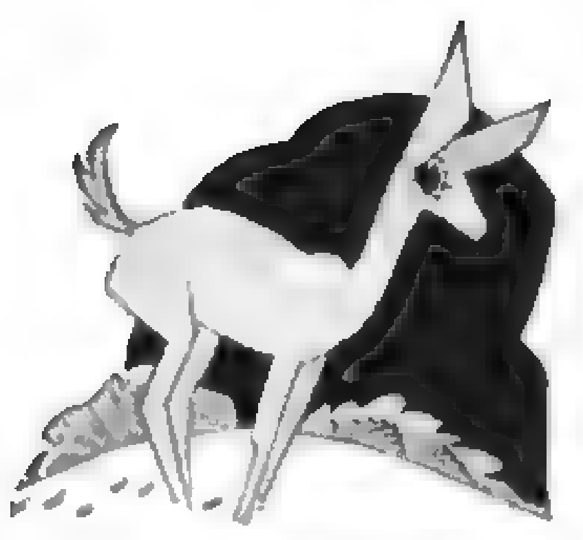
So I knew that while we'd been sitting there—Court and Snake and I, too, thinking about girls—Tad had been figuring on the game we had to play that afternoon and deciding we were going to win!

Suddenly I was pretty angry with Court and Snake. I hated the idea of girls, hated myself for thinking of them. "That's right," I said, "you go ahead if you like. Maybe you can explain to the coach why you ditched us when we still had a match to play."

Court moved off the steps. "Oh, for God's sake, Snake, let's go downtown again. There's no use arguing with *babies*."

When they had gone Tad, who seldom said an unnecessary thing, spoke without looking at me, "Ken, d'you remember how we used to clean 'em up in doubles back home?"

Continued on page 196



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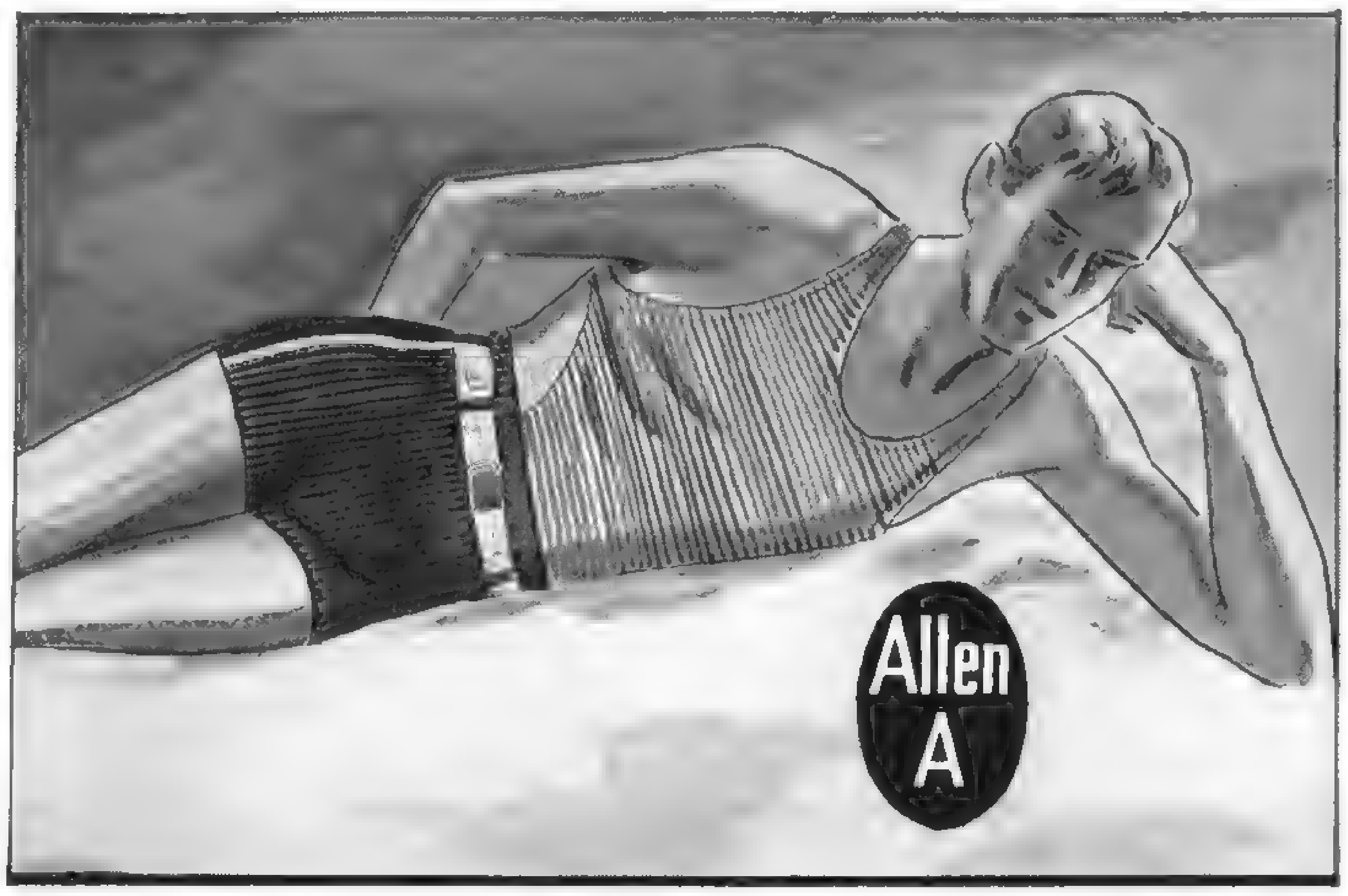

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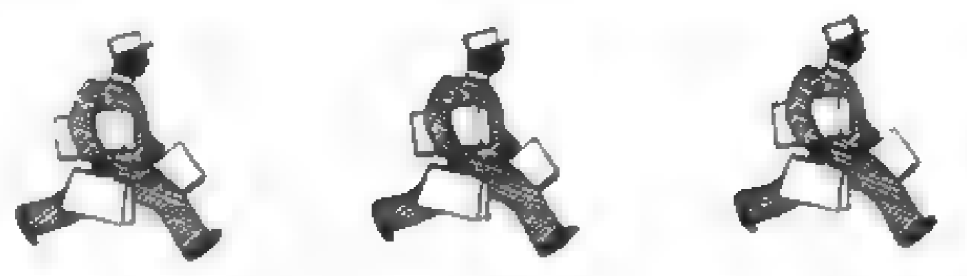

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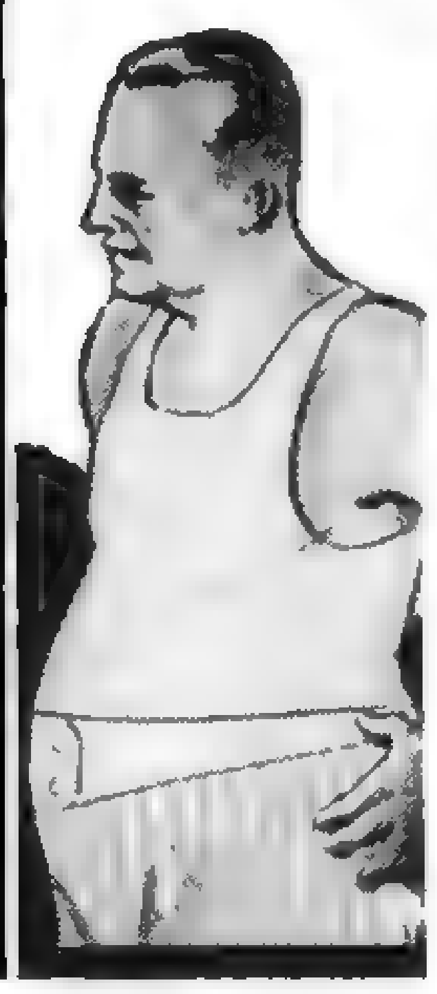

My Brother and I

Continued from pages 58-195

I thought I knew what he meant. As boys we had been alone a lot—our family was forever on the move—and we had come to count on each other. Now, embarrassed, he was trying to say that when we played together, side by side, nobody could lick us.

"Yep," I said, "we'll show 'em this afternoon."

And right then I had that old grip on myself and felt as I used to the year before—before I grew suddenly tall and distraction laid hold of me.

* * *

The fellows we played that afternoon came from a small school down at our end of the state and they didn't look as though they belonged on a tennis court. They didn't wear white, as we did, but played in shirtsleeves and dark trousers. One of them hadn't any sneakers, so he played in bare feet. Of course, they were bigger and older. They talked a tough game and they didn't know enough tennis etiquette to say, "Ready," before serving.

"Batter up," Tad laughed as he handed me the balls for the first serve, and I said, "O.K., let's put them out of their misery."

He crouched at the net, guarding the alley, and I threw the ball in the air, not too high this time, and smacked it full in the middle of the racket. It was a clean ace, the receiver not touching it with his racket. I was careful not to relax, as I usually do after serving one ace, and the next one was good, too. Then Tad killed a feeble return at the net, they knocked my next serve against the backstop, and the first game was ours.

On their service, one of us would run to the net and the other would lay back, keeping out of each other's way. We had to rally a few points but we took the second game in the end. As we played on, my hand felt glued to the handle of the racket, but I was afraid to change the grip, it might spoil our luck. For a long time, it seemed, I didn't see anything but the bounding clay-colored ball and the red clay court, split by white lines, and the taut net. There wasn't any sky, any people—nothing except the lines, the ball and the net. At last someone said, "set point," and I served an easy one, to make sure it went in, and Tad killed the return.

Then I heard the applause, breaking sharply on the brittle afternoon.

I don't know when the gallery arrived, or whether they had been applauding before the set ended. But now, as we changed courts, I saw there must be at least fifty people lining the edges of the court.

Sitting on the grass behind the backstop were five girls. I didn't look at them and didn't smile—but I saw them, all right. As I walked to the backstop to pick up a ball, I could feel my shoulders go set and my legs stride out, stalking, as you might say.

There was a minute while we waited for the others to get set—they had been having some sort of conference—and I guess that was the turning point. I kept toeing the line and making practice swings, as I'd seen the professionals do. When they finally were ready, I drew myself up until I almost lost my balance and flipped the ball two feet high and swung my racket in a flourishing arc. That serve went clear out of the court. Then, instead of simply getting the second one in, as Father had taught us, I did the same thing again—the ball bit the middle of the net.

I knew Tad had tried to catch my eye as he shifted across the court, but I had avoided seeing him. The next serve I popped over too softly, a perfect dewdrop, a set-up, and when the return came bouncing at my feet I dubbed it with a careless sweep, as though it didn't make any difference whether we won or lost. Before serving again I rubbed my hands in the clay dust and stood frowning a moment, dramatically, pretending some obscure trouble that the gallery couldn't know about. We rallied the next point but finally lost that, too, when I tried to kill the ball in mid-air instead of waiting for it to bounce.

We lost three straight games before Tad said anything. Then, as we passed on the backline, it was merely, "Let's get down to business now." He might have said, "Quit showing off," because that was what I was saying to myself. But he didn't. He kept trying to cover up, racing wildly across the net to stop their returns before the ball came to me. I saw what he was doing and didn't like it. After all, I was supposed to be the number one man on the team.

Even then I think everything might have been all right if it hadn't been for something one of the others said. As we started the fourth game, I was gripping my racket until my hand hurt, and the people, the sky, were beginning to fade out again, as they had in the first set. I believe we might have gone on and won then if this fellow hadn't called out, so that everyone could hear, "Just keep feeding them to the tall guy, Hank, he'll miss it every time." I lashed at that serve so hard the ball went 'way over the far backstop and rolled into the street. Someone on the sidelines let out a whoop and the barefooted fellow doubled up over his racket, pretending to be convulsed with laughter.

The next ball came to Tad and this time he took a heavy swing at it himself, sending it two feet beyond the backline. It was Tad's first reckless shot, but I turned on him coldly, "Just get them in the court. That's the object of the game, you know." Of course, I was sorry I had spoken, even before I saw Tad flush and slice the air with his racket. But the damage was done.

Sometimes after that, when the ball fell between us, we'd each stand idly and inquire, "Why didn't *you* take that one?" Even Tad's serve, usually the one thing you could count on, began to go wild. In the end we lost that set, six-one.

The third set was the sort of thing you don't care to remember, though you've grown up and really should be able to laugh about it. At the outset we were both determined to make a stand, and we did win the first two games—by shovelling and pushing and jabbing at the ball, like the worst beginners, but getting it back. We won two games, not by playing tennis, but by playing their mistakes.

It was a sorry exhibition, and as I went back to serve the third game I noticed a quietness around the court. You could hear the soft pat of the ball as it bounced. Then I saw what was happening. Half the gallery had left already and the rest were getting ready to leave. Beyond the far backstop there were only two girls now and they were standing up, straightening their skirts.

Well, we had a two-game margin, we could afford to ease up a little. I slashed two serves into the net, hardly regretting them for the loud, professional "bop!" they made against the racket. The third serve went in, a perfect ace, but Tad, instead of saying "Nice shot," shrugged and stood at the net with his racket drooping, not prepared to hit the ball.

"What's the matter?" I called. "Didn't that suit your fancy?"

I knew he hadn't grinned since the first set, but I had avoided looking at him much. Now I saw his mouth was angry, in a way I'd never seen it before, and maybe it was puckering a little, as though he could cry with rage.

"Go ahead, play the whole game yourself," he said. "You're the one that's so good."

The two girls had come around from the backstop while we were arguing. They stood near the net, watching. Nearly everyone else had left. Then, in the little stillness after Tad said, "You're the one that's so good!" one of the girls giggled and I caught the phrase, "Oh, isn't the little fellow *darling?*"

Of course, I saw it all, or thought I did. From the start nobody had been interested in me. It didn't matter whether I was there or in Kalamazoo. They had come to watch Tad.

What I did then is the thing I wish I could forget, or at least laugh about. I swung my racket—the faithful old racket that I'd come to love for the thousand sets it had seen me through—and threw it as hard as I could against the backstop, six feet away. It bounced from the wire and fell on the hard clay, clattering.

I went over and picked it up. Nothing seemed to be broken, but that wasn't the point. There was Father, trying so painstakingly to teach us the game, "Never lose your temper, and *never* throw a racket."

Tad hadn't said another word. He had taken his position at the net, his back to me, waiting for the next play. The girls were moving off and one of the other fellows was yelling, "Come on, play ball!"

A long time later the set ended, and we had lost. All four of us shook hands at the net, but when I turned Tad was gone. He was walking across the grass a little distance away, his red sweater trailing by the sleeve, his racket cutting at dandelion heads.

I ran after him, calling, "Tad, wait up!"

When I was almost beside him he said, "Oh, leave me alone, *please.*"

I thought from his voice maybe he was crying. So I let him go on alone, because I couldn't stand seeing him that way and I knew he wouldn't want me to see him.

* * *

When I got to the Sig Nu house, Tad was sitting alone in the back of the car and Court and Snake were in front, waiting to leave. Nobody said anything for a while, but after we got out of town Snake turned to us, "Well, I hope you're satisfied." He looked at me a minute and I couldn't meet his eyes. "Huh, you guys couldn't even beat a pair of cripples if they played on crutches!"

"That's all right, we can beat you any day," I heard Tad snap.

"Listen," I said, "it wasn't Tad's fault. I threw the game away."

"No, he didn't," Tad said. "We just got beat. That's all."

Then he said again, "We can beat you any day!"

I glanced sidewise at him, hopefully. That sounded like the old challenge he used to throw down to anyone from us together. And I thought of the day when we had just come to a new school and I had been summoned to the principal's office from my class and Tad had been there, ostensibly to get a textbook which he had told them I had by mistake. But I knew it wasn't his textbook, and later, on the way home, he had confessed, "I just wanted to see you for a minute, Ken. They were all so strange. . . ."

But now all that seemed a long time ago. Tad was looking away at the open country, the scrub pines fleeting past, and all I could see was his pug nose and the unusual tight look at the edge of his mouth. I started to speak, "Tad . . ." but he didn't turn, and I wasn't sure of what to say anyway.

I don't know, but it seems to me that from then on things were never quite the same between my brother and me. #

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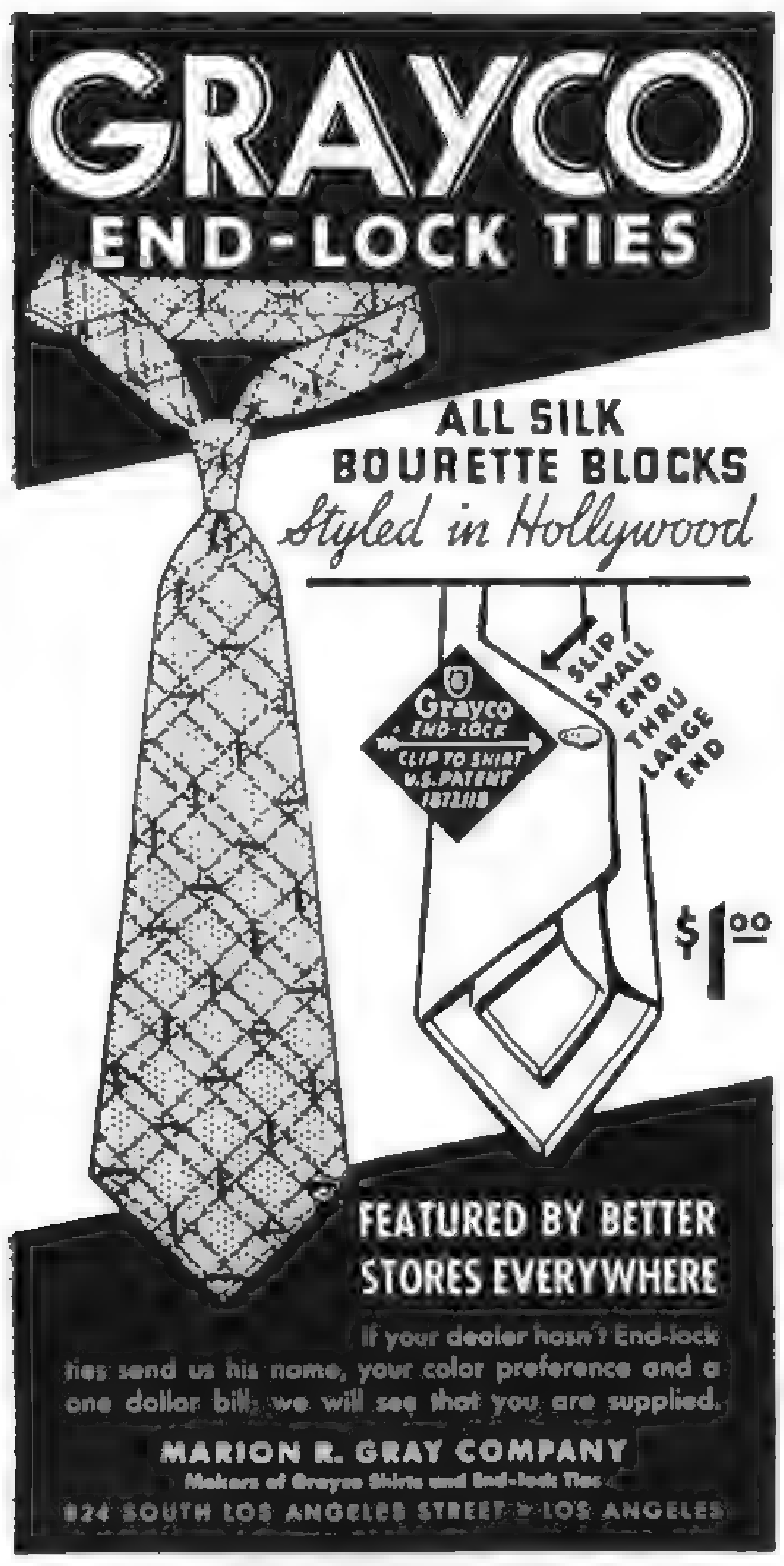
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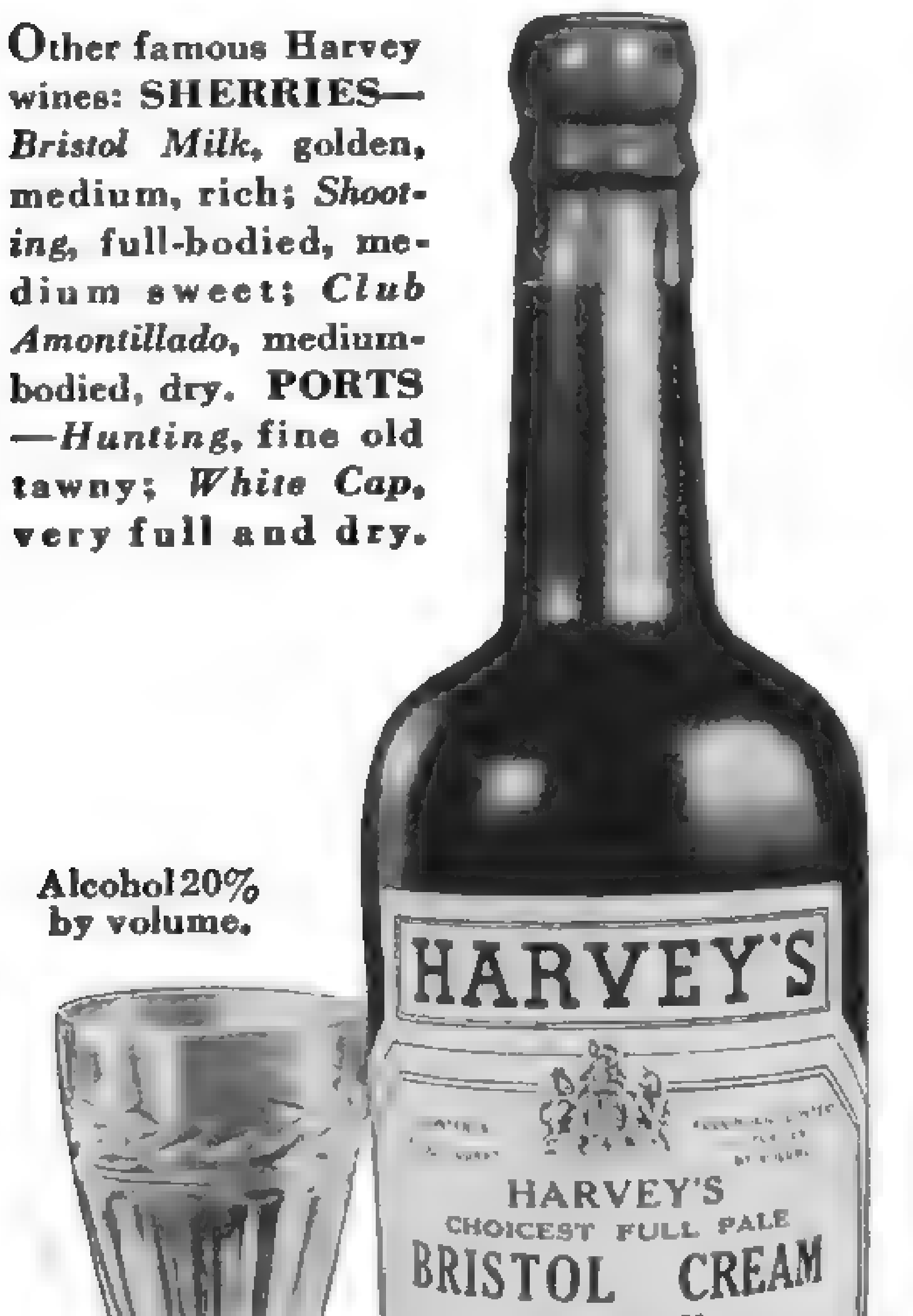

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I Felt the Beacons

Continued from page 51

Eagerly his mind seized on this blemish, tried to magnify it, saying to itself, "You see, she is not as pretty as she was." But it was no good; agony welled up in his diaphragm, and sitting there after two convalescent years he was as miserable as he had ever been.

"My husband?" she said, still stirring her drink. "He's very charming. You'd like him, I'm sure."

"What does he work at?"

"He's advertising manager for the northeastern agency of Universal Motors."

"Does he talk shop when he comes home at night? You must know the difference between a differential and a transmission now."

"Don't. You mustn't make fun of him. I thought you were bigger than that."

"I'm sorry." With a sense of degradation he felt swelling within his flesh again the jealousy that had for so long grown there like a cancer, and this recurrence after two years and the illusion of health seemed to be the epitome of all the jealousies he had ever known.

Once again he leaned from the window of a dark room; he had switched off the light for even in his despair he remembered that people must not know he had a key to her apartment.

Beneath him the unbroken stretch of asphalt that usually swarmed with cars testified to the late hour; the street-lamps reflected murkily on the grey, litter-swept pavements.

It was unbelievable that New York could be so quiet. He was conscious of the ten thousand sleepers who lay, all horizontal, in the black houses around him; he alone waked, trembling, his nerves tightened, staring out of the window for a sign of her return.

Three million women slept under the halo tossed upward by the city lights, three million women breathed softly as she breathed each dawn with her head on the pillow beside him; it is unfair, he thought as he leaned out of the window empty and broken, that I should love her so much and that she does not return.

Already it was almost two hours past the time she had promised she would be back from her date with William. At first he had been furious, rehearsing bitter words with which to greet her, but long since his fury had evaporated into a prayerful desire that his agony stop; he felt like a sick child who cannot believe that the universe would strike down the innocent so cruelly.

With seering concentration he listened for the footsteps that presaged still invisible walkers; each time the gaunt, recurrent sound fumbled at his window, he knew it must be she and his tension loosened, but the faces that showed in the lamplight were always the faces of strangers.

Over and over he reminded himself that always she was late but always she came home at last. "The little devil," he said out loud, "couldn't be on time even if she tried," and he forced himself to smile, but his ears as they strained for her steps did not hear his words, and it was someone else's lips that smiled. Determined to regain mastery of his own body, he walked to the mirror and stared into his own eyes. "What are you afraid of?" he asked himself, speaking slowly as if to a half-witted child. "You know there's not one chance in a thousand she has run off with William."

But his logic was the vain flashing of a match in the darkness of an abyss without end; he was falling down, down, beyond hope, beyond reason, beyond everything but the desire for her return.

In an agony of fear that he had missed her, he hurried back to the window and the old comedy of the recurring footsteps went on.

And then suddenly the girl in the pool of lamplight beneath him was she. Seeing the springy step with which she walked, her arm under her escort's arm, he did not need to see her eyes to be certain they were soft with the afterglow of a delightful evening. And instantly, before he had time to feel relief, he was angry, furious that she could be happy while she put him through such misery. Clenching his fists in rage, he walked to the door and listened for her step on the stair. He let her open the door with her key and then accosted her in a flood of furious speech.

The little smile that had been on her lips vanished. She looked at him in amazement, stunned for a moment like one who had come from bright light into darkness. Then she shut the door behind her, threw off her coat, and stood with her back to the wall, facing him while he raved on.

As she stood there in the dress he loved because it showed the beauty of her shoulders, a deeper emotion surged beneath his anger: the sheer, simple joy of having her back again, of watching the movement of her face, of knowing that he would put his arms round her. Above all things he wanted to put his arms round her, to hide his face in her bare shoulder and weep as a child who has been hurt weeps, but he stood six feet from her and poured out the bitterness of his tortured nerves. For a long time he was unable to stop, like a man speeding downhill in a car without brakes, and then the spasm was over. He felt nothing but weak and frightened and anxious to be comforted. Humbly, imploringly, he stepped towards her, but now her eyes glowed with the anger of which he no longer felt a trace. She pushed him from her.

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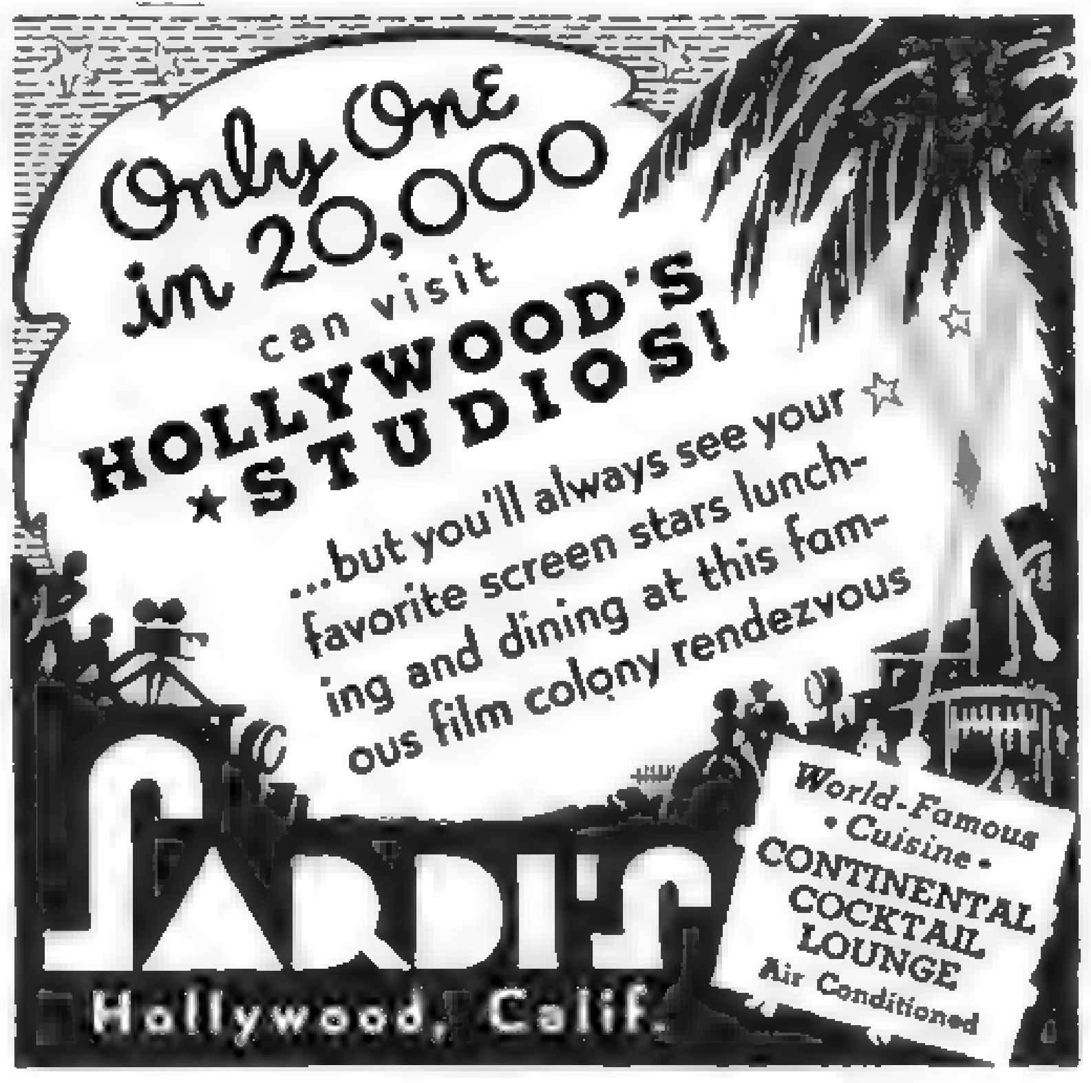

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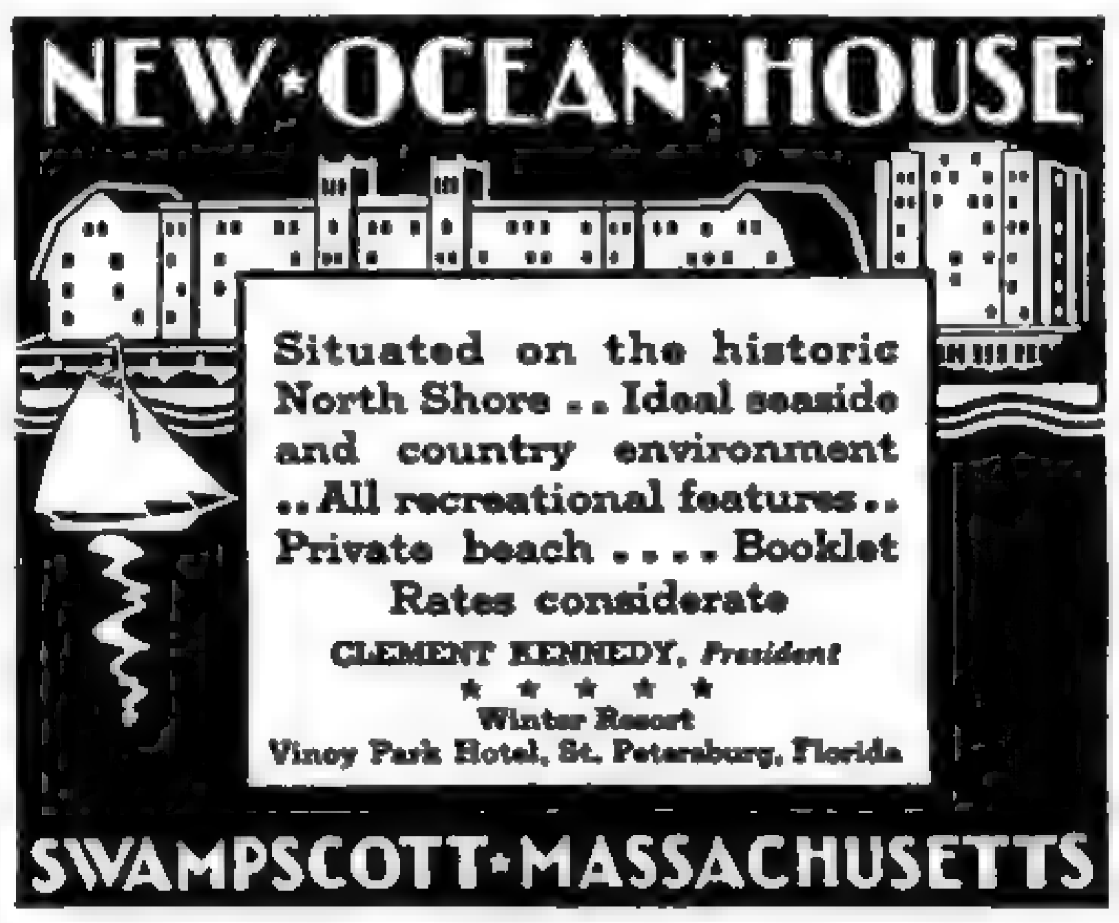

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FATHER'S DAY

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ESQUIRE

name you can think of," she said scornfully, "you now want to kiss me, is that it?"

Rising from his memory, this scene blotted out all the rustling world around him, it gleamed brighter than reality for he had lived in the past so long. Then into the closed precinct of his mind there came a voice, her voice, the same voice that had been speaking in his revery, but calling from the world now, and not in anger, rather with the half sad, half mocking intonation that was one of its most delightful moods. "I know you Englishmen fancy yourselves as strong, silent men, yet you might say something. After all, we haven't seen each other for two years."

Startled, he looked up and there she was sitting beside him in the little bar where they had sat so many times. He studied with amazement the large brown eyes and softly curling hair that had been part of his dream. Staring, he watched her expression change into a kind of fear.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "You look at me as if I were a ghost."

He sat motionless, unable to say anything or take his eyes from her face. She looked down to avoid his glance. "I suppose we're both ghosts," she said. Her face was hidden from him but he saw her gentle hair, and the tenseness of her shoulders was tight within his own body too. A waiter brushed by them, insubstantial, impossible because he was outside their mood.

Her shoulders loosened under the compulsion of her mind and she lifted her face. Although her mouth was curved into a smile, the corners trembled. "Haven't you got enough ruined wings to haunt in your decrepit English castles without coming here to rattle chains over my head? I don't want to be haunted!" The trembling captured all her mouth, but again she forced her lips to smile. "Don't you know that American efficiency has abolished all this haunting business; what's the dollar and cents value of creaking wainscots? And for that matter what are wainscots?" she continued, growing more fluent. "We don't have them here."

His mind was a thick forgotten lump in the top of his head through which he burrowed in search of speech. "A wainscot is wooden paneling around a room," he said.

He saw her look wildly round the café as if trying to find something to distract her mind, but inevitably her eyes became tangled with his. He asked, "Have you been happy?"

She pulled her eyes away. "Of course. Why shouldn't I have been? I married a man I love very much." She brooded for a moment. "How many times have you fallen in love since—since then?"

"Not once," he said, and felt his eyes drawing hers upward as the sun draws water. Holding her eyes, he saw fear there, but gradually fear vanished until she looked at him with the yielding stare he remembered from many passionate hours. And then he realized that she could not look away even if she so desired, that he swayed her by a power stronger than her will.

They stared at each other as if for the first time, as if during the half hour they had been together they had not seen each other at all, and now his heart knew as well as his eyes that she had not really changed. If anything, she was more lovely.

"You're more beautiful even than I remember you," he said out loud, hardly conscious he was speaking.

She smiled happily, softly. "You Englishmen usually tell your ladies they're beautiful, don't you?"

Always she had parried his compliments thus. As her voice awakened a thousand echoes in his mind, the tension melted from his limbs. "What do you know about Englishmen?" he asked teasingly. "I'm the only one you've ever seen."

"No. I met another last year. And he was much more like an Englishman than you are. He said 'bally' and 'bloke' and 'right ho' just the way they do on the stage. Why don't you ever say 'right ho'?" she asked him like a wistful child. Then she laughed. "You aren't very English. You're a cosmopolitan sort of a guy."

"I suppose that's a compliment coming from an American. My dear young lady, I don't believe you appreciate—"

Some gesture he made must have startled her for she interrupted, her face alive with excitement. "Oh darling," she cried, "you haven't changed a bit." And reaching across the table, she took his hand.

Her palm lay tightly against his palm. "No," he said. "We haven't changed, either of us. Only you're more beautiful, I insist on that."

Her brow wrinkled in thought. "It's always frightened me a little to have you call me beautiful. I know I'm not, but if you think I am that's very important. And beauty's a terrible gift. It's like knowing that you're able to paint a beautiful picture. Wouldn't you be afraid if you knew that?"

"No, I'd be happy."

"Yes, I should have guessed. It used to worry me sometimes, I used to think how defeated you'd feel if you didn't do great things, but I never worried long because I always knew that in the end you'd get what you wanted."

And miraculously, after two years of black discouragement, he felt that he knew it too. The world spread out before him again, waiting to be conquered; she gave him back the world. And suddenly he could not bear for another instant being so far away from her. "Darling," he said, "Let's get out of here. You haven't seen my flat. It's such a silly little room."

"Do you remember Mrs. Grundy," she answered, "that ridiculous china dog we had on Sixtieth Street? I still laugh some-

Continued on page 200

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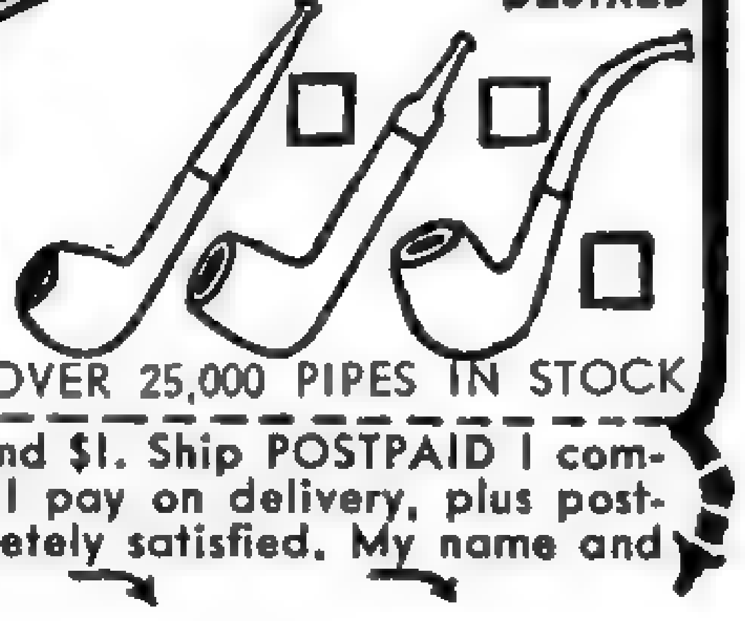

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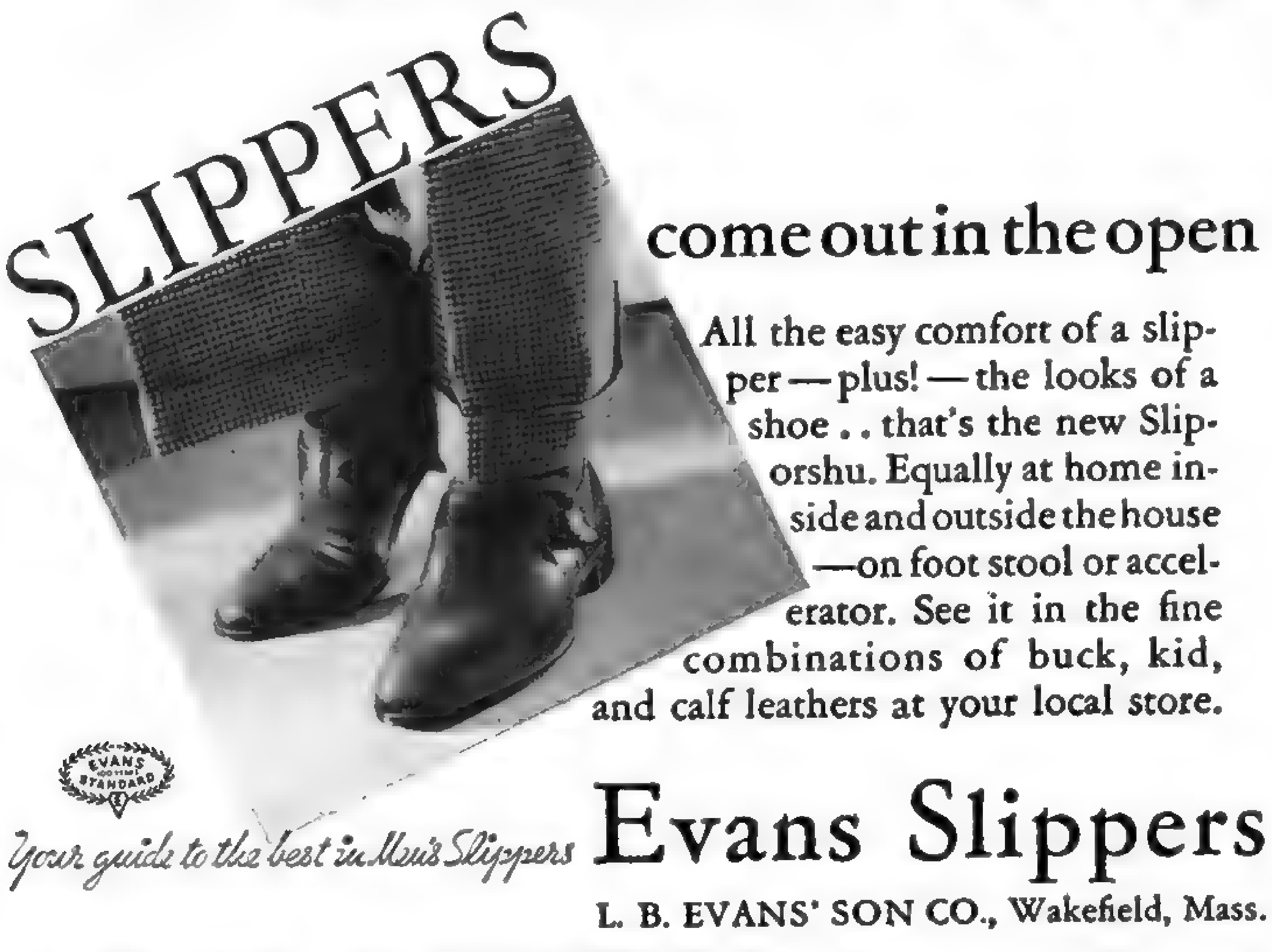

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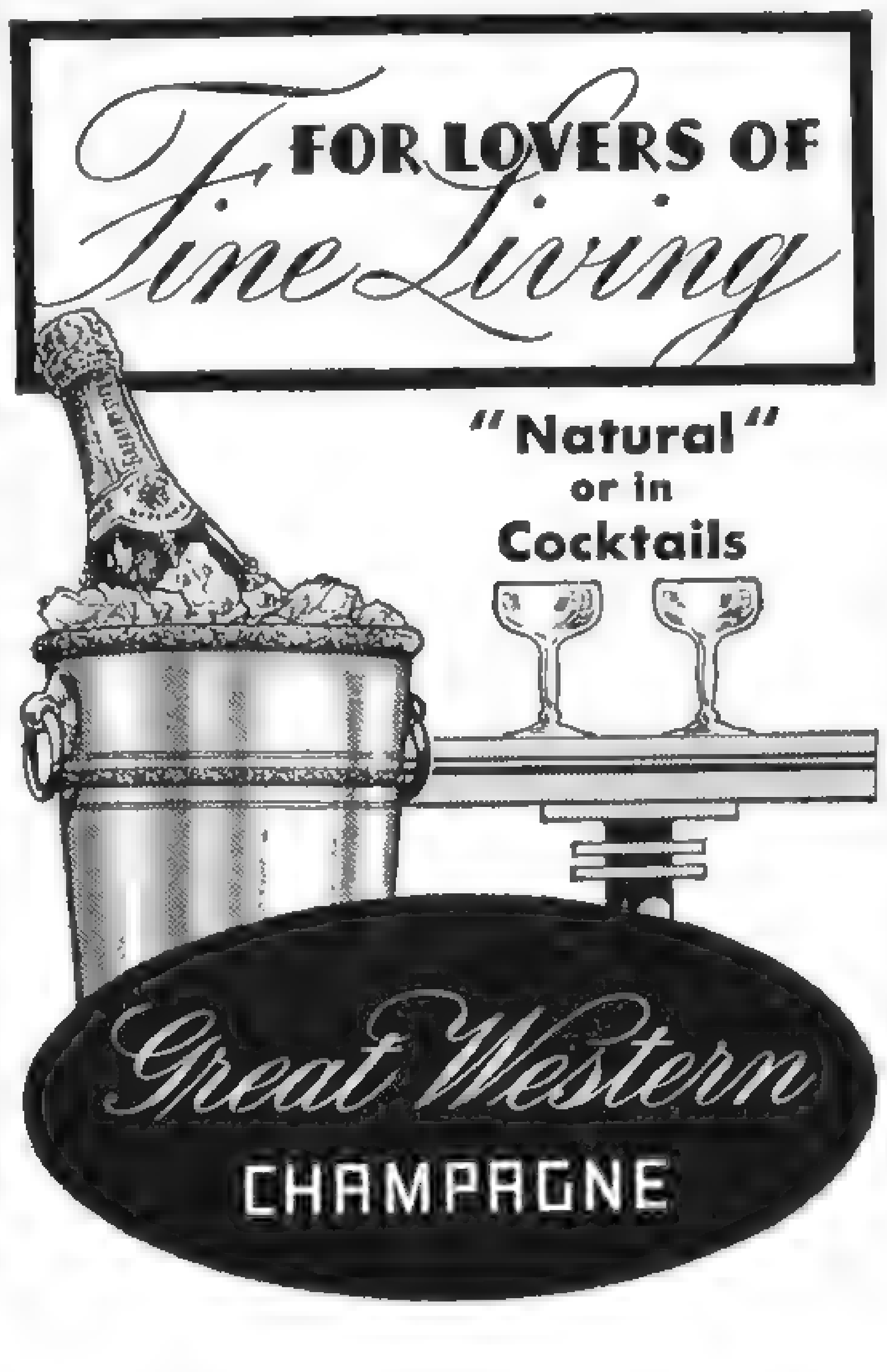

I Felt the Beacons

Continued from pages 51-199

times to think how disapproving she looked."

He beckoned to the waiter, paid his bill, and in an instant they were walking up Lexington Avenue towards his house. Her arm lay yieldingly, reminiscently against his side; her gentle arm restored triumphant years. Round them the city's million demons howled and shouted, drawing up for lights with a scream of brakes, cursing each other with the ribald ululations of a thousand horns; he loved the din that seemed to promise battle and felt he could silence it with a movement of his hand.

Suddenly he felt her arm stiffen against his side. Glancing down quickly, he saw her over-large mouth drawn inward as with pain. "What's the matter?" he cried.

She did not look at him. "Why did you have to come back? Everything had seemed so simple—and sure."

"Do you wish I hadn't?" he asked while the howling city round them seemed in its unending movement to want to tear her from him.

"I don't know; I don't know anything. But I should wish it." She smiled wanly at the grey pavement that passed rhythmically beneath her feet.

Not knowing what to answer, he tightened his hold on her arm.

"I love my husband," she protested. "Really, I do." He only quickened his pace. Her eyes on the pavement, she allowed herself to be led, but she was his no longer; she was another man's wife whom he dragged furtively through a wilderness of shrieking streets.

He was sure that having remembered her husband she would leave him now. Six more blocks to go, he counted; could he possibly get her over these? A traffic light flashed red in his face and the cars leapt forward with malicious quickness to block them behind a moving murderous wall. For the half minute they stood there he gripped her to him, expecting every instant she would try to break away. He even attempted conversation to distract her mind. Holding his lips rigid to get the words out, he asked her the name of a red, pseudo-Gothic building that towered to their right. Motionless, with her eyes on the pavement, she did not seem to hear. Indeed, she might have been a doll, dead and made of porcelain—the arm that bruised his side was unresponsive as porcelain.

When they arrived at the door of his house, he tightened his sinews for the final issue, but she made no issue. She stood without movement while he unlocked the door; she preceded him into the dark hall. He put his arm round her to help her up the stairs, but the embrace did not bring her closer to him. Quickly he withdrew his arm.

The stairs were mahogany-stained with dusty rubber treads. As she preceded him through dingy zones of radio noise, mounting docilely, despairingly, without joy, his memory fled to the first time she had visited his rooms. She had run before him eagerly then, anxious to see the place in which he lived. He remembered that when his door was closed behind them, without even taking off their coats they had dropped into each other's arms. And in that first embrace was written the whole history that followed.

But now, although she preceded him without rebellion, they seemed further apart than they had ever been, even in anger. She waited inanimate while he unlocked the door, and once inside with the door shut behind her she cowered a little, her eyes on the floor. He reached out to take her coat but she did not seem to understand; she stood there waiting like a condemned woman for what was sure to follow; she stood there waiting for his embrace.

Although a sudden desire overtook him to run away, he had no choice. He stared at her, and when motion came to him at last it seemed to be outside his body—he found her in his arms. Then he pressed his lips against her lips. He felt her body shudder at the contact and stiffen against his arms that strained her to him, but her lips might have been any woman's lips. Unable to believe his senses' verdict, he cramped her against his chest and bruised her face with kisses. Finally he let her go, and she sank weak on the bed behind him. Then he knew that he loved her no longer, and suddenly terror gripped him that he would never be able to feel again. He was cold now, dead, forever cold.

How long he sat bent in despair he did not know. Finally she spoke. "Darling," she said, "Don't be so sad." He looked up amazed, for he had been so drowned in introspection he had forgotten she was in the room. She stood where he had left her, but she had come to life again; she stared at him tenderly from deep brown eyes. Only then did he wonder what her reaction had been. Supposing she had not felt as he, supposing she loved him still? The thought was too frightening; he attempted to drive it from his mind but remembered that she had just called him "darling." Supposing she loved him still? In an agony of apprehension, he tried to read the meaning on her face.

"We should be happy," she cried. "Can't you see that it's all turned out for the best? Sweetheart, there's no reason to look sad." He winced, but she went on boldly. "Think, we won't have to be scared any more."

Unable to stand the certainty of her gaze, he dropped his eyes. For a moment she was silent, then she said, "Can you really be sorry

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that we know now that it's all over? I've been afraid for so long of your coming back."

He should have felt relief, but relief did not come. The most terrible loneliness swept down upon him—they loved each other no longer.

"Now I can return to my husband with a freer heart than I have ever given him. We plan to have a child next year; you know how I have always wanted children. And you too will be free, free to live your life apart from memory."

Yes, he thought to himself, memory is dead indeed. You go back to your husband and the child you will have and to the full meaning of the life from which at last my shadow is excluded. But I, where shall I go? The past has been taken from me. #

After Baby Comes

Continued from page 43

only house his Molly, his baby and himself but also the inevitable mother-in-law, his wife's aunt Martha (who still thinks Cleveland is president) and a dour, hatchet-faced woman who's been called in to do the first month's washing, and a dozen other obscure female relatives and female sightseers and just plain females who seem to come and go in shifts. I don't know where these women come from. You only find them gathered around the cribs of new-born babies. You never see them in public places. I think they must live out in the woods somewhere, under logs and in caves, and only come to town when they hear someone's had a baby. But, anyway, there they are, making a Roman holiday of it, taking turns at bathing the child and preparing his formula and regaling one another with choice particulars of their own past confinements.

I don't know why it is that married women should let down the conversational bars in front of a young man just because he's become a father, but they do. Overnight they feel free to discuss in his presence topics of the most appalling intimacy. If your young father has come through life with one or two illusions about women still tightly clutched in his chubby little fists, he loses them at this time. When married women get clinical, they're horrid. The discussions I've walked out on!

Subtle changes take place in the young father's diet, particularly with respect to desserts, almost as soon as baby comes. Gradually pie disappears altogether and dishes like soft-boiled custard and tapioca and junket come to take its place. He may inquire about this in time (in fact, he may get quite nasty about it) and he will learn that, inasmuch as baby has to have these foods anyway, it's much simpler to make enough for the entire family. And, for the same reason, he finds himself sitting down to more and more cooked cereal in the morning.

I want to warn young fathers right here that many an unsuspecting husband has been served a dish of cereal at breakfast which the baby had turned down the night before. I know this to be a fact. They tried the trick on me once and they didn't even bother to take the cereal out of baby's dish. When I'd eaten down through it I found myself staring at a rooster sitting on a fence with the words "Cocka Doodle Doo" under it. I didn't comment at the time but I resolved to keep my eyes open. Two nights later I drew a portion of spinach which looked as if it had been squeezed through a jelly bag. A little guarded inquiry confirmed my worst suspicions. The baby had had mashed spinach at noon and hadn't cared for it. A week later two or three large pieces of zwieback showed up in the bread pudding and the night following I was served the left leg of a gingerbread man. I went into a magnificent rage, but it got me exactly nowhere.

I feel very keenly on the subject of zwieback, but I suppose I am one of those many fathers who never can become inured to it. When baby starts eating zweiback, you're likely (no, you're certain) to find bits of sodden zwieback on your chair, in the folds of your newspaper, on the rug, among your neckties in the lower bureau drawer and even in your shaving mug. The way a piece of zwieback can travel through a well-ordered home is a caution.

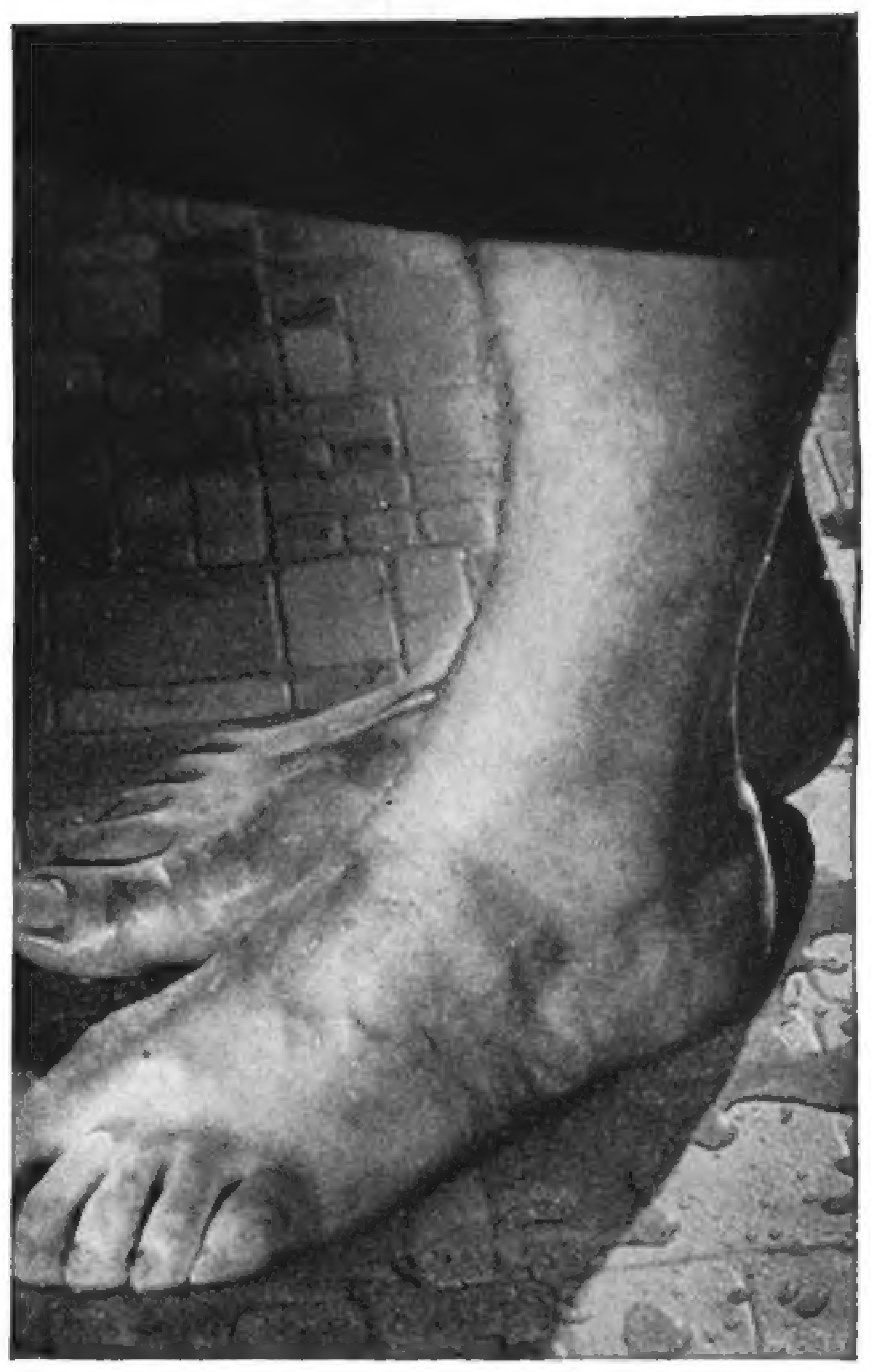
One ordeal which the young father must inevitably undergo is to see baby munching bacon morning after morning when the family budget allows him, the wage-earner, the bread-winner from whom all blessings flow, bacon only on Sunday mornings. And this also applies to the quarter-inch slice which must come smack out of the middle of the tenderloin every time the family sits down to a steak. One quarter of this slice, carefully chopped, goes into baby's mouth. The rest goes down the front of her dress or is dropped experimentally from the high chair to the floor where the cat, who is nobody's fool, is waiting for it.

Yes, it's a critical period for the young male and I am reminded of one young father who wasn't equal to it. He awoke one morning to startle his family with the announcement that it had been *he* who had had the baby. Some of the best psychologists in the country went to work on the case, but they all got the same response:

"Listen, doc, you can talk all you want to. But *I* know what happened. And, believe me, I never want to go through *that* again!"

And, by the way, as long as we are on the subject, would you like to see a dozen pictures or so of my youngster? It will only take you about twenty minutes. #

DON'T BE A "CARRIER"★



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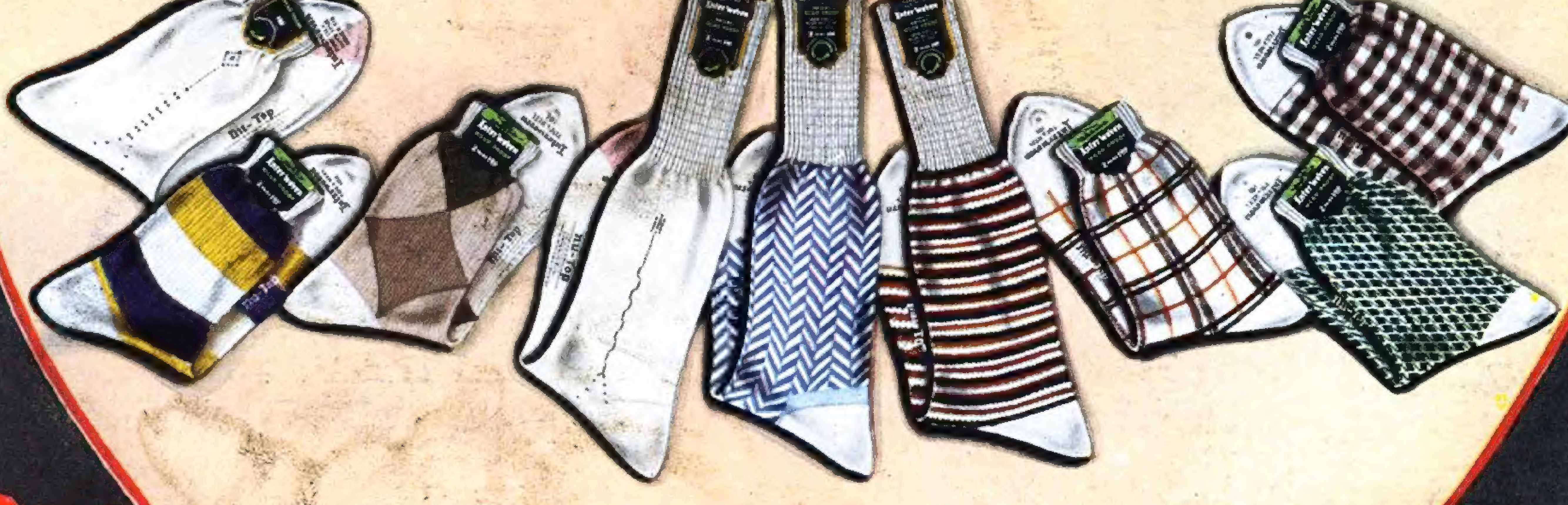
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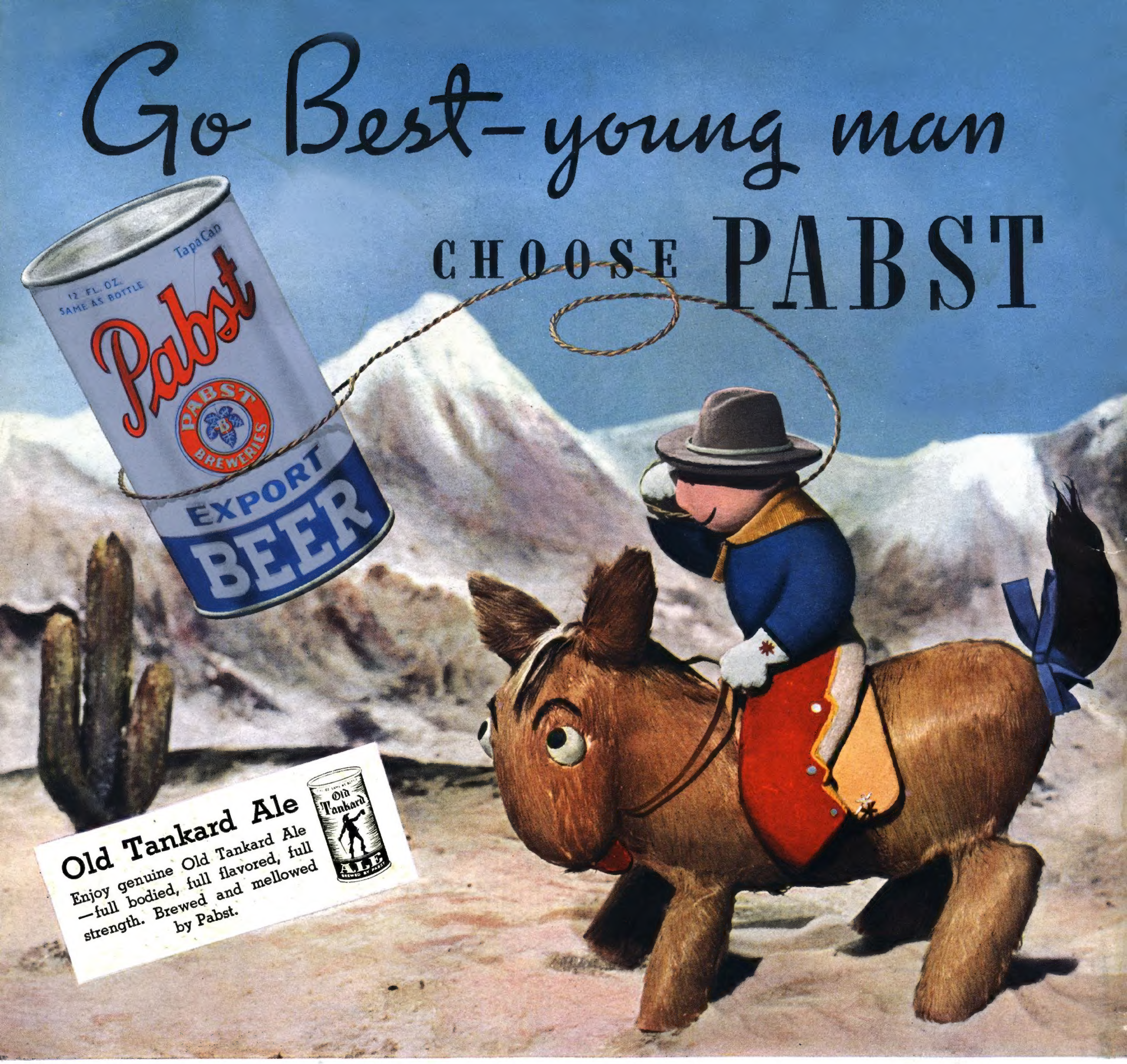
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